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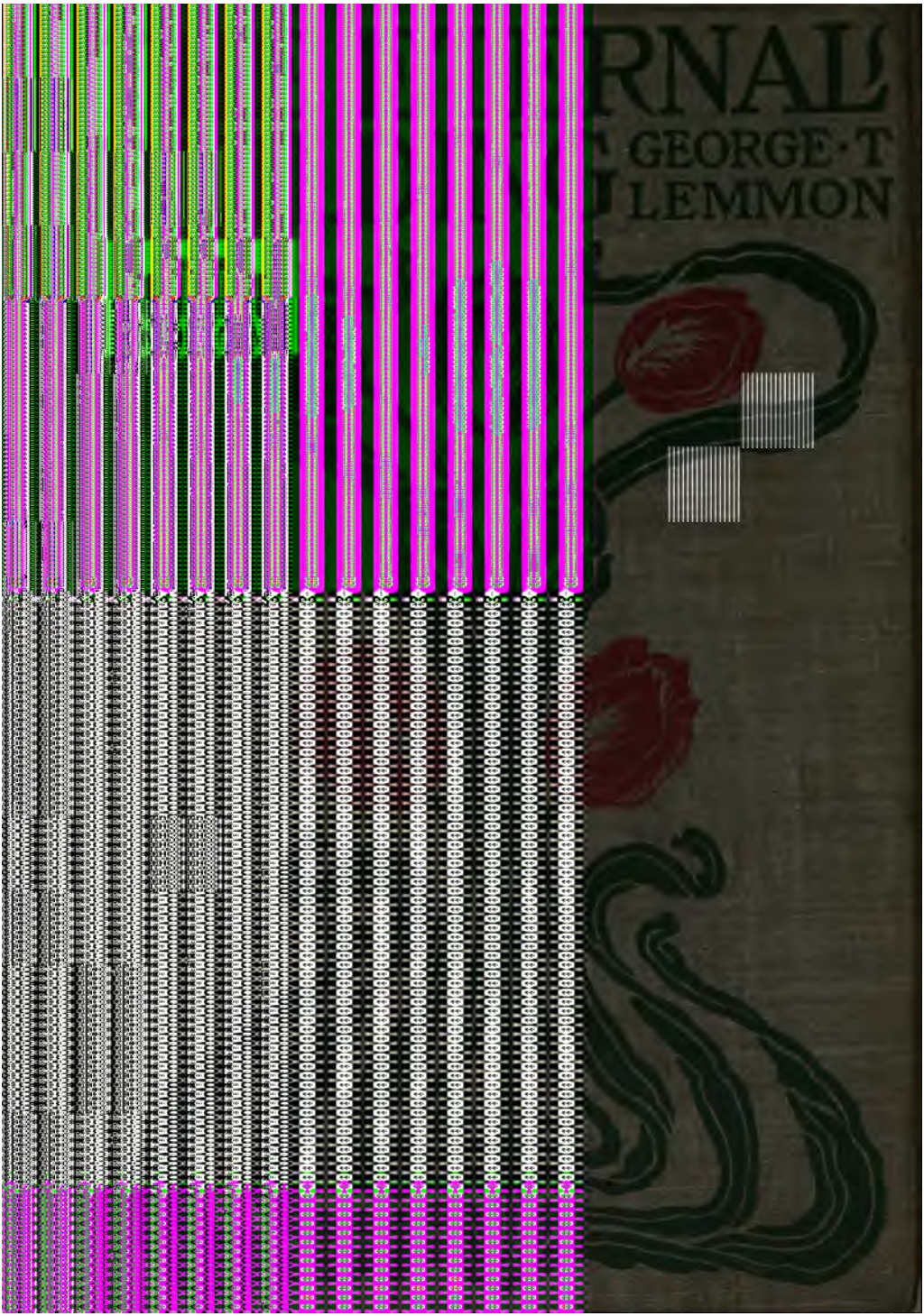

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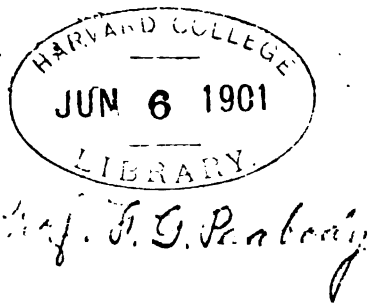

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THE FOREWORD.

THE making of manhood is the greatest business in the world. If the message here sent forth shall aid any in the manufacture of themselves into such men and women as the world delights to crown and God joyously receives to himself, great joy shall be my reward. I find that snugging up to a little coal fire imparts far more warmth to my chilly body than any number of eloquent lectures on the awful, consuming heat of the sun; hence, in this book, I have tried so to put my thought that the reader may find himself hugged up close to the great, warm heart of the master builders of the past, and be, by that embrace, aroused to work mightily and build grandly for himself. What one man has done must always stir and nerve another. Deeds are eloquent; I have tried to serve simply as their interpreter.

The youth of to-day, those who have that in them from which a man, a woman, may spring forth to bless the world, are not a witless, unthinking set. Their souls ask questions of their minds as often as their minds ask questions of the history of the past. They desire to know the *why* of deeds as well as the *method* of them; especially eager are they to know the why of the service the present and the future demand of them. In answer to these intelligent outreachings of the growing mind and soul of the rising generation I have not hesitated to treat in a practical way the deeper questions that confront every opening life. I believe these parts of the book will be

welcomed as cordially as any, for I have tried to make a little plainer those problems on which I longed for light when my own mind was opening. Indeed, this thought has ruled the whole: I have tried to make just such a book as I wish *now* I had got into my hands fifteen years ago. Had it been so, immeasurably better would have been my start in life.

I count it a rare privilege to enjoy the friendship of James W. Lee, D.D., the keen-witted author of that suggestive book, *The Making of a Man*, and of Orison S. Marden, M.D., whose *Pushing to the Front* and succeeding volumes have put him in the forefront of our writers on character building; and here confess that no little part of the inspiration that has come to me to build this book has come from their works, which from such widely separated view-points look out on life.

Whenever I have quoted I have endeavored to give full credit. In those instances where this full credit is lacking it may be known that I have culled from some one who culled without crediting. GEORGE T. LEMMON.

THE ARCHITECTURAL PLAN.

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THE DISCOVERY OF THE BUILDING.

I AM more than a life. I am the somewhat who *has* life.—*Thorndale.*

WHEN God created man—his last and best work—this was as if a king, having built a great city and adorned it with many and various works, after he had perfected all should command a very great and beautiful image of himself to be set up in the midst of the city, to show who was the builder of it.—*Theodorus Mopsuestenus.*

THE meaning of creation is not understood till dust stands erect in a living man. That a great purpose was present from the beginning, directing and controlling, there can be no doubt. It presided over the first nebulous mist that floated out to take form in the foundations of the earth. It measured and weighed the matter and force necessary to form the globe. It determined the elements required to do the work lying through the years before it. It assigned to them their laws, specific gravities and affinities, and appointed, beforehand, the combinations and collocations they were capable of making.

But not till the atoms throbbed in a human brain and beat in a human heart did the purpose which had through the ages run stand out defined and justified. Then it was that the intention underneath the drift of the ages spelled itself out in the unity of thought, the freedom of choice, and the capacity for love, potential in the intellect, will, and heart of the first man. He was the realization of an ideal, which gave meaning to the long periods of preparation. As the final expression of the creative process he was at once the interpreter and the interpretation of all that had gone before.—*James W. Lee, D.D., The Making of a Man.*

THE ETERNAL BUILDING.

CHAPTER I.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE BUILDING.

The Builder of Palaces.

MAN is a builder. If the evolutionary hypothesis is true, that ape, what-is-it? missing link, pre-Adamite, who first uncurled his tail from the limb of the tree from which his ancestors had for eons been content to swing themselves, and set himself to build of bough and clay and moss and stone a tiny dwelling into which he could run out of the wet, must have been the first man, or, rather, this act was the sign that apedom was ended and mandom begun. The sign still testifies. The ape still swings from tree to tree and dwells amid their branches; man, even of the lowest orders—African pygmies, Australian bushmen, Patagonian earth-eaters, Eskimo seal hunters—rears some sort of a roof for his covering and contrives some sort of a pillow for his head.

With the question when and whence man came we have nothing now to do, save to express our belief that when he came, he came with the breath of God within him, and came when the purpose of God would be the best conserved by his advent, and in such a manner as best fitted him to rear for God on earth a race that would do his will.

It is with man in the world we have to do. Man is the interpretation of nature. The purpose of creation was an

enigma until man rose up out of the dust with the image of the Eternal upon him and the breath of the Divine dilating his nostrils. Then nature knew its mission—it was to be the servant of the crown of God's creative work. From the days of Adam until now men have been builders. In Eden's garden the first pair may have been content with some sylvan dell, but once out in the world and the contest for the continuance of his supremacy over nature pressed upon him, man has built and built, until the world is crowded with the work of his hand and brain. Tents and temples, barns and bungalows, cottages and cathedrals, mansions and mosques, palaces and pyramids, shrines and synagogues, kraals and kiosks, harbors and lighthouses, canals and railroads, have sprung from his magic touch, and still he builds.

Every great race that has been dominant in the earth, or even the master of a fraction of the globe, has left its architectural monuments to arouse the curiosity or admiration of succeeding peoples. To build and to build something that would endure has been the passion of the masters of every great state in all ages. From the earliest days of which we have historic record, when from the banks of the Nile the shouts of the builders of the pyramids rang in the air, down to that day when to the music of a thousand bands and the marching tread of a parading army and the echoing plaudits of a numberless multitude the monument to the American hero was unveiled on the banks of the Hudson, men have been rearing wood and granite, marble and precious stones, in glorious piles, to witness to future ages the fact that they have lived and wrought in this world of change.

When Father Abraham stood before Pharaoh some of the pyramids which are still the wonder of the builders of the world cast their shadow on him. Perhaps the very obelisk that now points to the sky in our metropolitan

city was before his eye. When Moses with his host journeyed forth toward the promised land they filed down the avenue of the pyramids and looked into the stony face of the Sphinx. When Solomon awed the world by the splendor of Jehovah's peerless temple its fame spread far and fast because it so far outshone the glorious architectural creations of the past. Even then China had thrown her vast wall across her northern frontier, and her earlier temples of the sun lifted their fanes to catch its radiance; Mexico had laid the foundations for those glorious piles that culminated in the palaces of the Montezumas, and the eternal snows of the Peruvian Andes looked down on the stately beginnings of the splendors of the Incas.

When Daniel reached Babylon he found those mighty walls which for a century defied the Medes and Persians. He breathed the perfume of that wonder of the world—her hanging garden—and though the eyes of his soul looked on no temple but the one in ruin at Jerusalem, those of his body could look in no direction without beholding the shadow of Great Bel. Jonah and Nahum walked through avenues of grandeur, and their voices echoed from palace to palace and temple to temple when they preached of judgment to come in Nineveh, "that exceeding great city." Had any queen in history so beautiful a home as the palace Esther the Beautiful entered at Susa? Even the eloquent diction of Homer failed him when he would describe the circling walls, and hundred gates, and pillared avenues, and sculptured regal residences men had reared at Thebes.

Then as we approach the life of the cities and peoples whose history is more completely written for our study, how the monuments of man's building spring up before us! Greece presents to our eyes the splendors of her majestic creations. Through the eyes of Demosthenes and Paul we look from Mars Hill upon the aggregated glories of the Agora and its statues of the gods, the Acropolis and its

Temple of the Wingless Victory, and the bronze Colossus of Minerva. Ephesus has her temple to Diana, and Antioch her vast amphitheater, in which we have raced in the chariot of Ben-Hur. Then we follow the march of empire, and Rome with all its palaces of the Cæsars, its Coliseum and Pantheon, Forum and baths of the emperors, is before us. Then Christianity bursts out on the world; Rome wins St. Peter's; London, St. Paul's; Paris, Notre Dame; Venice, St. Mark's; Florence, Santa Maria; Antwerp, Canterbury, Cologne, Milan, Rheims, Seville, Strasburg, and a host of other cities, their magnificent and famous cathedrals, and no city, town, or hamlet is content until a spire lifts its cross toward the heavens.

How much, also, of the story of every nation's life is treasured in its great buildings. At the mention of their names the history of centuries flashes out upon the screen. Thus England has her Bridge and Tower, Parliament Buildings and Westminster Abbey; Scotland, her Castles of Holyrood and Stirling; France, her Tuileries and Louvre, Bastile and Hotel des Invalides; Russia, the Kremlin; Spain, the Alhambra and Escurial; Venice, the Palace of the Doges; Copenhagen, the Blue Tower; Constantinople, St. Sophia. Even America, young as she is, has her historic buildings. The modest brick hall of Peter Faneuil is cherished as the "Cradle of Liberty;" Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, is the mecca of patriotic youth. Mount Vernon and Monticello are names indissolubly linked with the story of our greatness, while the Capitol with its soaring dome and the palatial libraries at Boston, Chicago, and Washington foretell the triumphs of our architects.

In works of utility what triumphs has man achieved! His railroads girdle the globe; his steamships reduce the oceans to a ferry. He makes Africa an island by sluicing the waters of the Mediterranean into the Red Sea; he lets daylight into the very heart of the Alps at St. Gothard

and Mont Cenis; he runs the gimlet of science through the Berkshires for the Hoosac Tunnel; he levels a shelf for the rails along the precipices of the Rockies and the Andes; he spans the Firths and the Hudson and the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence and Niagara with his cables and cantilevers; and sets up the bars against the sea and the floods in the jetties and levees of the Mississippi and the dikes of the Netherlands. Such a builder is man!

For the more ostentatious yet less utilitarian triumphs the builders of the present need not be ashamed to look those of earlier centuries in the face. Had the ancients their hanging floral wonder at Babylon? the moderns have the Eiffel Tower. Had Rhodes her Colossus? our City by the Lake has its Ferris Wheel—the Eiffel Tower touched tip to base and set spinning on a shaft of steel. Alexandria may tell of her lighthouse that was; New York has her Statue of Liberty with electric torch flaming far over the sea to enlighten a world.

The Builder of Nations.

Man *is* a builder. Yet, though we spend our years amid the works of his hands, we shall not discover the greatest building in the world. Structures of wood and brick and granite and marble are not the greatest things that men have built. Did Rome rule the world? Then it was the Roman breed of men who reared the power of Rome and made its standards to run conquering through the earth. Does Britannia rule the wave? It is the Anglo-Saxon blood that was fired by Cromwell and Blake and Nelson, which throbs with the lust of conquest and gain in the heart of middy and admiral, seaman, prince, and gunner alike, that makes the navies of the world dip their colors to the crimson cross and permits the Union Jack to wave without question over a quarter of the globe. Do the Stars and Stripes float on the breezes that blow in every

harbor of the world as an ensign of freedom and the guaranty of the equal right of every man to the pursuit of his best good? Then it thus swings for freedom because Pilgrim and Puritan, Cavalier and Huguenot, and the best blood of a score of nations mingled here to give the world a race of heroes and an asylum from oppression that would speed the coming of the kingdom of God.

Men are the builders of nations. Whatever for weal or woe America, England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Russia, Spain, Turkey, Japan, or any other nation is to-day, it is just what its citizens have made it. To man's honor or to his shame is the record of these lands. How do men build nations? Let us see.

Here is a lad. His cradle is a basket. The hand that rocks it is the Nile. Out from that cradle, ere he can prattle, he is taken, and though having the face of a slave, he is made the fondling of a princess. The years pass. The babe becomes a man. Like a prince he has been educated. Like a prince he is placed at the head of armies and proves himself a master of men. The honors of the empire with a seat at the king's table are his, when the sound of groans wrung from the lips of a slave by the lash of a taskmaster ring in his ears. It is the voice of his own people. The face of the whipped slave is an image of his own. As this slave groans so groan a million more, and every groaning Hebrew is his brother. The iron runs into his soul. His blood is no longer Egyptian, but Hebrew as at birth, and choosing rather to suffer affliction and ignominy with a people whose God is the God of his fathers, a people who are his own people, than to longer dwell in the palace of Pharaoh, he smites the taskmaster to the ground. Egypt falls; Israel rises. And as with this taskmaster and slave so it was with the nations for whom they stand. This child of the Nile, pet of a princess, flees for his life, but flees to meet and com

mune with God. It takes him forty years to get ready. Nations are not born in a day. Then he comes forth. He has talked with God, and his soul is on fire. In a year he has blighted Egypt and humbled Pharaoh. He hails the slaves as his people; leads them from bondage by a march which is itself a miracle; puts them to school in the wilderness; patiently endures until the discipline of time places a generation in their graves; then, in sight of the promised land, presents his successor to the people and presents to his successor a *nation*, with a God and a tabernacle, law and the machinery for its administration, an army drilled for victory, and a code of morals that was not bettered till Christ's day.

Moses was the maker of Israel. It was a man working through men that accomplished this wonder in the earth. More miraculous than plagues and divided waters, or fiery, cloudy pillar, or daily manna, or sweetened brine, was the making in less than half a century out of a mob of pusillanimous slaves a *nation* of conquerors with whom their former oppressors dared not cross arms for centuries. This did Moses, a *man!*

Look again. Israel is made, but it needs preservation and a capital. From the hills of Bethlehem runs a shepherd lad with a basket of homemade goodies for his big brothers in the army, carrying the old sling that is his constant companion. He finds that for weeks the Israelites have been defied by one gigantic warrior. There is need of a hero in Israel. He has arrived. The whiz of his sling is heard. The stone on which parading soldiers have stubbed their toes flies to its mark. The giant drops. The lad of the sling is triumphant. The stormy way to the throne opens before him. At last he is king; the Jebusites surrender their citadel, and Israel wins Jerusalem. David, the man, animating other men to dare as he dares, subdues rebellion, routs the enemies of Israel,

wrings tribute from the surrounding nations, and prepares the way for the peaceful splendor of Solomon. Behold again what a man can do!

Young Europe has long been the toy of Asia. Attica has been the buffer on which the worst blows and woes have fallen. But Attica is now divided. A young ruler, with a state like "Little Rhody" at his back, comes to the fore. Demosthenes may thunder against him, but he becomes master of Greece. Hitherto Europe has defended herself as best she could against the invading hordes of Asia. This boy, with a sword between his teeth, will beard the Asiatic lion in his den. At Arbela the champions of two continents cross lances. Darius with the blood of the Medes and Persians and the million sons of Babylon, Nineveh, Susa, and the Ganges is on the one side. The army of Europe has less than fifty thousand—and Alexander. It is twenty to one, but the one wins! Night finds Darius dead; Persia, the last great oriental monarchy, lies a wreck; Asia in the dust; Europe in the saddle, the master, and to remain the master through the momentous centuries of the history of the race. Behold what one man can do!

England is in shame. A tyrant is on the throne, and brother knaves are the masters of the kingdom. The Reformation is born, and the foundations of the future are being swiftly laid. Which way will England swing? To Rome or to the Reformation? Will Catholicism or Protestantism master the commerce that is to spring up like magic at the touch of coming discoveries and inventions? Will the New World become the child of Rome or of the Reformation? No man can tell, yet these are the questions that are to be settled. Then a sturdy farmer leaves his plow and wins his way from a captaincy in, to the commandership of, the Parliamentary army, assists in the destruction of the royal disgrace of England, when Parlia-

ment itself goes wrong dares to turn it out of doors, and as there is none else to uphold the authority and power of the English nation, shoulders the burden himself, and as Lord Protector of the Commonwealth makes the peace of a master with all the enemies of England, wins for Britain that supremacy of the sea that she has never since resigned, "arrested the sails of Libyan pirates and the persecuting fires of Rome," humiliates Spain, the sponsor of Romanism, extorts from France the protection of her Protestant peoples, and proclaims in the ear of the prophet that because of him England and America shall be Protestant, and the rule of the world shall be theirs. Cromwell was the maker of modern England, and to him, with William of Orange and Wolfe at Quebec, we owe our inheritance in this land of freedom. Paint this Puritan, "warts and all," for there were warts on his character as well as on his face, but still look ye, behold what a man can do!

Europe is a seething caldron of discontent. Kings and people have been emancipated from the power of the priesthood, but have not apprehended that law of mutual dependence that is the parent of enduring liberty. Power being in the hands of the kings, they have used it to grind the people into a fury of madness. In France the storm bursts. For centuries the Church and the State have been one, and the prime minister often a prince of the Church; now against the Church as well as against the State the mob turns. Hell vomits all its brood of devils upon the unhappy land. The State is overthrown, and the heads of king, queen, and princes glut the guillotine. Church doors are walled up, for religion is no longer needed. Reason is enthroned, and men shall be their own gods. But man makes a poor god. Reason without righteousness is insane, and red-handed, blood-hungry fiends terrorize Paris and spread their infernal contagion throughout France. They who seize the sword shall

perish at its edge, and self-constituted leader after leader is rushed through the terror to his death. For six years this satanic intermittent fever devastates the land; then the master appears. Those who have danced in blood through every street in Paris now look into the mouths of shotted cannon. Diabolism falters. Hell is cowardly. Five feet one of man, with a sword in his hand, sends them scurrying to cover. The Directory plays its part, but only to make still more evident the need of a strong hand to cut the social cancer to the roots and save the body national. The Eighteenth of Brumaire ungloved that hand. Bonaparte is in the saddle. He crushes the mob and brings France to order. As First Consul he reconstructs society and the State, and after centuries of deficits surprises the nation with a surplus revenue. He inaugurates an era of vast public improvement, gives France its legal wonder—the Code Napoleon—and bids reason pull down its blood-spattered images and hearken to the voice of the Church again. Then follows the empire and the overturning of the thrones of Spain, Sweden, the Netherlands, and the Italian principalities, and the quakings in the houses of Hapsburg, Hohenzollern, and Romanoff. Only England trembles not, and her mighty exertions save her only because she has three men—Pitt, Nelson, and Wellington—while France had but one. Waterloo crushes the Corsican, but not until he had been used to teach the common people their power and make impossible the continued exercise of the old power of the kings. Look at this man, mighty in shame and in honor, so great as to "embarrass God,"* and behold in this maker of France and map-maker of Europe what a man can do!

Thirteen American colonies "are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States;" that as such they may form a nation that shall assume for God and humanity the

* Victor Hugo *Les Miserables.*

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—*William*

control of this new land. But who shall lead them to the freedom they demand? From Virginia he comes with the words of Patrick Henry burning in his soul. Bunker Hill and the capture of Fort Ticonderoga have shown the temper of the patriot steel, and on June 15, 1775, by the Continental Congress, "the man who had saved the wreck of Braddock's army was called to build a nation." * He did it. Against foes abroad and cabals at home he kept the torch of freedom blazing, and after eight years of war, years that tested the full strength of his character as few men in history have been tested, he received the sword of Cornwallis—the Old World's surrender of the New to itself! The war ended, the victorious leader set himself to the still greater task of merging into one nation these conflicting States. It was a task that tried his soul, but he succeeded, and this land of great States, yet a nation one and indivisible, sends forth from her peerless capital, named with his great name, a cry to all the earth: Look on him, our WASHINGTON! and behold what a man can do!

The land of Washington is in peril. The fires of an awful wrong have so roused the passions of one section of a great people that they cannot see their shame, and the dread of war or the loss of gain have made poltroons of their Northern brothers. Four million shackled slaves lift their plea for the God-given right to the ownership of their own flesh, and a nation cries aloud for a preserver. The South offers Clay, but he is a failure. New England presents Webster, but he plays the slave. The Keystone State gives Buchanan, but he proves a coward. The West offers Douglas, but he is without decision on the very question that is boiling the national caldron. Then from the people comes Lincoln, the rail-splitter. The man and the hour have met. Yet treason prospers, armies are de-

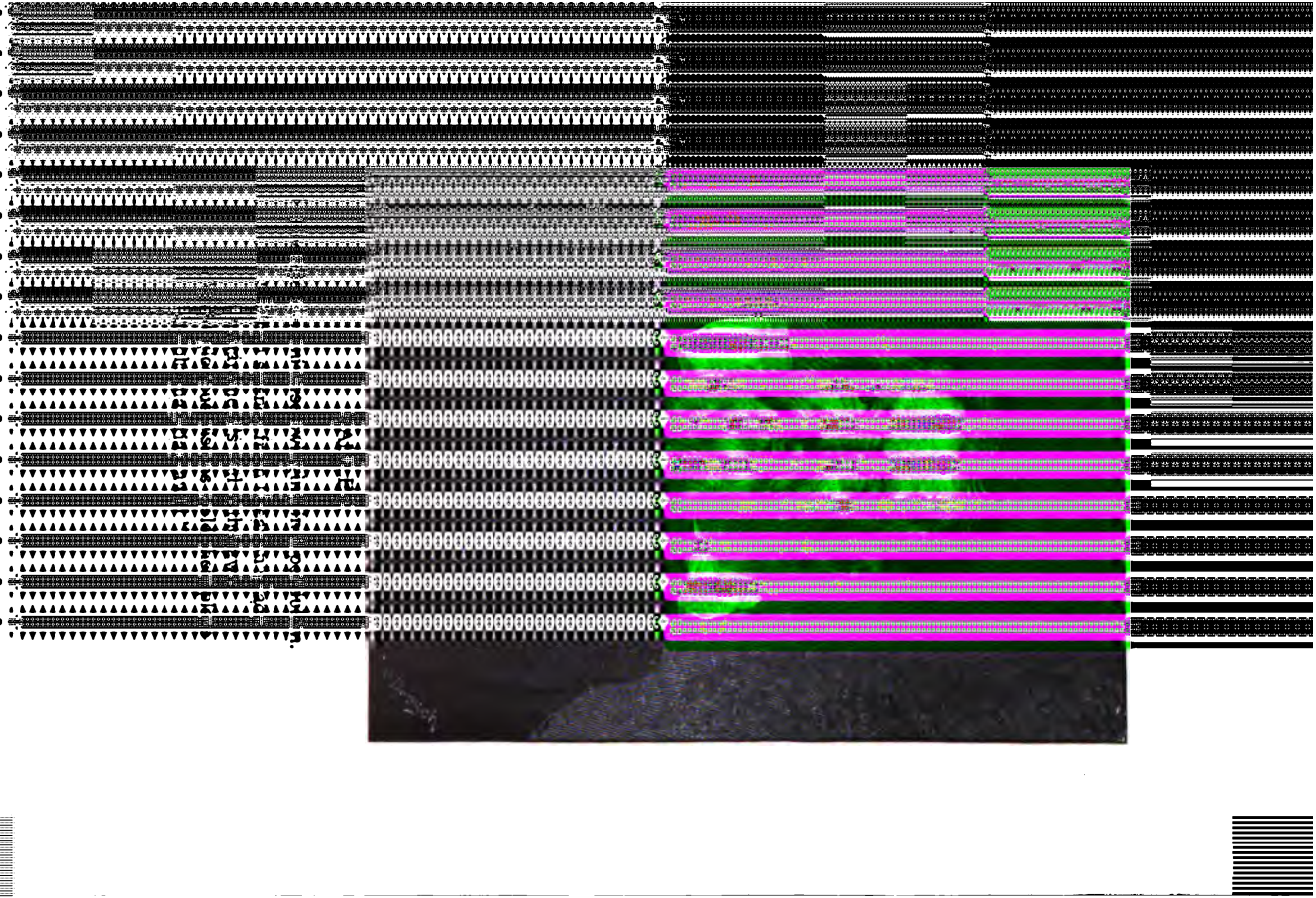
* Ridpath, *History of the United States.*

feated, friends become enemies, jealous nations vent their spleen, papal benedictions hurry toward supposed victors, the end of the nation of Washington seems nigh, and all is wrong along the Potomac. Alone, in the midst of darkness and rending tempests, the rail-splitter continues to chop wood. He gets on his knees to do it, and promises God that he will use war to bring freedom to the slave. Slowly, then, out of the wreck he picks men who will do his bidding, and armies that will follow worthy generals wherever they dare lead them. The scene changes. Treason trembles. Armies and ironclads are victorious. Friends become obsequious. Nations fawn. The pope gets red in the face. The Proclamation of Emancipation sets the liberty bells ringing from the Penobscot to the Golden Gate, and the Hallelujah Chorus rolls from the throats of jubilant freedmen from the James to the Rio Grande. March with the millions of the chief cities of the East, and look upon the silent face of the best friend the Southland ever had. Think whence he came, and what he was, and what he did. Stand in awe before that most precious clay that man ever bore to the tomb, clay that enshrined the soul of the noblest American, ABRAHAM LINCOLN! and, standing there, realize anew what God can do with a *man*.

Yes, men are the builders of nations. Time would fail us to call the roll, for there is Charlemagne, the builder of the holy Roman Empire; Peter, the builder of Russia; Gustavus Adolphus, the builder of Sweden; William the Silent, the builder of Holland; Victor Emmanuel, the builder of Italy; Bismarck, the builder of Germany; Diaz, the builder of Mexico; Mutso Hito, the builder of Japan. Every nation has had its master builder.

THE BUILDER OF SCIENCE.

Now let us tack our ship of thought a bit. Man is not only the builder of nations; *he is also the builder of science.*



A teacher of monks looks up at the stars until they talk to him, and he throws away the astronomic misinformation which has been the accumulation of five millenniums of philosophy, and startles the world with the doctrine that the earth "do move!" Copernicus gives astronomy a new foundation on which Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and Galileo rear the enduring structure. Lippershey, the optician of Middleburg, contrives a glass by which the apparent size of objects is increased or the objects brought near. The philosopher of Padua grasps the idea, and gives the telescope to the world. This man Galileo has already knocked the props from under the Aristotelian system of philosophy, as Copernicus did from the Ptolemaic astronomy, by his demonstrations of the laws of motion and the discovery of the law of the pendulum. Now he turns his telescope toward the heavens, and men stand aghast as he dares to affirm that Copernicus was right. The earth does move! And more—there are spots on the sun! Jupiter has moons! The Milky Way is a storehouse of stars! Of course they told him he lied; that he had spots on his eyes and moons in his head; but there was the telescope! They could see for themselves if prejudice would let them look. Though it died hard and made Galileo and many more men of the new way miserable in the dying, the old system had to give up the ghost. Modern science went marching on.

Then came Kepler. The old astronomy said that those celestial bodies which did move moved in circles. Kepler tested the theory and found it false. How, then, did they move? He bade Mars tell him. Night after night, year in and year out, he raced around the heavens with this ruddy star. Day after day he toiled over his figures. At last Mars spoke. Observation and figures tallied. The planet's path was an ellipse, with the sun at one of the foci. It was so of the earth. It was so of all the planets,

It was the law of the universe! Man had climbed up to the stars and discovered their paths. More—man was thinking after him the very thoughts of God! and now learned the courses that from eternity God had marked out for the stars.

The orbits of the planets were discovered, but what held them to their course? The north stretched out over an empty place, and the earth hangeth upon nothing,* but how was all sustained? There came a tiny Christmas baby to an English widow's home. The love of mechanics was in his blood, and he gave his life to figures. One day an apple fell, as a thousand million apples had fallen in preceding years. *Why* did it fall? Not all the world could answer; but this man would be answered, for, answer him that,and he will tell you the law of the stars. The answer came. Out of his mind where the secrets of God were hiding he brought it forth. The apple fell because the earth attracted it and pulled it by unseen strings to itself. Was it so of the stars? Did they attract each other? fall toward each other? yet were by this same attractive force exerted on every side held to their courses through the world-filled space? It was true.

> "Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night.
> God said, 'Let *Newton* be,' and all was light."†

In his book he wrote the rule: "Every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force varying directly as the product of their masses, and inversely as the square of the distance between them."‡ This is the law of universal gravitation—the law that once grasped beholds God immanent in all his works. A Ruler in his universe, his hand on all the levers—and makes known the rule by which he holds all the suns in his hands. This the law that makes known the glorious truth that

* Job 26. 7. † Pope. ‡ Newton, *Principia*.

"The very power that molds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source,
That power preserves the earth a sphere
And guides the planets in their course." *

There is a doctor in England who knows more than Aristotle, Hippocrates, and Galen, and proves it by overturning their much-worn theory of nearly stagnant blood, air-pipe arteries, and a pervious, motorless heart, and teaches that the heart is an untiring engine that sends the blood surging through veins and arteries; and the theory of the circulation of the blood, by the acceptance and use of which modern physiology has wrought its wonders, rings the name of Harvey in the ears of the world.

To-day the earth is full of electric wonders. They speed us from home to work and from work to play. They light our streets, illumine our harbors and mines, and brighten our churches and homes. They hatch our chickens, and cook them too. They play our pianos and print our books. They belt their mighty power to our multifarious machinery and carry our thoughts with more celerity than moves the light, over mountain and plain and across river and ocean, from the world's end to the world's end. It is a deadly force; define it, explain it, no man can; yet we have made it our slave. We know it is twin to the lightning, if it is not the lightning. Who but a man would dare run up a rod into the heavens and say to this dazzling destroyer: "Come, gather thyself on my arm, and I will lay thee in the ground, where thou shalt do no harm, or string thee on my wires, that ye may aid me in my mastery of a world?" Who but a man would dare do this? Yet just this is what has been done by the race of men who spell their conquest with the names of Stephen Gray, Franklin, Galvani, Faraday, Ampère Siemens, Wheatstone, Henry, Morse, Jablochkoff, Edison, Reis,

* Rogers, "On a Tear."

Bell, Preece, Elisha Gray, Thomson, Tesla, and Röntgen.

Men are the builders of science. All the secrets that proclaim themselves in the ear of the world in the click of the telegraph, the ring of the telephone, the hollow hum of the graphophone, the whir of the dynamo, the whistle of the locomotive, the groanings of the donkey engine, the whiz of the trolley car, the swirl of the screw propeller; all the secrets that flame before us in the brightness of burning petroleum and gas, blinking arc and constant incandescent; all the secrets that have blessed the race in the gift of anæsthetics and the new surgery it has summoned into the world; all the secrets which in the realm of pure thought have increased our knowledge of the cosmos and the ego; all the secrets that have made the world smaller and man the more its master, yet made God larger and the universe more wonderful—all these secrets have been fathomed by the brain of man, and prove the majesty and power of this expression of the workmanship of God.

The Builder of Religion.

Men are the builders of nations. Men are the builders of science. *Men are also the builders of religion.*

There is a Land of the Sunrise—though for that matter the sun rises everywhere—but thus men call it. It was a land in need of a man. "The world had fallen into decay, and right principles had disappeared. Perverse discourses and oppressive deeds were waxen rife. Ministers murdered their rulers, and sons their fathers."* Then came Kung, the Master, and, "frightened by what he saw, undertook the work of redemption." † Though of the proudest lineage in the land, he became a teacher. But few accepted his teachings. Men did not care to be reformed. Given official station, Kung made the state he governed a model,

* *Religions of China.* † Mencius, B. C. 371-288.

but the nation had no desire to copy. The emperor refused to be converted, and advised the sage to bate a little the proclamation of his principles. "A good husbandman," replied Confucius, "can sow, but he cannot harvest. An artisan may excel in handicraft, but he cannot provide a market for his goods. And in the same way a superior man may cultivate his principles, but cannot make them acceptable." It was well said and won him many converts, but the times that were out of joint refused to be set right by him, though they could not stop his quill. Wandering about, in part voluntary and part forced exile, he wrote his celebrated *Analects* and *Treatise on Filial Duties;* and when he died at a good old age, leaving the State unreformed, he left these books and a devoted band of disciples who loved them to build on the foundation he laid a little religion of morality that has saved China's millions from more deadly paganism while compelled to wait on a laggard Christianity to tell them the story of the cross.

The century of Confucius gave to India Gautama, the Buddha. Though we combat the remnant of his religion, and find that in his life for which we grieve, yet as we look back upon him and see him in the setting of his times, and behold his intense love for humanity and his willing sacrifice of all things men count dearest in his quest for truth, we are compelled to own him a most extraordinary man. "Except Jesus Christ alone, there is not among the founders of religions a figure purer or more touching than that of Buddha. His constant heroism equals his conviction; he is a finished model of all the virtues that he preaches; his self-denial, his charity, his unalterable sweetness, seem not to fail him for a moment." * Siddharta was the son of a petty Hindu king, and from his youth was possessed of that unrest of soul that heralds discovery of truth. At twenty-nine he made what his followers termed "the Great

* Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

Renunciation," when, exchanging the robes of a prince for the garb of a beggar, he forsook palace and wife and the child he feared he loved too well, and as a penniless student went the round of the teachers of Brahmanism to learn the meaning of the Vedas. Still unsatisfied, he exiled himself for six years to the jungles and sought by every device of asceticism and self-mortification to compass the truth of life. But though he reduced his daily allowance of food to a single grain of rice, truth was not thus to be won. Gautama was ready to give up the quest and return to his palace, when one day, as he sat beneath the Bo tree, the truth burst in upon him. All his unrest was but the offspring of his desires. Crush these, master appetite, curb lust, be good, and do good, and peace would come, for the world would be to him what he was to himself. This was his own putting of it in the song he then sang in his soul:

> "To cease from all sin,
> To get virtue,
> To cleanse one's own heart—
> This is the religion of the Buddhas."

There was no God in it, and its end was only Nirvana; but there was no caste in it, and it was infinitely better adapted to the life and need of India than the prevalent Brahmanism. To Benares he went. For nearly a half century he preached his new religion, and it won the day. "Rajah after rajah declared against the old and for the new. The times were ripe for such a movement, as they were in the Roman empire when unbelief in the old gods and consequent popular immorality gave rise by reaction to the elevated Stoicism of Epictetus and the Antonines; as they were in Europe in the sixteenth century, when the degeneracy of the monks and priesthood was the chief factor in rousing the popular conscience to clamor for a reformation and in giving momentum to the new move-

ment, especially in the purer north."* The religion of Gautama has spread to China and Japan, and though in the march of time Brahmanism has sucked out of it much of its vitality, it yet stood for centuries as a moral uplift to the people of the lands to which in the providence of God it came. Its supreme weakness was its failure to recognize a supreme Being, and because it lacked this foundation the building of Buddha, majestic as it was for the age in which it was conceived, has never been able to maintain its walls, yet in it behold what a man can do.

A fisherman is hailed from his nets. The friendship of the Nazarene transforms his life. Then when the Master has ascended into the heavens, leaving but a few score puzzled, disheartened, powerless disciples, the fisherman appears as leader. The whole band go to prayer—even though they had not been bidden to do so—they would have known naught else to do. They join their faith to claim, for whatever it may mean, the fulfillment of the promise left them by their Master. Faith is honored. Concord receives the benediction of the Eternal. The tongue of fire descends. It falls upon the heads and burns into the lives of *men*, and man is endowed and panoplied with the power and glory of the Spirit of all grace. The fire burns. The spirit of proclamation is upon them, and Peter speaks. It is the voice not only of a man who has talked with God, but of a man to whom God has talked and given a message; a man in whom God now dwells, that through him he may shake hell and run a course of precious stones around the still low walls of Zion. The words of this man are the sword of the Lord. They smite sin and probe the putrid wounds of many for the entrance of cleansing, redeeming blood. It is a sermon about blood. They, the multitude, who said that he, the fisherman, was drunk; they, though they were scribes and

* Grant, *Religions of the World.*

Pharisees, priests and rulers, had shed innocent blood. Their hands were red with it, their nation was cursed because of it, eternity should forever stand aghast at their crime, for they had by wicked hands crucified and slain the Lord of Glory. Yet that blood would avail for them, for it was shed for the remission of sins, even for theirs, his murderers! "No wonder they fall on their knees; no marvel that they call with awestruck tones, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?' Look! there is a man prostrate on the ground. Apostles pray around him, and soon uprises the victorious shout, 'Jesus saves! Jesus saves!' and the first convert won to Christ by man's preaching shouts his great redemption. What joy came to Peter that blissful moment! What increase of faith to those who had tarried long for some sign from God! But see! there falls another; two are saved! Shout, Peter! There is another; three are saved! Shout, ye twelve! Thirty saved ones are lifting praise to God! Shout, ye immortal one hundred and twenty! Look how thy numbers are increased; three hundred souls are saved! Shout, shout, ye expectant earth! The day of God has come; three thousand souls are saved! three thousand sinners have become saints to-day! three thousand who were chained to sin have burst their bonds and have now become the sons of God! This is the pentecostal spectacle which inaugurated the triumphs of the soldiers of the cross."* Thus was a Church born in a day, a religion built up by the voice of a man who dared to stand amid the fire of God and declare the vice of a world.

Then came the great tentmaker. God built this man for his time. He was born a citizen of the greatest empire in the world. He was educated in the philosophy of the most cultured race of perhaps any age. He was trained in the ways of the people who were the guardians of the

* Lemmon, *Better Things for Sons of God.*

one revelation which Jehovah had made of himself. The inscription on the cross of the world's Redeemer was written in letters of Greek and Latin and Hebrew—culture, power, religion—these three national excellences merged in Saul of Tarsus and equipped him for his work. Smitten red-handed in sin by the Pentecostal power, the scholarly, highborn Pharisee went down in the dust of the Damascus road, and at noonday, above the splendor of the sun, beholds his vision of the Saviour, and his birth and his culture and his religion are there consecrated to the service of him whom he had despised. The twelve win converts, the converts others, but none can so tell the story of their conversion, much less declare the philosophy of the wonderful transformation in their characters, that the world must listen. Rationalizing Greece mocks at the resurrection; imperial Rome scoffs at the life that renounces the world; Jewry derides the cross—it is a rock of offense. It is the opportunity of the ages, and the man of the new name grasps it. At Damascus, at Athens, at Jerusalem, at Rome, before the twelve, before the mob, before Felix, before Festus, before Agrippa, before Cæsar, his exordium was always the same—the story of his conversion: the light, the voice, the blindness, the consecration, the transformation, the gift of a Gospel, and the appointment to proclaim it. His auditors might explain all this to him if they could, but as for him, he believed it to be the work of God. He silenced the laughing Greeks by the question to which they could give no reasonable answer: "*Why* should it be thought a thing incredible with you that *God* should raise the dead?"* To the scoffer of Rome he declared that the world was renounced; that the body of sin be destroyed;† that henceforth they should not serve sin; but being led by the Spirit of God, by whom they were filled, they might prove themselves the sons of God.‡

* Acts 26. 8. † Rom. 6. 6. ‡ Rom. 8. 14.

Earth exchanged for heaven here. A march out of the hovel of self into the palace of God. Earth renounced for heaven gained! To the Jews he opened their own Scriptures, proving from them that "Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead, and that he was Messias."* Thus he discomfited the heady enemies of the Gospel; thus he put words in the mouths of the newborn sons of God with which they could rout their persecutors; and with an organizing skill that was second only to his marvelous ability in the statement of the truth of God he established churches, evolved order out of confusion, and fashioned for the new Church a discipline that saved her from many errors. When at last God said, "It is enough," and the headsman of Cæsar released his spirit, Paul left as his monument the sublimest literary legacy of the ages, and a Church—a religion—that bore in every feature of its doctrine and government the marks of his mind and heart and hand.

Steadily brilliant and still more brilliant grew the light of the Church that rose above that One Foundation on which Peter and Paul had builded, until at length the standards of the universal empire were lowered before a great king that he might replace their eagles with the cross. But with that pomp there entered poison that went not out of the blood of the Church for a thousand years; poison that dimmed the light and blackened the walls and well-nigh destroyed the structure. There are bacilli that will only thrive in poison; it was so in the Church. There were men and there were errors that throve only because of the poison that entered in the days of Constantine, and though many a good man had risen, eager to see the healing of the Church, they had not lived to see the desire of their souls. Then arose the Monk of Wittenberg with his hammer and his theses. That hammer

* Acts 17. 3.

would

man, and
be act-
women

drove the first nail into the coffin of the recreant papacy. That hammer woke the slumbering fires of discontent from the Tiber to the Tweed, and from the last monastery of Prussia to the palace of Charles the Fifth. It nerved the Protestant nobles at Augsburg to stand up and be counted for the faith they held dear, and to contend against powers and principalities and spiritual wickedness in the highest places for the right to look into the face of God and ask pardon and receive blessings without the mediation of Virgin or priest. It was no child's contest. There were giants in those days. Not even Goliath of Gath was more defiant than many a champion of the cause that for a thousand years had been at work on its entrenchments. It was a long contest, and the master builder had many wise and doughty helpers. The structure was scarce complete when Martin Luther passed to his reward; but the building went on. Melanchthon, Zwingli, Okolompad, Calvin, Knox, Farel, Latimer, Ridley, Cranmer, and many whose names are written only in that book of martyrs that is treasured in the home of God toiled to lay on the stable courses. It rose in Germany. It towered over all Holland. It went to the end of the north in Scandinavia. It filled all England. It made glorious the name of Scotland. It endured in the north of Ireland. It made an annex of America, and laid the foundations of the great republic. The isles of the sea had waited for it, and there many of its loftiest pinnacles rise. And though they triumphed not, none toiled harder or more gloriously on the building than the Huguenots of France. The might of man has lifted many wondrous structures in the world, but it has been given to few to rear so vast and beneficent a structure as the stately edifice of Protestantism. And this Protestantism that is in the command of the world to-day is the monument to the labor and daring of Luther.

Once more we will take a life to illustrate our premise. Religion, like everything else in the world, has its ups and its downs. The man of Epworth was born when the faith of the fathers had ebbed low indeed, and when men who lived the life of saints were as rare in the land as when Elijah sought the cover of the juniper tree. It would be difficult to paint too black the darkness of the Church in England in the first half of the eighteenth century. Leighton described it as a fair carcass without a spirit. The clergy were in love with the world and had no "conception of the sanctity of their office or the responsibility of spiritual care for the common people." * Vice went unrebuked. The poor were forgotten. The word of the Lord was of use only in debating circles. Then, from the taproom of an alehouse, came Whitefield. The coals from the altar of God that burned in his heart met those in the heart of Wesley, and the fire blazed. From end to end of England it ran as they preached of death, judgment, and the wrath to come, of purity, holiness, and peace with God. To the poor they gave the Gospel. To the imprisoned they so ministered as to reclaim many. To the outcast they came as the ambassadors of God, offering a free and full salvation. It was a revival of religion, pure and undefiled and full of the Holy Ghost. It was the salvation of England. It awakened the State Church from its blighting lethargy, and put Nonconformity on the road to its triumph. The fire spread. England could not contain it. It ran through Wales and Scotland and Ireland, and leaped the sea and kindled revival fires from Boston to the Carolinas. Then Wesley proved his apostleship. The awakened were organized, the organization being at once unique and well adapted to the need; organized better, more stable than he knew, and gave the world one of its mightiest conquering Churches. But

* Hurst, *History of the Christian Church.*

great and majestic though Methodism be as a monument to the memory of this unwearied toiler, his monument is more than Methodism. It is a Christianity that knows the Holy Ghost. It is a Christianity that manifests the philanthropy of God in its interest in and care of the poor and unfortunate. It is a Christianity that knows and utilizes the power of the lay ministry. It is a Christianity that gave birth to the stupendous missionary enterprises that are the astonishment of the world. Truly to a very few does the world owe so much as it does to John Wesley, and few lives in all history depict more powerfully than his the omnipotence of a man aroused.

Have I made clear what a man can do? what a builder he is? Towering monuments, splendid capitals, magnificent cities; conquering nations; world-circling, star-finding, space-annihilating, machine-inventing, disease-mastering sciences; soul-enlarging, life-ennobling, God-proclaiming religions—all these are the work of his brain and hand. Mighty builder! But though we look on all this, yet we have not found the greatest building in the world. The greatest building in the world is not of man's making, though man has much to do in the polishing or marring of its perfection. It is the work of the Master Builder, whose throne is in the heavens, whose workshop is the universe, and whose handiwork are the suns and worlds of the infinite spaces. The artifex of all these majestic erections which we have found in our quest, he himself is what we seek. MAN *is himself the Greatest Building in the World.*

THE WONDERS OF THE BUILDER.

His body. There is no mechanism so perfect. It is the marvel of those who give their days and nights to its study. It was fashioned by the fingers of God for Adam after a plan wrought out from all eternity as affording the best form in which divinity should become incarnate when

in the fullness of times Jesus Christ should manifest in the flesh all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. Jesus came in the fashion of a man, but man had been so fashioned because in the thought of God just such a human form would best serve him in whom we should behold "the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." It was a body that could endure the stress of the wilderness and the fatigue of daily toil, that was fitted to take on the amazing glories of the transfiguration, that could suffer without murmuring the agonies of the cross and after death walk the earth again, and in the chariot of the clouds carry up from Olivet the first fruits of them that slept. "The destiny of humanity is to be traced as we see the ascending glorified body of our Lord, who is able to change the bodies of our humiliation and make them 'like unto his own glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself.' His brethren are no more made like him in being permitted to wear just such a body as was prepared for him from all eternity than they are in being destined to become like him when they shall 'see him as he is.' The risen body of Christ now glorified confers on all partakers of flesh and blood a patent of nobility. It is in his risen and glorified *manhood* that Christ exercises the mighty power of subduing all things unto himself and changing our bodies until they become like his glorified body." *

Wonder no longer at the majestic beauty, matchless symmetry, and perfect mechanism of the form you bear. It has eternity for its inheritance. In some way, we know not how, there is that in or of our bodies that is to endure beyond the grave; that shall give tabernacle to our glorified spirits and afford a basis for our recognition of ourselves and of our fellows in the future life. No wonder, then,

* Hendrix, *Methodist Review*, May, 1897.

that our bodies are so marvelously made; their potency is eternal.

His mind. What a reach it has! Where have we not been since we set out on this quest? We have looked into the face of Pharaoh and read the decrees that have made the new Japan. We have talked with men of every century, and it has been real to us because with the mention of their names our minds have presented us with pictures of their times. We have stood one moment upon the heights of the Himalayas and looked upon the teeming millions of the East, and the next have been speeding up the Sierras to watch the sunset at the Golden Gate. We have marched out with Moses past the pyramids, trod with David to the conquest of Jerusalem, fought with Alexander at Arbela, kept our powder dry with the "Ironsides" of Cromwell, been an American on guard in the army of Washington, and marched in the grand review that proclaimed slavery dead and the Union saved in '65. We have made the tour of the globe in thirty minutes, with stopovers in all the capitals of the Old World and the New. The Andes and the Alps, the Tiber and the Thames, the Amazon and the Orinoco, east, north, south, and west, their gates have all been opened, and we have passed in to refresh ourselves at the table of the world. Such prospects have the windows of the mind. In it the story of the ages is stored, and with it, more swiftly than flashes the light or ticks the telegraph or runs the cablegram, we speed from land to land, unlock all palaces, peer within the tomb of any king, and see again the past of the race. More; with this mind we grasp all the wonders that fellow-minds discover. Indeed, there is a sense in which a thing cannot be said to have been discovered until it is so grasped by the discovering mind that it can be presented intelligibly to others. Thus every discovery of science becomes the mental possession of the entire race, rich and

poor alike. With this mind we roam back through six thousand years or six thousand ages, according to our theory, and stand when and where there is no world, and behold at the fiat of the Eternal the world begin to be. With this mind we look through the future until, in the clash of tumbling worlds and piling suns and reeling heavens, a city that hath eternal foundations is let down from God out of heaven. With this mind we enter that city, tread its golden pavements, sail on its crystal sea, sing in its glorious chorus, shout with its ransomed inhabitants, crown its Lamb as King, and look into the face of Jehovah to receive his commands for our eternal service. So vast is the range of the mind. Who but the Infinite could have fashioned it? What but eternity offers it due scope? This is the mind that fills the skull of a man, and with such a body and such a mind man might well stand forth as the greatest creation in the world; but there is more.

His soul. It is the Divine within him. The body is a temple; the mind is the altar; the soul is the priest who dwells in the temple and officiates at the altar. Temple and altar are for the priest, not priest for the temple and the altar; and if the temple be so glorious and the altar so magnificent and both so marvelous, simply that they may the better serve the priest, how mighty that priest must be! What is the soul? No man knoweth, if by such knowledge you mean ability to draw a diagram of it, or give its dimensions, to tell its weight; but if you will ponder the words that tell of its introduction into the human form, you may get answer enough to satisfy all reasonable questioning. The body of the man had been fashioned. I care not whether you look upon it as the face of the Genesis story pictures it—motionless upon the grass; inanimate; heart perfect, but acting not; blood present, but coursing not; nerves in place, but tingling not; flesh

chiseled, but marblelike; mind-house—brain—shelved with cells to hold the library of all knowledge, but tenantless; or whether you take it to be the transitional offspring of the ancestors of apes, heart working, blood coursing, nerves twitching, flesh hot, and a dozen cells in its brain rattling with lonesome ideas—the thing before you is the same, a form, a house, a prepared habitation, but not a man; not a master of the form, an aroused gatherer of stores for the vacant cells of the brain-house. And now we must take the Genesis story at its face meaning if we would learn the one reasonable description of which science or philosophy knows to-day of the change wrought in the inanimate clay, or the not-man missing link. When God had formed this thing—remember I care not for the present purpose how; whether by a touch of the dust or a process of evolution—when he had formed this body, with its heart for pumping life currents; this mind, with cells for storing life's commands—then God "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." He was now not clay, he was now not ape, he was now *man*, and he was man because he was possessed of a soul that was within him by the inbreathing of God. The soul, then, is that part of us which is God within us, and this every man, saint and sinner alike, possesses, for it takes this to make a man. Body is not man, mind is not man, soul is not man; body and mind animated, possessed by soul—that is Man. The elements of the body, even the stuff of which the marvelous structure of the mind is fashioned, all these are earthy; they are temporal; the soul is not earthy, it is eternal, for it is God. When we realize what the soul is we are not surprised at the value which, in the revelation God has made of himself and of his will concerning us, he has set upon it. Grant, for purpose of illustration, that man's body could be all we find it now, without connection with a soul, and that

man's mind might have all its present grasp on truth and range of acquisition, though unvitalized by a soul, what would be the result of death to them? Both are of the earth, and to the earth, no matter how much the body may have mastered it, the body must return; back into the dust, no matter how precious the store it may have accumulated—though it evolved the *Mécanique Céleste*, like Laplace; or built up in its brain, to find it afterward in space, a gigantic planet, as did Adams; or manifested the wealth of its treasures in immortal verse, like Shakespeare or Milton—must all mind go. Though it has winged its flight from time's end to time's end, fathomed all mysteries and uncovered all secrets, there is naught for it now but the rot of the grave. It would be like the burning of some superb library. A building, the pride and wonder of a city or a nation, with its priceless store of wisdom, blazes away into the original elements of which its granite and paper were composed, and leaves naught but a heap of refuse.

Such would be the fate of man's body and man's mind without the gift of a soul. But the purpose of God allows no such waste. Into this prepared body and possible mind God enters an eternal tenant, one whom no fire can destroy, no earthquake engulf, no sea drown, no grave bury, and the coming of this tenant works wonders in the future of the habitation. The soul's payment of rent for its lodging for a brief measure of time is the grant of eternity to some measure of the habitation. The soul makes use of the body to manifest itself; by the body the soul is known to other souls, and so much of it as will continue this identity is gifted with eternity, assuring recognition beyond the grave. The soul makes use of the mind to express its thought to other souls and to store its gathered knowledge for eternal use, and so tried and well trained a servant is not discarded at the grave, but passes

with the soul to dwell in "the mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Thus earth is linked with heaven. Man becomes one with God. A body fashioned by the skill of God, with a mind mighty enough to contain the thoughts of God, becomes the dwelling place of the life of God, and because God cannot destroy himself man becomes indestructible, eternal. But now enters another factor that we must notice. This most wonderful of all the creations of God, this man, looks up into the face of the Eternal and recognizes his Creator, beholds him whose offspring he is, and dares to say, "Thou art my Father!" This relationship God acknowledges, and replies, "Thou art my child." The child asks, "Father, what wilt thou have me to do?" and the Father answers thus and so. The man says, "I will," and we note that with gladness he goeth to do his Father's will. Then comes another man. He, too, talks with his Father. To him, as to the other, God says do thus and so, and to our consternation this man defiantly straightens himself and answers, "*I will not.*"

What manner of creature is this that dares say to him who formed him, "Thou art not my master?" Why does God give to the creature such power? Why form a man with such liberty of daring? Christian philosophy will give you satisfying reasons. Here we may treat only the fact. Man can do this. Man with the breath of God within him may—sad be the truth, many do—say just this. The creature becomes the opponent of the Creator; the thing formed dares to enter into contest with him that formed it!

What is the cause of this? Sin. Man is not now what God made him, what God meant him to be. He has used his marvelous endowment to rebel against God, and the fever of that rebellion corrupts the race. Sin is in the world; sin is in the race; sin is in every man born of the

race into the world. There was a flaw in the life of Moses; there was vice in the record of David; there were folly and shame in the doings of Alexander; there were warts upon the good name of Cromwell; there was something not to be imitated, something that was hideous, in the life of every man of noble fame that we have named or could name. None, no, not one, was perfect. Not one has been able to show us just what a perfect man could do nor what he would be like. Sin—rebellion against God, rebellion on the part even of those who, knowing the awfulness of rebellion, have pledged obedience—has put a blight upon every character.

Is there no remedy for sin? Is there nothing that will eradicate this terrible destroyer? Yes. Remedy is provided in the sacrificial life and death of Jesus Christ. And there can be no character that will endure, no manhood crowned with supreme success, without owning the need for and receiving the application of this remedy. Herein is the folly of all attempts to build character to supreme excellence without religion, without the religion of Jesus Christ, which is the religion of the perfect man. Sin must be taken into account, and a method of character-building that fails to consider sin and make known the way to overcome it is unworthy of attention; the structure which it rears shall crumble. No system that considers man only as a body and mind is adequate. It does not deal with all the facts. It neglects the greater and the essential part of man. The soul must be considered, and in the development of enduring character the soul is the most important, for it is the master of body and mind.

Character is the sum of the whole man. Character may be Satanic or it may be Godlike. It will be one or the other, according as the soul rebels against or is obedient to its Creator. The difference between Nero

and Paul, between Tetzel and Luther, between Catherine de'Medici and Margaret of Navarre, grew out of the difference in their relation to God. There has been a perfect Man in the world, and he was perfect in his character because he was perfect in his relations to God. Sin had no dominion over him. He was the master of himself. Sin did attract him, else he was not "tempted in all points like as we are," he were not perfect man; but though attracted, he looked through sin to its heart of brazen defiance of God and turned from it with loathing. He dared to look the master of hell in the eyes and say: "Thou art false. I will not keep company with you;" and he said that by the exercise of the very same endowment that was exercised by that other man who looked into the face of God and said, "I will not obey thee." It was thus he manifested the grandeur of manhood, thus he proved the ability of man to conquer the enticement of evil, for as he conquered every man may conquer.

In right relation to God—body, mind, and soul in harmony with the divine idea—recall what this Man became. No light that beats upon a throne beats one half so fiercely as did the eyes of hate gleam on him, yet when he was on trial and his entire life was up as evidence the judge's verdict was, "*I find in him no fault at all.*" And though enemies gnashed their teeth in rage, they knew it was the utterance of the truth. Look upon the portrait of this spotless character, who bids you live as he lived, copying him for your own perfection:

"He was faultless, without dullness; patriotic, without partisanship; courteous, without hollowness; dignified, without stiffness; delicate, without daintiness; calm, without stolidity; enthusiastic, without optimism; guileless, without childishness; frank, without effusiveness; chivalrous, without rashness; aggressive, without pugnacity; conciliatory, without sycophancy; prudent, with-

out time-serving; modest, without self-depreciation; gracious, without condescension; just, without severity; lenient, without laxity; flexible, without vacillation; conservative, without obstructiveness; progressive, without precipitance; patient, without stoicism; persistent, without perverseness; imperative, without imperiousness; decisive, without bluntness; heroic, without coarseness; self-conscious, without self-conceit; hopeful, without dreaminess; sad, without gloom; sympathetic, without connivance; generous, without prodigality; frugal, without churlishness; appreciative, without flattery; stern, without censoriousness; indignant, without bitterness; forgiving, without feebleness; sociable, without familiarity; reserved, without moroseness; self-denying, without asceticism; unworldly, without unwisdom; conscientious, without fanaticism; trustful, without improvidence; diversified, without contrariety—in a word, perfect, without unnaturalness." *

Can you measure to such a marvel? In large measure, yes. Can you so live that this will describe your character? This is the possibility set before you. This is the Ideal. None lower will satisfy. Remember this is not the portrait of a God. This is a picture of the character of a *man;* such a character as heaven and earth, God and your conscience, call upon you to rear in your life. Just such is the greatest building in the world. *A perfect man.* What else did Pilate say? There was admiration in his eyes, awe in his tones, wonder in his heart, and a quaking in his soul, as, standing before the multitude, he suddenly cried, as with index finger he pointed to the Nazarene: "*Ecce Homo!* BEHOLD THE MAN!"

> "My God, I heard this day
> That none doth build a stately habitation
> But he that means to dwell therein.

* Boardman, *The Problem of Jesus.*

What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

"Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world beside;
Each part may call the farthest brother,
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

"For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good
As our delight or as our treasure,
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure.

"Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built. O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit
That as the world serves us we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be." *

* Herbert, *The Temple.*

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF THE BUILDING.

THE old doctrine that men at birth are like a sheet of white paper is not quite true. They are like such a sheet written on with invisible ink; and though there is nothing to be read there when they are born, or for a time afterward, yet when they are held to the fire of circumstances there begins to be developed in them a writing that they did not write. Who did write it? Their fathers? Their mothers? Yes, in part. Who else? Their grandfathers and their grandmothers, and *their* fathers and mothers, running back through three or four generations. In other words, the individual man comes into life as a seed which has in itself the effects of the foregoing conduct of a successive line of ancestors.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

IT is a far fall from Mozart to Offenbach, as far as from Handel to a drunkard's debauched song. Yet it is music all the way. What makes the difference? It is the old difference, and the persistent one. Is the land of St. Cecilia a divine kingdom or a diabolic? To possess it and enjoy it must we serve God or serve the devil? To win and wear its sovereignty must we fall down and worship, with drunken catch and harlot's song and impious mockery of purity and truth, Belial and our own lusts? Or is it a high kingdom kept by our Father, and to be given by him to the labor and study and reverent care of his children? A kingdom where the eternal harmonies seek utterance at the hands and in the voices of men; a kingdom whose air is thrilled once and again with notes lost from the harp strings of the angels, dropped echoes of the chants from the choirs invisible?—*Bishop Hugh M. Thompson, The World and the Man.*

CHAPTER II.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF THE BUILDING.

A Good Animal.

THE surest foundation of a perfect life is a sound body. A large part of the raw material for a noble character is a man's physical structure. The first thing needful to be a first-class man is to be a first-class animal. The man whose character is to shine for God needs a good body. Health is a requisite of wholeness. Pascal was guilty of teaching that "disease is the natural state of Christians," but this libel on a loving parent has been banished to the limbo, cluttered with much other mediæval nonsense. It is not alone true that disease is contagious; health is also contagious, as the physicians of our day affirm. Tears draw tears, but much quicker will one laugh stir another. Out of all the terror and squirming of our craze about microbes we are emerging with a firm grasp of the fact that there are more microbes conducive to health than to disease. They fight for our health. The world is a sanitarium. If through heredity or contagion or neglect we fall victims of disease, it affords innumerable natural asylums established from the creation of the world for our cure. Dr. Matthews says: "The atmosphere we breathe is an exhalation of all the minerals of the globe, the most elaborately finished of all the Creator's works—the rock of ages disintegrated and prepared for the life of man. Draughts of this are the true stimulants, more potent and healthful than champagne or cognac, 'so cheap at the custom house, so dear at the hotels.'"*

* *Getting On in the World.*

God intends us to be healthy, for God intends us to be good-natured. A cross-tempered person is as much deformed as a cross-eyed one. Success is only a question of right relations with other men, and you cannot maintain right relations with other men if you are always acrid and vinegary. I was born just in time to see one of those old "bitter cups," the great stock in trade of the children of Galen a hundred years ago. It made bitter anything put into it; then you drank the potion—lo! you were well. It turned the stomach even of the microbes, and they fled. Well, so will men run from you, detest you, refuse to foster your ambitions, if your body is but a bitter cup that sours your soul, and you are everlastingly melancholy, morose, taciturn, and woeful. To be other than this you need to be well. It is as hard to smile when your head is wrapped up in rags because of neuralgia as it is to crook your rheumatic knees for family prayers. Ill health leaves its mark on nearly all the work the sick one performs. Pessimism is very largely but the *nom de plume* of dyspepsia. You inhale its feculent breath alike in the literature of fiction and of fact. When Cicero had the dyspepsia he recognized it at once, and had the sense remaining to wipe his quill and run for his life to Greece. Making his home in a gymnasium, he submitted to its rigid treatment for two years, then went back to Rome, perfectly cured, to pulverize Cataline and make Antony quake in his toga. A dyspeptic would never have won such a triumph.

What is the origin of the bickering and anger, the impatience and harshness, that curse the intercourse of daily life? Is it not ill health? I would not for a moment allow that an invalid has a right to be a perverse, fretful crank, but though he has no right to be such, the fact is too sadly true that in nine cases out of ten he is so, and as such we have to deal with him. He looks upon life through blue glasses, and everything is off color and dis-

torted. Such a man can never grasp a right view of life. A pin prick will be a sword thrust; the sting of a thorn like the fires of Pluto. Such a bundle of tangled nerves as his respond to the music of the Œolian harp of life? Never. Here and there a soul may rise above its woes and crush back its groans, and sing with Sydney Smith, "I have gout, asthma, and seven other maladies, but am otherwise very well," but for every such an one a thousand will continue their whine until the clock ticks their end.

And this is true, though we have record of the noble lives and mighty achievements of many who have labored through weary years with weak and diseased physiques. In the book of the world's immortals many such have written their names. Paul's name stands at its head, though the thorn constantly pricked his flesh; Julius Cæsar placed his there, though he never planned a battle without an attack of epileptic fits; Pascal's is there, though an invalid from eighteen; Milton's is there, though blind for many years; William the Third's is there, though from birth to death the man whom Louis XIV declared was more to be feared on the night of a defeat than on the eve of a victory never knew a well day; Nelson's is there, though he was little and lame; Lawrence's is there, though compelled to weigh the daily morsels of food on which he sustained his life; Parkman's is there, though for fifty years he could not use his eyes for more than five minutes at a time, and then only at the cost of pain; Beethoven's is there, though his dull ears caught no sound of his own matchless harmonies; but these are the exceptions, these are the Sydney Smiths that surprise and ennoble the race. Napoleon, illustrative of so much both for good and ill, may well serve us here. At the first he was the man of iron; four hours of sleep sufficed him, and in each of the remaining twenty he could do as much work as the ordinary man in a day. But there came a break at last to this

sturdy constitution, and at Dresden, in 1813, it doubled him in his tent with cramps when he should have been in the saddle; and this weakness alone saved the defeated allied army from extermination, which would have meant the end of the united opposition of Europe. He was no longer the man of iron when he returned from Elba, and it was his physical deterioration more than the coming of Blücher or Grouchy's failure that lost him Waterloo. Never had he planned more masterly—all was perfect save the physical machine to execute the plans. No wonder that he himself declared that the first requisite of good generalship is good health.

Almost without exception the great prizes in every field of life's labor are won by those of sturdy thews, hardened sinews, and vigorous pulse. It is useless to hunt lions with a shotgun—it takes a good chunk of lead to bring the monarch of beastdom down. All things, like the prize in endowment insurance, come to the man who *endures*. Stalwart Soul in Sturdy Body are twins that will master destiny. The soul of Æschylus was shrined in a body that was the pride of the Greeks—a body with which he dared lead them in the battle at Salamis. Chaucer, his brother bard of a later age, could let go his quill and tighten his fist for a knockdown blow. Burns at the plow acquired not only immortal thoughts, but strength to postpone for years the penalty of his later debauchery. When nature builds statesmen she gives them a big equipment of animated clay as well as a commodious cranium. Washington stood six feet four, and scarce knew the feeling of pain. Webster was a giant. It was the same with Clay, Calhoun, Greeley, Garfield, and Blaine. Lincoln, the prince of them all, was of heroic mold—muscle that made him the strong man of his day, and health that withstood the terrible strain of four unparalleled years. Across the sea it is the same. The sturdy Burke at sixty-

six still mastered the British Commons. Brougham's activity was the wonder of his age. The race has never come nearer to perpetual motion. Once he worked for six full days—one hundred and forty-four hours—without sleep, finished his case, and then ran down to his country home and slept from Saturday night to Monday morning, returning to his work as bright as ever. It became proverbial in the England of his day, "The king never dies, and Brougham never sleeps." The physique that stood such strains enabled him to hold on to the reins of power after a generation of punier men were in their graves.

Palmerston at eighty mastered the empire as if he were a youth fresh to the lists, and said that a man was at his prime at seventy-nine. Gladstone at eighty was the Grand Old Man of his race. Bismarck at the same age could still break in the colts who came to him to be made emperors; and Leo XIII looks into the face of his ninetieth birthday with the eyes of one of the keenest diplomats of Europe and with scarce a peer in the long list of the popes. The clergy are a long-lived class, and so largely because of their pure habits, care of their persons, and training of their bodies. Most of the Protestant reformers were sturdy fellows. Luther could have played pitch and catch with most of his opponents could he have met them singly. Knox, before whom all Scotland, from queen to peasant, trembled, had a form as stalwart as his speech. Latimer, like our own Cartwright, could lay a man on his back and keep him there until he had swallowed his argument. Adam Clarke, as a lad, had a fondness for rolling huge stones, and thus prepared himself to roll the great thoughts of his manhood over many of the fine theological lawns of his adversaries. Beecher was a majestic animal—no racer was ever cared for more tenderly than this prince of preachers cared for his splendid physique, and thus the history of his conquests cover a third of a century. Phil-

lips Brooks stood head and shoulders above his fellows, both in his boots and in his manhood, and was in every way a magnificent specimen of a well-made man.

How to Become a Good Animal.

To gain health and maintain health—that is, to have and to keep a sound body—becomes, then, the first great work in character-building. How gain health? One wise man has said, "Begin twenty years before the child is born." Dr. Holmes, I think it is, is responsible for the sage expression, "If you would have a healthy child, begin with its grandparents." This is true. A man must be born well if he is to have a fair start in life. The law of heredity is a fact that must be faced, and a law that must be heeded if we are to have a sound race. Pedigree is the important question to-day in every form of stock-raising save the human. The racer and the pointer, the cow and the sow, must present a pedigree or we reduce the price. Hen's eggs are worth two dollars apiece when the pedigree is satisfactory. I have seen ten thousand dollars paid for a stallion long past his racing days because the blood in him had raised even his own good pedigree to a higher notch. Stock raisers believe that temper as well as speed and productiveness are hereditary, and refuse to breed from mean and tricky animals. The same law rules man. It is the law of God. It has its place in the Decalogue, and it must be obeyed or the race suffers. Every child born exhibits its parents or ancestors to the world. Sins against the body, mind, and soul are punished by their penalty being visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation, and thus reveal to the world the crime even of those long buried. The cemetery is often the truest historian. Look at those long rows of tiny mounds—often five and six in one lot—what do they say? "We were born well?" No. "We were born *accursed*,"

It is no "happen so" that the mother of Nero was a murderess, that the mother of Charles IX was a living impersonation of the mother of evil, that Lord Byron's mother was proud, ill-tempered and violent. Parentage tells in temper and disposition, but even more does parentage tell in the physique bequeathed. But this is fiendish! No. It is righteousness.

Writes a physician: "As a lad I used to feel rebellious when I thought that the sins of the fathers were visited on the children unto the third and fourth generation of those who hated God—it seemed a deliberate and cruel curse. One scarcely expects to learn Bible exegesis from anatomy, but it was through the study of anatomy that I learned the real meaning of the last part of the second commandment. One day there was brought into the dissecting room a 'subject' which was eaten, flesh and bones, by a shameful and loathsome disease such as is frequently passed down from father to son. In an instant it flashed across my mind that this was no deliberate and cruel curse, but a wise and kind lesson in regard to one of the laws of our being, and from my twenty-second year to this I have had no further difficulty with that commandment." *

Very truly has this same physician written: "Heredity is a solemn fact and an inexorable factor in human weal and progress. It is an unwelcome truth to very many, because it 'tries the reins and searches the heart' of individual life as nothing else can do. It is, in its way, a sort of religion, too, and it is a preacher of righteousness; for the individual must hold himself back from *all* intemperance in the use of mental and physical faculties, and keep himself in harmony with nature's laws, if he would not have his sin find him out and appear in mental, moral, or physical unloveliness or deformity in his descendants."

* Pomeroy, *Ethics of Marriage.*

But remember this law works for good as well as for ill. Aye, works more strongly for good, and when you work with the law you work with God. Be not cast down if you have the curse of a weak, sensual, drunken, or diseased ancestry. Don't rest under the curse. Fight yourself up to health. Recognize your danger, and fence against it in every way. The world has many known to fame who have thus, with the power of an unbending will, said to the past, "Down! I am your master." And God knows many more who have enrolled their names on his book of conquerors by their conquest of the evil tendencies and appetites bequeathed them by their ancestors. Do this for your own sake, that you may be a blessing and not a curse to yourself. Do it for the sake of those who are to follow you. By the gate of parentage you came into the world—that gate you are to open to others. Let them come with blessings in their blood and bones as well as in the soul God gives them. The mother of Washington was a robust, pure, devout woman of loftiest character. The mother of the Wesleys was all this, with the added equipment of sufficient executive force to rule a state. The mother of Napoleon was as rare a genius in Corsica as was her son in France. The fact that many fathers are so manifestly reproduced in their sons has given us the saw, "He is a chip off the old block." Of fathers as well as mothers this poetic thought holds true:

> "The mother in her office holds the key
> Of the soul, and she it is who stamps the coin
> Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage
> But for her gentle cares a Christian man."

To be born well is first; to stay well is next, and very largely a thing of personal control. Health must be earned; it cannot be bought. Health is the music of a sound body. It sings, but you do not hear it any more than you do the music of the spheres. It is to be en-

joyed. "No man is in true health who cannot stand in the free air of heaven, with his feet on God's free turf, and thank his Creator for the simple luxury of physical existence." * Can you do so? If not, whether it seems slangy or classic, the command for you to heed is, "Get there!" A sound body is the fruit of sunshine, good air, curbed appetite, and plenty of exercise. The lives of men are thus very largely in their own hands.

Live, walk, rest, on the sunny side of the street. Build or rent your house there, no matter what the extra cost. "Shut the door to the sun, and you will open it to the doctor," and he is one of those folks of whom Molière said they pour medicine about which they know little into bodies of which they know less in order to cure disease about which they know nothing at all. Consult them immediately, however, when you are out of order, but see that you don't get out of order very often. The sun is first physician to his majesty Humanity. A microbe has just been found that makes its home in human blood and feeds on the red corpuscles. It multiplies by the million in the darkness, and dies in the light of day. Live in the sunshine!

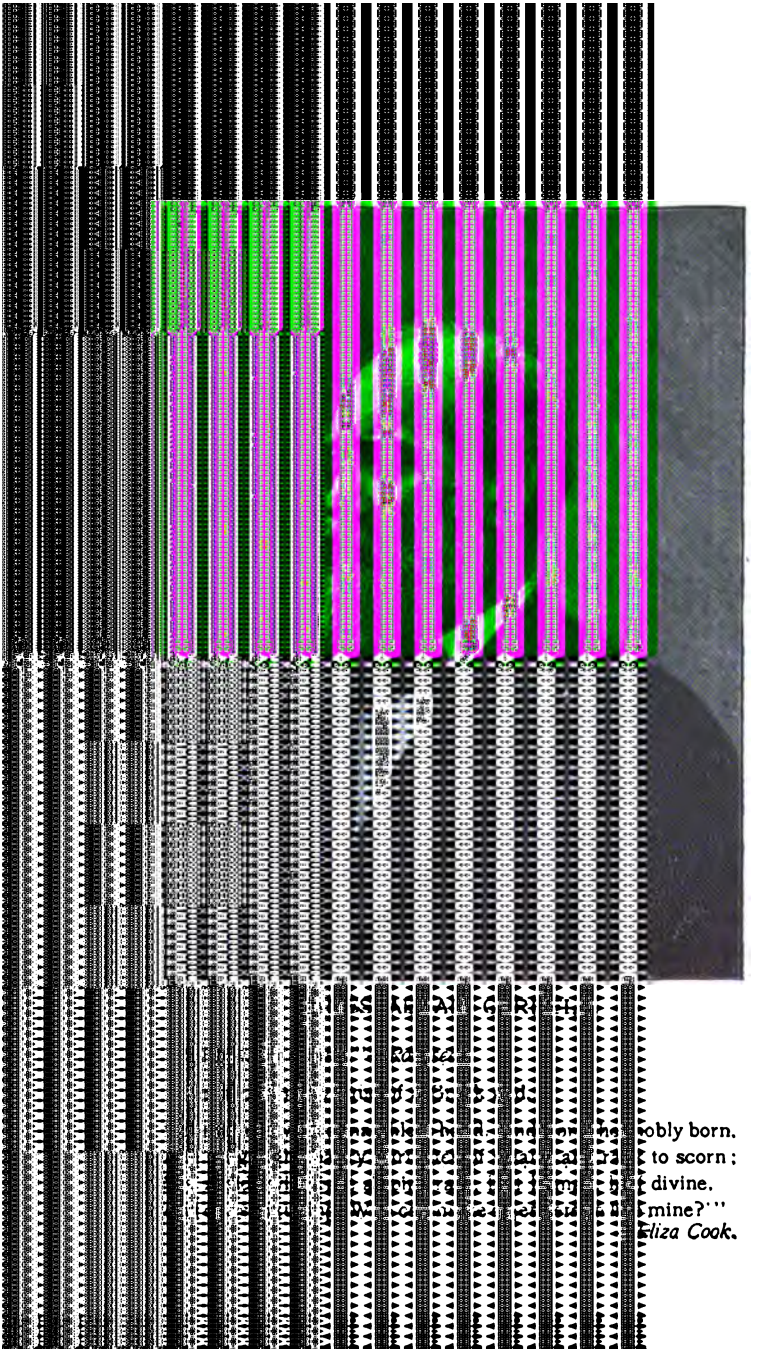
Build up a strong bellows. Have a good air tank. The deep-chested fellows are the ones who make themselves heard in the world. Lung capacity can be increased. Thousands of people have expanded their chest measure from two to eight inches by the simple method of continued deep breathing, with or without the use of tubes; and it is within the limits of truth to say that each inch added years to their life as well as fitted them for better work. With all thy getting get air. Live in it all you can. La Harpe used to say, "When my head gets fatigued I put it out of the window for a while." Treat yourself as you do your clothes;

* T. W. Higginson.

hang yourself up somewhere for an airing every little while. Ventilate your dwelling if you have to smash the windows. Use any number of blankets, but keep the window of your sleeping room open from New Year's morning to New Year's eve. Sleep. Find out how much of it you need to work well—not to be lazy—then get that much if you have to stay in bed half the day. Grant said he could do nothing without nine hours' sleep. Sleep is the soothing syrup that every member of the body loves; heart, muscles, and nerves cry for it.

Don't eat everything you see, nor half of what you want. People have that tired feeling because they are perambulating garbage bins. Zangwell tells of a fat girl, a solid reality, whom he had seen with his own eyes, whose obesity became such a burden to her that she sought a physician to rid her of some of it. He prescribed minutely. She was to eat dry toast, plain boiled beef, etc., and return in a month and report reduction. The month passed. She returned, but the office door was scarce wide enough for her entrance. The doctor was dumbfounded. "Did you eat what I told you?" "Religiously." His brow wrinkled. Suddenly he was inspired. "Anything else?" "*My ordinary meals.*" She deserved to be fat.

The ostrich is charged with swallowing about everything it can get hold of; here is a human ostrich. According to the *British Medical Journal*, Owen Williams died at the London Hospital on April 24, 1895, while undergoing an operation. His stomach contained forty pieces of cork, thirty pieces of doubled tinfoil, nine pennies, one iron ring, twelve pieces of clay pipestems, one lead bullet, one rubber ring or bottle stopper, three pieces of leather an inch square, another piece of leather nine inches long with a hook at each end, a string a foot long with tinfoil and corks attached, some more string, cotton, newspaper,



obly born.
to scorn;
divine.
mine?'"
Eliza Cook.

and a few other small things. The fool died. You call him a fool, but he may be a near relative of yours. Corks are about as wholesome as some things we greedily swallow. There is a sense in which the stomach is the man; ruin it and you ruin him. We dig our graves with our teeth; eating too much, eating too fast, and, above all, eating what we cannot assimilate. There are pie and cake and beef and bean slaves just as truly as there are slaves to whisky, beer, wine, and tobacco, and the effect of this slavery upon the stomach is nearly if not quite as injurious. To think well you must digest well. There have been philosophers in the world who have regarded the stomach as the seat of intellect, and genius and good digestion as convertible terms. This is not so ridiculous. The brain often gets the credit for a triumph won by the stomach. Eat what is good for thee, no more. Bishop Peck once overloaded his stomach with mince pie, and very justly he had a night of it. When the doctor was called in the bishop gave him one of his humerous squints and remarked, "Doctor, I'm not afraid to die, but I'm ashamed to."

Exercise, exercise, exercise—this is the making of a body. The better the body the better the man and the better the work the man can perform. Beecher likened a strong intellect in a weak body to a Krupp cannon mounted on a rickety carriage that collapsed at every shot. What a caricature is a pair of spindle shanks creeping around under the weight of a Websterian cranium! Men, like trees, reach for the sun; so the fathers did not dare declare that height was the projection upward of the prince of darkness, but with them width and weight were considered sure signs that total depravity was bearing fruit. Emaciated shadows, lanky dyspeptics, study-dried skeletons—on these the wings were expected to appear; but the ruddy, full-chested, whip-muscled heavy weight —look out for the horns! That day is past. Gone with

the skin and bones in which it gloried. The sickly skeleton who won the prize at college won none after graduation, but blockhead Walter, who loved the back of a wild horse, runs off a story for all the world every two months, and runs away with a baronetcy and gold as well. *Sir* Walter wrote *Waverly* mornings, and chased hares afternoons; the other fellow had gone with his prize to the grave and oblivion.

The ancients were wise. They made of themselves magnificent animals. The Greeks deified health and worshiped her as Hygeia, and making the development of a stalwart physique the object of all their system of body culture, with its games and festivals, they presented the world with a race of Apollos. The victories that made forever famous that sturdy little land were practically won in the Olympic, Isthmian, Pythian, and Nemean games, even as Waterloo, in the opinion of Wellington, was won on the cricket and football fields of Eton and Rugby. Only men of stalwart build could stand the strain of the shield-to-shield and hilt-to-hilt contests of those days. As you get back to the men who live nearest to nature, with the least of the artificial in their nourishment, you find that nature builds men of majestic physiques.

Many English public men have declared that the vast empire that has been won for the crimson cross is but the result of the physical training of her lads, that has given them a bulk and muscle and power of endurance that the men of no other nation equal. The race "whose morning drumbeat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continual, unbroken strain of the martial airs of England," rules by brawn fully as much as by brain. God can use a strong man. All need not be as strong as Samson, but no man goes through life without meeting many an opportunity for the exercise for good of a strong arm and a

supple body. There are strong men still. Not giants, but ordinary men who by steady training have made the most of every muscle and cord and who perform marvelous feats. Sandow's manly beauty makes him a favorite, but he is not without peers. Good old Samson and even mythological Hercules would find these fit for their strength. The Canadian marvel, Louis Cyr, has put his finger through a ring and lifted 555½ pounds clear of the floor with that one finger. He has gripped 987 pounds with one hand and lifted it clear of the floor without the aid of his knees. Then he used both hands, and up came 1,897¼ pounds. Taking hold of the chime of a barrel with the fingers of his right hand, he has placed that barrel filled with 433 pounds of sand and water on his shoulder. Picking up a 97¼-pound dumb-bell in his right hand and an 88-pounder in his left, he has raised them simultaneously to his arm's length at right angles with his body, and, dropping these, lifted a 131¼-pound dumb-bell to the same position with his right hand and held it there for five seconds, and then brought the weight to his shoulder before setting it down. Using both hands, he lifted a 347-pound bar-bell from the floor to the shoulder, and then held it up at his arm's length above his head. In England they put a platform on his back, loaded it with 3,655 pounds, and he walked away with it. Then they hitched a team of horses weighing 2,000 pounds to him, and laid the whip on them, but Cyr didn't care to go just then, and that number of the queen's horses were not sufficient to make him go; he just braced himself to stay where he was until he got ready to go the other way, and then those horses felt *drawn* to follow him. At Boston, in May, 1895, he succeeded in raising 4,300 pounds live weight.

Charles A. Sampson, of Detroit, is the other contestant for Sandow's laurels. He excels in harness lifting, by which he has raised 4,008 pounds. At London, in August,

1891, Sampson put his body to the most terrible test of muscle-wrenching and strength-exhausting that a human being has perhaps ever undergone. These strong men seldom perform more than two or three of their hardest feats in any one day, but in response to a challenge Sampson performed the following feats *twenty* times in one day: Lifting a 100-pound bar-bell with left hand, then a 200-pounder with his right, then a 160-pounder, followed by a 200-pounder with both hands; lifting a 320-pound bar-bell with right hand, and then with both hands, and then raising one weighing 1,202 pounds with both hands; breaking silver coins with his fingers, and breaking a short chain by a straight pull, bursting a double bracelet on either arm by the swelling of his muscle, and rending leather straps and chains by the expansion of his chest. Then as sort of sauce to all this he went through the manual of arms with a 160-pound bar for a musket. The total of his dead-weight lifting that day was *sixty-one thousand two hundred and forty pounds*, and this, of course, does not take into account the force exerted in breaking the chains and coins. This American Hercules is no giant; he is rather under-sized, being but 5 feet 7 inches in height. He weighs 175 pounds. Other measurements are as follows: Neck, 17 inches; chest contracted, 39 inches; normal, 43; expanded, 58; biceps, 19; wrist, 4½; forearm, 16½; calf, 16; thigh, 26½.

These men show the possibilities wrapped up in the human physique. Such feats will, of course, demand payment from those who thus overtax their powers. The whole race is not thus to put itself on exhibition, but all the race should be aroused by such exhibitions to seek for sound bodies for themselves. The price these men paid was regular, systematic exercise and careful dieting. They did not become such animals in a day. Their strength is as the strength of ten because they take the exercise of

ten ordinary men. Exercise is nature's life-preserver. Develop yourself. Dr. Frank Hamilton said, "The best thing for the insides of a man is the outside of a horse." If you cannot afford the horse, then use your own legs. Never get too old to romp. Calisthenics are good, but they are but the shadow of the good to be secured from a good, genuine old romp. Never let your boys and *girls* get too dignified to romp. At least once a day take all the harness off—corsets included—and let them run loose like colts. The result will be health, and that is better than style, and is always in good form. You need not be a Spartacus or a Sullivan, but if you desire to be a first-class man and do such a man's work in the world, you must get the physical constitution to endure the strain.

Remember your body is a temple for the dwelling of the Eternal Spirit. Perfect that body. It has cost God infinite thought to make it. You may well pay a great price to perfect it. "Physically man is the summary of all the perfections scattered through the animal kingdom, of which he is the head. He represents in his body, so fearfully and wonderfully made, the different forms of animal life which are below him. It would almost seem as if the Creator before modeling the human body had experimented on all conceivable adjustments of bone and muscle and nerves to obtain the best that was possible when he should come to make man. It is not strange that, as in a great masterpiece, we are reminded of the 'studies' of the artist, so men find resemblances to the fish or to the higher forms of animal life which abound on the land when they study the human frame. They find seventy vestigial structures in the human body. Eminent anatomists like Dr. Cleland have been compelled to say, 'Thus there is anatomical evidence that the development of the vertebrate form has reached its limits by the completion of man.' Nor have those who have made the nervous system a study

been able to conceive of anything more perfect than our nervous organism. The proportion of brain to spinal cord rules the animal world, starting with the fish, with its proportion of two to one, until it reaches the mammal, with its proportion of four to one. Then, as if by a new creative act in fashioning man's physical frame, the proportion becomes twenty-three to one. It is not believed that any substantial difference will ever be made to appear. The dome of the human skull, with its curve of one hundred and eighty degrees from front to base, expresses the mind of the Creator as to the completeness of man's frame. With expansion of height or width would come a curvature, or bending on itself, so that the base would be crumpled together while the roof is elongated. Abnormal development usually awakens great fear of attendant insanity, as a dwarfed brain is the badge of imbecility. Curving of the base of the skull involves a change in the position of the bones of the face which would require the cutting off of the nasal cavity from the throat. There is such adjustment as shows that God has in the human body expressed his last thought in matter. The Greeks, with their love of beauty, found its highest expression in the human form. They saw the ideal face divided into three equal parts by the line of the eyes and the mouth. They saw the extended arms equal to the height of the entire body. They found such proportions as revealed the perfect harmony which is the essence of beauty, and that these proportions were not capable of disturbance in the interest of perfection. The human form cut in marble by the Grecian sculptor has served as the model for centuries, and to maintain these right proportions was ever kept before the contestants in the Olympic games. To the Greeks there was but one word for both the noble and the beautiful. A noble man, a perfect man, was an harmonious man." *

* Hendrix, *Methodist Review*, May, 1897.

The Hand and Head of the Builder.

Be sure your body has a steady hand. To his marvelous hand man owes his mastery nearly as much as to his mind. We live by our hands. Few could earn their bread without them. The steady-handed man is the mechanic who wins. The supple-handed man is the man who turns the key in the door of opportunity. Of what use are sharp tools, delicate instruments, cunningly contrived machines, without a steady hand to use them? Every tool man's brain invents makes more necessary a delicate hand not only to put that tool together, but also to move it to its use. Old Galen's tribute still holds good:

"The lion has powerful fangs and claws; the hare has swiftness of foot, but in other points is defenseless. But to man, the only animal that partakes of divine intelligence, the Creator has given, in lieu of every other form of natural weapon or organ of defense, that instrument—the hand; an instrument applicable to every art and occasion as well of peace as of war. Man therefore wants not a hoof or horn or any other natural weapon, inasmuch as he is able with his hand to grasp a much more effective weapon—the sword or spear. . . . With his hand he weaves the garments that protect him from the summer's heat or winter's cold; with this he forms the various furniture of nets and snares which give him dominion over the inhabitants as well of the water as of the air and earth; with his hand he constructs the lyre and lute and the numerous instruments employed in the several arts of life; with his hand he erects altars and shrines to immortal gods; and, lastly, by means of this same instrument he bequeaths to posterity, in writings, the intellectual treasures of his divine imagination."

An anonymous writer has said of the hand: "When in good condition what a power it exerts! It conveys an

ineffable language, which even brute animals understand. It menaces, invites, repels, or gives character and grandeur to the expressions of an orator. It is a hammer, a vice, a punch, a wrench, a lever, a pry, a force, and a mighty power by which the pyramids were reared, cathedrals called into being from the hardest quarries; and all that is amazing, surprising, delicate, or calculated to advance civilization in art, literature, and science is accomplished by those wonderful instruments—human hands."

The superiority of the hand over the other organs of the body has been declared by many for whom Professor Wilson thus writes: "The organs of all other senses, even in their greatest perfection, are beholden to the hand for the enhancement and exaltation of their powers. It constructs for the eye a copy of itself, and thus gives it a telescope with which to range among the stars; and by another copy on a slightly different plan furnishes it with a microscope, and introduces it into a new world of wonders. It constructs for the ear the instruments by which it is educated, and sounds them in its hearing till its powers are trained to the full. It plucks for the nostril the flower which it longs to smell, and distils for it the fragrance which it covets. As for the tongue, if it had not the hand to serve it, it might abdicate its throne as the lord of taste. In short, the organ of touch is the minister of its sister senses, and, without any play of words, is the handmaid of them all."

Train your hand, then. The lenses of the great telescopes of the earth were perfected only by the regular constant rubbing day by day, month after month, of the human hand over the glass. You must rub the glass of the mirror of destiny with a trained and steady hand if you would ever see your face all shining in it. The unsteady hand will never long rule either the world or a dollar-a-day job. Our hands were made that with them we might fashion that matchless thing called success.

Keep a clear brain in your cranium. Refuse to be muddled. Don't let passion make a fool of you. You must be clear-headed if you would seize opportunity by her front hair. Greatness is the seizure of the auspicious moment and making it do your bidding. In every great battle there is a crisis when the result hangs upon the use made of that moment by the opposing commanders. There are such moments in every man's life; you must be clear-headed to know them and to make the decisions that they demand. Hindsight never won a victory or made a famous speech or a brilliant *mot*. Had Webster been drunk when Hayne dropped his challenge, the greatest speech of the American Senate would have never been uttered, though Webster had been preparing for that speech for months. Dr. Holmes says: "Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection. Ticktack! ticktack! go the wheels of thought. Our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot stop them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads."

If for any cause that clock cannot tell you the time of day, no matter how suddenly you may ask it, you are lost. It may tick on, but every tick will be but a reminder that your opportunity came and you seized it not.

The Marvelous Provision for the Body.

The value of the human body is proved by the marvelous provision that God has made for its sustenance. "The history of the physical universe culminates in man, finds its interpreter and its interpretation in him. Never

was the thought of man absent from her movements through Pliocene, Miocene, Eocene, Cretaceous, Jurassic, Triassic, Carboniferous, Devonian, Silurian, or Cambrian ages. 'In all her awful cosmic emotion to reach order and form it was the anticipation of man that moved her, for he it is at last that comes of it. So through all the course of her tumultuous history nature was pregnant with man.' The stars which sang together in the early morning of the world caught the inspiration which gave melody to their song from the thought of him." *

We may well complement this thought with another from the same author: "The form of all continents and islands, the outlines of all seas and coasts, contain the idea of the human family. At a time, geologically about the same, the surface conditions of the earth were prepared for the advent of man. 'The great Himalaya Mountain range was lifted up to prepare an embosoming plain to serve as a cradle for the human race. The long chain of mountains running the whole length of the North and South American continents was raised to prepare the way for civilization on this side the sea. 'When the ocean beds were dug out and the waters called off from a part of the earth's surface; when the mighty peaks and the majestic turrets of the mountain chains were lifted to the sky; when the encompassing atmosphere was filled with all life-replenishing elements and wrapped about all oceans and shores; when the poisonous forces destructive of man's life were locked up in soils and rocks;' when the meadows were sown with grasses, and the hospitable arms of the trees were loaded with fruit—then upon the earth, adorned and ready for his coming, man appeared." As another has choicely put it, "Man is the harbor where all the freight, started on its stormy cruise at creation, comes to shore."

That the world is for man, and that it takes the whole

* Lee, *The Making of a Man.*

of it to satisfy his needs, is impressed upon us as we consider how much more varied and world-embracing are his desires than those of the animate world about him, and that the world constantly brings forth her products to gratify these desires. Give the king of beasts a few acres of Asiatic jungle and he will eat, drink, and reign content. The elephant will run trumpeting with delight if you give him but a mile square of African brush. Grant the cow an acre seeded down and she is in clover, and will gratefully manufacture for you the most delicious nectar of nature. The robin and the linnet will sing their song if you give them a tree and a worm and a wee circle of air. The fish will disport itself in a little pool of the sea. But man cannot live in comfort unless the foods of all parts of the temperate zone are spread upon his table. For him the tropics must send their fruits and spices and the Arctics their oil and fat. The field must rear meat for his feasting, and the sea daily give of its teeming population that he may have dainty brain food. To cook his food the forests must fall and the mountains yield their black diamonds and the lightning part with its power. To shelter him other forests must live and grow and die, great hills give themselves to the kiln, and granite mountains be hewn asunder. Even the herbs that grow on the hillsides and in the valleys have their tender ministry in the healing of man's myriad ills, and if you find poison in the minerals, you will find some day a need for it in the body of a man.

Have you ever considered what is represented in a single meal that you enjoy? That Pat may have even his simple bowl of soup a Texan steer must part with a shin, Ceylon must send him pepper, the South the barley or China the rice, Syracuse or Cracow the pinch of salt, neighboring gardens the vegetables, and nature the water. All this for a bowl of soup! but even more is needed, for it must be

cooked and served. Jump from Pat's table to that of the average business or professional man, and behold how the ends of the earth are met together before your eyes. Mahogany from Honduras, linen from Erin, silver from Colorado, ivory from Africa, flowers from the seed of all lands, macaroni from Italy, fish from lake or river or sea, beef from Texas, bread from the prairies that sweep from the Mississippi to the Saskatchewan, salt from New York or Russia, pepper from the East Indies, oil from Palestine, tea from China or Ceylon, coffee from Brazil, sugar from Cuba or Hawaii, fruits and nuts from Florida and California and Brazil and Algiers, and the pick of the home gardens and dairies. Thus day by day we sit down at the world's table. Give thanks! or go and live with the beasts; aye, sink lower, for the beast will bellow or neigh his thanks.

Verily the world is man's and for man. It is not the "vile thing" that it has been styled. It is the creation of God for the habitation of man, and the Creator has fashioned and stocked it for its purpose as wisely and wondrously as he has the matchless body of man. Man can only prove his fitness for a better world by a Godlike use of this. He is related to all the forces and growths and beauties manifested in the world, and to be a complete man, thoroughly furnished physically for every good work that man should do, he must make all these his servants. "Water from the world's skies flows through his veins to and from his beating heart. Trees and shrubs and herbs minister to his pleasure and his ills. Rocks and timber and steel lend themselves to his service for house, hatchet, or chisel. When he ascends sufficiently in the grade of civilization to give expression to his conception of beauty he finds the colors in the ores under his feet to embody his visions. Would he illuminate his humble home at night, there is the pine with its light-giving tar. Does he live amid the

plains, where the pine does not grow, there is the ox with his tallow ready to be made into candles. Does he live on the coast, away from the ox or the pine, there is the whale with his oil. Does he want a better light than pine or tallow or oil can give, there are the coal beds, with their sunshine laid up for his use for thousands of ages. Does he wish to turn night into day, and make his streets glow with the radiance of the stars, there is electricity to be drawn from its wide, mysterious fields to serve his growing desire. Would he cross the sea, the winds lie ready to fill his canvas and draw him from continent to continent. Are the winds too slow, there is the heat, stored in the mountains, ready to move his engine and drive his wheel. Does he wish to make himself ubiquitous, and send a message across the sea before a ship could get out of port, there waits on him again the mysterious lightning." *

Man does not come to his kingdom as the rest of the animate creation to theirs. There is vast use for that sound body, steady hand, and clear head before his kinship is clearly evidenced. The bird when it comes finds the air already under its wings when it would fly. From the very beginning the fish is in the element that answers to its fins, and which gives the food adapted to its life. The calf and the colt are on their legs and nibbling grass like experienced mowers a very few minutes after they are born. The lower animals find themselves from the beginning of their life at home in the world, and with feet, teeth, claws, wings, horns, or fins fight their battles and win their food. But they never learn any better way. The lion who beat down a famine-gaunt Hindu to-day did so in just the same way that his ancestors did before Noah took a pair of them into the ark. The beaver who yesterday felled his tree did so as the first beaver did millenniums ago. The bee that gathered his honey from the flowers of paradise

*Lee, *The Making of a Man.*

and stored it in a cell he had built for it among the trees of Eden, packed that honey away just as the bee in your hive packs honey away in the manufactured cell you fool him with. With the animate world below man it is always the same story not only from morning until night and from one day to another, but it is the same story, the same monotonous grind, from time's beginning to time's ending. But man puts the strength of his body to do the bidding of his clear head, and by his steady hands finds or contrives a better way of meeting the needs and doing the work of his life. Adam perhaps made his home in a cave, Cain in a tent, and man has marched up from that until now he invites you to call upon him in an Escurial, or a Versailles, or a Windsor, or a White House. Instead of wasting his strength felling a forest with an ax, he puts his hand on a saw, which he bids the steam drive for him, and down come the trees. Instead of the merciless backrending of the flail, he sings a song as the iron teeth of the power thrasher break him his bread. Instead of the sling, every throw of which endangers the dislocation of his arm, he now but touches a trigger with one finger and his Krag-Jorgensen shot speeds farther and with more certain execution. He has learned to make the forces that oppose him serve him. He lifts his sail in the face of a stiff breeze blowing eastward and commands it to bear him westward. The river current that denies him passage he utilizes to make him a ferry. The waves that threaten to swamp his craft he boils to give him steam to outride their fellows. The winds draw his water, the rushing currents saw his lumber, Niagaras but furnish power to drive his machinery, and the lightnings that would strike him dead he commands to make brilliant his streets, bring him the news from the ends of the earth, and shine on his paper while he reads the message.

There are always new powers and secrets in the pro-

vision of God for him when man knows what he wants and seeks for it. He becomes more and more the master as he puts forth his power to gain the mastery. God never disappoints the man who seeks to better the condition of the race by patiently learning how to conform to the laws of nature and presenting the race with some concrete expression of his study or evidence of his conclusions. All that the intelligent study of the needs of men may declare to be essential to the complete and perfect mastery of the earth by man, all that will be found when sought for in God's provision for man. The flying machine will soar between the earth and the clouds as soon as man finds the right material for the construction of the machine. That material God has made; it is in the world; no doubt Adam had his hands on it any number of times; it will be found.

It is by the reward of God to his search that man has advanced to the height where he now stands. By conformity to God's laws and use of God's provision man has traveled a long way from the rude scythe to the mower and reaper, from the distaff to the loom, from the back of a donkey to the luxury of a palace car, from the dugout to the ocean-riding palace, from the signal fires to the telegraph and cable, from the tom-tom to the organ. There seems to be no end to the progress of men of sound body, steady hand, and clear brain toward an ideal life even in this world, save the end of time itself. Ponder well, then, the value of your physical make-up.

Destroyers of the Building.

Here it would be pleasing to rest our study of the physical side of character-building, but if what has been written proves the need of a sound and trained body as the basis for the erection of a noble character, and it is known what are the worst foes of such a sound body, steady hand, and clear brain, common honesty demands that those foes be

uncovered, exposed, that he who would build well may shun them. It is right here, when we are considering the body, not when we shall give ourselves to the study of the higher expressions of the nature of man, that we must pay our attention to the question of amusements and appetites. Theater-going and gambling may offer some appeal to the mind and commit their greater wrong upon the intellect, but dancing and the appetites for intoxicants, tobacco, and opium appeal to the flesh. If they hurt the flesh, if for its good they are ruled out here, they must go without hope of return. They have no higher court in the nature of a man to which they may appeal. They are appeals wholly to the animal in man, and if they are shown to injure the animal, then their doom is pronounced. It may be displeasing to some who are indulging their flesh in these things to have the mask torn away by the declaration that their appeal is not to the social or intellectual nature of man; yet the declaration is none the less true, and can no more be controverted than it can be proved that the appeal of these things is to the æsthetic, moral, or religious nature of man. It is "beastly" to drink intoxicants. It is "beastly" to use tobacco. It is "beastly" to use opium. It is "beastly" to dance. And in the use of this term "beastly," that may seem shocking and disrespectful to some, the fact is that the disrespect is to the beasts, for they will not use intoxicants, tobacco, or opium; and the higher the beast advances in the scale, the less promiscuously sensual he becomes, and it is only the promiscuous sensuality that the dance allows, aye, fosters, that continues its hideous propagation in the world.

It is useless to attempt to treat these things with that false delicacy and fastidiousness that merely awaken evil imaginations instead of arousing fierce determinations to combat them in self and in others. Every one of these things has an unclean, iniquitous, devilish side, and no verbal perfumery

is in place when the truth is to be told concerning them. The devotees of these things make the scene on which they ring up the curtain most fair; it is the duty of those who seek clean bodies for men to prove that there is something behind the scenes that is not so fair. Should this view behind the scenes appear like a vision of hell, remember I am not responsible for it. I did not put it there. The scenes are there to taunt me while they snare those I love. Certainly if I lift my voice against them, it would be folly, having begun, to leave my case half proven because of a prudishness that fears to state the facts.

TOBACCO.

Sin is always foul. I can hardly conceive a more vile, foul, loathsome thing than a spittoon reeking with the filth fresh from the mouth of the tobacco slave. I would rather be a chambermaid charged with the removal of the slops of a hundred rooms than the chore-boy whose disgusting task it becomes to cleanse these receptacles of filth. When you deal with tobacco you deal with the cuspidor, so now, if a stench should arise from these words, remember I did not fill the cuspidor; there is no use getting mad at me, for we have now to deal not only with the cuspidors, but with those who fill them.

"Will you please look through my mouth and nose?" asked a young man once of a New York physician. The man of medicine did so and reported nothing there. "Strange! look again. Why, sir, I have blown ten thousand dollars—a great tobacco plantation and a score of slaves—through that nose."

But serious as is the charge that can be proved against tobocco as a wasteful habit, as a foul consumer of the good money by which the user and his family might have had the advantages of a better home, a good education, the pleasure of travel, capital for the beginning or enlarge-

ment of business, and the increased self-respect that all these things bring, there are more serious charges, and to these we must pass.

The use of tobacco destroys good manners. "Do gentlemen smoke in France?" some one once asked Gouverneur Morris. "*Gentlemen*, sir, smoke nowhere!" You apologize for having eaten onions, as your wife will apologize when the house smells of boiled cabbage, but you make no apology for this that you carry about with you and blow in the faces of the defenseless people that you meet on the street or elsewhere. A gentleman is always considerate of others. This is the test of good breeding and good manners, and when the user of the weed is tried by this test he is found to be no gentleman, no matter how costly his clothes, tobacco, or meerschaum. He does not possess sufficient manhood to pay the price of being a gentleman—*self-denial.* Only a perfumed bath and a new suit of clothes would enable him to pass as a gentleman at such times as he keeps the weed out of his mouth, for the stale odor of the best cigar is as foul as the worst when carried around in the user's clothes.

The smoker emphasizes his lack of manners by his indifference to the rights of others. "He who steals my purse steals trash," but he who steals from me the purity of the air that God has manufactured for the sustenance and comfort of my being robs me of the very right to live in health. It would be less offensive and less ungentlemanly to spit in my face, for the spittle could be washed away; but when the smoker puffs his foul breath and the choking fumes of his pipe or cigar in my face I am compelled to inhale them, no matter what my distress; while the sight of the floor of any place where the tobacco slaves congregate is as nauseating as the vomit of the drunkard. It is filthy, and it scatters its filth wherever it goes, regardless of its offense against others. Nothing

can be more cowardly than the buffooning politeness of the would-be gentleman who, with the lighted weed in his mouth, asks you if he may be permitted to smoke. You answer "Yes," for you have the heroism to pay for his self-indulgence. Should you dare to say "No," the cringing slave would set you down as without manners because you refused to be polluted with his nastiness, and would no doubt prove the hollowness of his pretensions to courtesy by smoking and expectorating in opposition to your wishes. Trainers of youth would do well to heed the dictum of that prince of educators, Horace Mann: "The student who uses it [tobacco] should be expelled on the ground that the practice is unfit for a scholar and a gentleman."

A preacher once sought shelter in a Southern home, but the good woman of the house refused him lodging. Insistance proving vain, the preacher exclaimed as he moved away, "Well, I suppose I must go on, but I remind you of that Scripture that bids you 'entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'" "I'm not afraid of your being an angel," replied the woman; "an angel doesn't chew and spit tobacco like you do." By their filth shall ye know them. Imagine an angel squirting his foul spittle on the pavement of heaven! If it is so foul as to be unimaginable in an angel, it should be equally so in a man.

The use of tobacco destroys the moral sense. This is to be expected when a man looses his manners. While the use of the weed is not necessarily immoral, it nevertheless promotes associations and tends to the formation of other habits that are immoral. There are few rum "soakers" who are not smokers. A barroom and gambling den are usually dense with smoke. The cocking main, the man-brute fight, and the race track are always clouded with the same haze. The prostitute and the

libertine smoke from the same pipe in their swinish amours. All users of the weed are not bad, but nine tenths of the bad people—rowdies, thieves, thugs, and worse—use the weed. Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Cox abandoned tobacco after a drunken loafer, asking him for a light, opened his eyes to see and feel the disreputable fraternity existing between all users of tobacco.

The use of tobacco destroys a man's ability to do his work, whether that work be manual or mental. A diseased body cannot perform the work of a sound body. A half-palsied hand cannot execute the work of a steady one. Anton declares "that a soldier who is an inveterate smoker is incapable to level his musket and take a steady aim." And another affirms: "I have known men who, previous to using tobacco, were the finest marksmen, but who, after becoming smokers and chewers, could hardly send a bullet into a haystack a hundred yards distant." As the industrial arts are constantly demanding more emphatically the same steadiness of hand and arm and precision of sight that are required of the sharpshooter, it will be seen how great a foe the use of tobacco is to the workman's keeping his job.

A mind befogged cannot think as swiftly or coherently as a mind that is clear. Dr. James Copeland says, "Tobacco weakens the nervous powers, favors a dreamy, imaginative, and imbecile state of mind, produces indolence and incapacity for manly or continuous exertion, and sinks its votary into a state of careless or maudlin inactivity and selfish enjoyment of vice." Professor L. H. Gause writes: "The intellect becomes duller and duller, until at last it is painful to make any intellectual effort, and we sink into a sensuous or sensual animal. Anyone who would retain a clear head, sound lungs, undisturbed heart, or healthy stomach must not smoke or chew the poisonous plant." Investigations in a number of American and foreign colleges have proved

that there is a very clearly defined line between the attainments of the smokers and the non-smokers, the latter always proving decidedly superior in mental vigor and scholarly ability. This has been so clearly demonstrated that the government will not allow the use of tobacco at West Point or at Annapolis, and the examining board at the naval academy reports that an appallingly large percentage of the applicants for admission are rejected because their constitutions have been irreparably injured by smoking.

The use of tobacco destroys a man's body; not merely curses it with ill health, but absolutely and horribly destroys the body and hastens death. Tobacco-using is suicide long drawn out. It breeds disease like a famine. Tobacco is a poison; every user of it knows this, but laughs away the fear of it. While he laughs the poison runs into his blood, travels round and round through his entire system, affects every organ and fiber of his being, and when it finds a weak spot beleaguers it with an increasing army of poisoned corpuscles and demands the unconditional surrender of the victim to a most loathsome death. Tobacco is no respecter of persons—cigars, no matter how extravagantly expensive, produce the same result as a pipe—the one whose doom it writes in daintily curling puffs of smoke may be the farmer unknown to fame of one of my earlier charges, the floor of whose mouth was eaten entirely through, so that as he tipped his head back and moved his tongue to one side I could look from under his chin and see the roof of his mouth; or it may be United States Senator C——, statesman and orator, dropping dead in his prime with a cigar between his teeth; or the idol of the nation, fighting bravely but unavailingly at Mount McGregor.

Dr. Fergus Furgusson gives it as his opinion "that no one who smokes tobacco before the bodily powers are de-

veloped ever makes a strong, vigorous man." Dr. H. Gibbons says, "Tobacco impairs digestion, poisons the blood, depresses the vital powers, causes the limbs to tremble, and weakens and otherwise disorders the heart." Not to mention diseases occasionally induced by tobacco, consider this list of diseases and infirmities which on the testimony of the medical profession tobacco *frequently* causes: Cancer, especially of the tongue and lips; dimness of vision; deafness; loss of the sense of smell; perverted taste; dyspepsia; bronchitis; consumption; acne (maggot pimple); hemorrhoids; palpitation; spinal weakness; chronic tonsilitis; anorexia (loss of appetite); amaurosis (defective or loss of sight); caries of the teeth; coryza; ozæna (ulceration of the nasal cavity); epilepsy; hypochondriasis; paralysis; impotency; apoplexy; tremors; delirium; insanity. Truly it might be declared that if you do not see here the disease you would like to have, ask for it of the weed, and it will be forthcoming.

Against the tobacco slave's notion that its use aids digestion is the testimony of such physicians as Drs. Rush, Cullen, Hassock, Hitchcock, and many others. Dr. McAllister, of Utica, writes that the habitual smoker "weakens the organs of digestion and assimilation, and at length plunges into all the horrors of dyspepsia."

Tobacco ruins the voice. The dust from snuff and the smoke of tobacco accumulating in filthy deposits in the throat and bronchial tubes accounts for much of the hoarseness, squeaking, and tremulousness noticed in the utterance of public speakers and singers; these accumulations often working the complete destruction of the tissues around them. "Preacher's sore throat" is becoming less prevalent now that the preachers are more and more abstaining from the use of tobacco.

Tobacco ruins the eyes. A Boston medical journal says: "Smokers must look to their eyes. Proofs are ac-

cumulating that blindness by atrophy of the optic nerve, induced by smoking, is of frequent occurrence." An English surgeon reports that of thirty-seven patients suffering loss of sight from paralysis of the optic nerve twenty-three were confirmed snuffers.

Tobacco ruins the organs of smell, taste, touch, and hearing just as truly as it does those of sight and speech. Against it medical science may well contend.

The use of tobacco destroys man's power to propagate the race. This is a terrible charge, but it is terribly true. Loss of virility is one of the "most obvious and undeniable" * facts that result from the use of this poison. Excessive smoking leads to the destruction of the procreative power, or if the smoker should have offspring, they very generally die in infancy or before reaching the period of puberty. Very generally, too, they are stunted in growth or deformed in shape, and incapable of resisting the diseases incidental to children. Dr. Cleland declares it was this feature of the tobacco disease that led Amrath IV to inflict heavy punishment upon smokers—the Sultan dreading to see the population diminished by this insidious process of emasculation.

As you value the body that God has given the wisdom of eternity to fashion, and for which the whole world with its many as yet unimagined treasures is the provision, keep yourself from this accursed thing. Unto that God, if you are to be a noble man, a noble woman, with a character that shall be like unto the character of Christ, you must present your *body* a living sacrifice. To be acceptable to God you must be willing, through the aid that he will give you, to keep it pure, spotless, and holy by the constant refusal to pollute it with anything that is sensual and devilish. Sell not your birthright to a character that shall be akin to that of your Master's for any craving of your appetite.

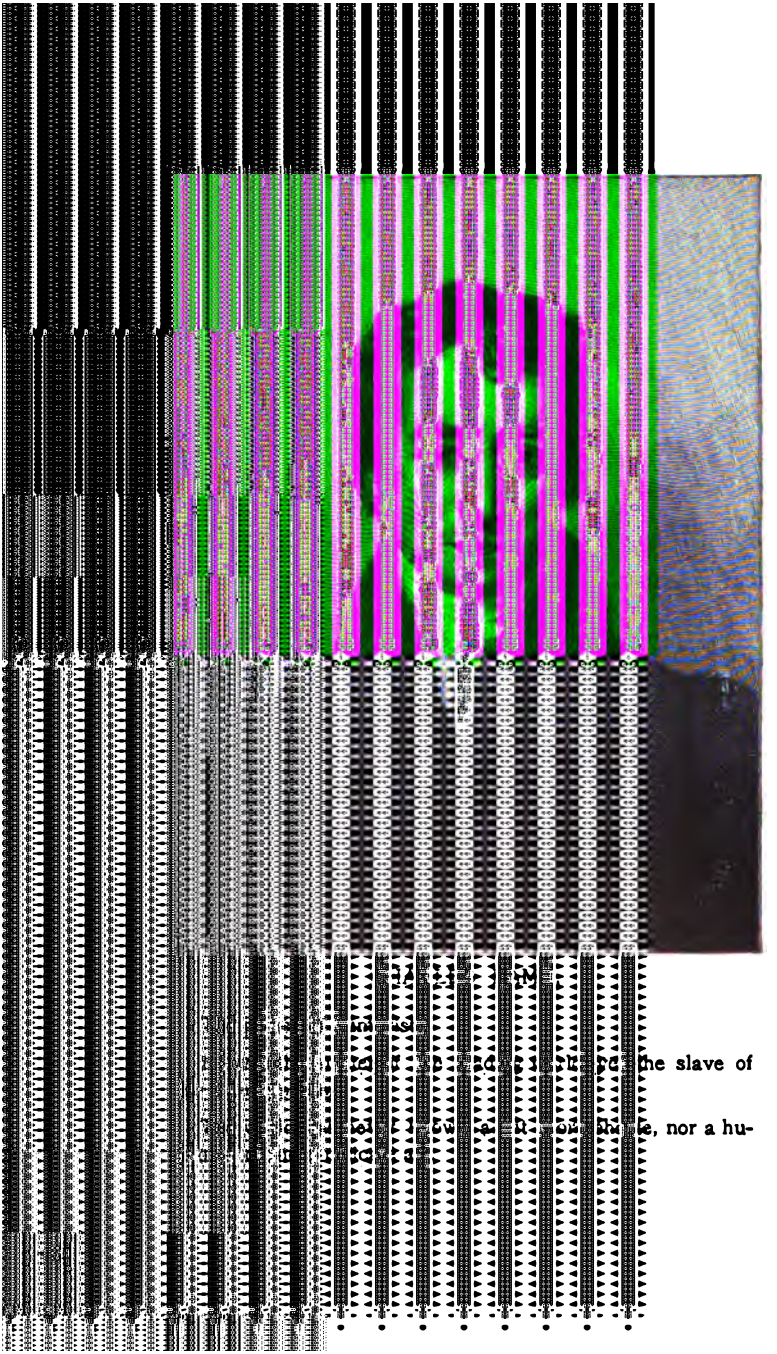
* Napley's *Transmission of Life.*

Opium.

Vice is always loathsome. A self-made slave is always detestable. The opium slave, whether he "hits the pipe" with the scum of the earth, served by a Chinaman in a subterranean abode of foul spirits, or rolls and cooks his pill in a fashionable uptown house, or chews herself into imbecility as a quiet, dissembling recluse—he or she, however the appetite is acquired or fed, merits little pity. Can anything more loathsome be imagined than the sight of a couple of dozen men and women from the highest and from the lowest walks of life stretched stupefied in one hideous pile, huddling together in one mingled mass of heads, arms, and legs, regardless of sex, decency, or honor? Yet this is the nightly sight in the dens where the slaves of the poppy gather. And the secret slave, moping listlessly with idiotic grin and slovenly dress about the house where she should reign as queen, is little better. As yet, though this curse is spreading, the appetite for it has not taken hold on the mass of our people as it has upon the Chinese; and the most urgent word to be spoken now is one of warning. Watch and test your physician, no matter how trusty you consider him, lest in giving you medicine to relieve some temporary ill he make use of this drug, and so originate within you an appetite as direful as alcohol at its worst.

Intoxicants.

Debauchery is always repulsive. Drunkenness is nauseating. Intemperance has no apostles to-day, so I will not use space to combat a man of straw. Beware of the snare of moderation. Andrew Johnson considered himself a moderate drinker, but he was so drunk that he could scarcely stand when he was inducted into the great office of the Vice Presidency of this nation. No wonder that when, only a few weeks later, at the call of Booth's



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shot, he was advanced to the Chief Magistracy he proved the curse not only of the South, but of the entire land. When nearly a hundred thousand a year are marching from moderation to drunkenness, and thence to hell, it is idle to talk of moderation. There is no safety in the cup. Of course some remain moderate drinkers—so some remain fools because their appetite for wisdom is not passionate—but no man who puts the cup to his lips knows that he can remain a moderate drinker. Every one of the one hundred thousand a year tried to remain such and failed. Not one of them intended to become a drunkard, but they fastened in their own stomachs the hook that dragged them to the grave.

You want to be successful in life, to do great things, to maintain a good name. It is impossible to do so and drink intoxicants. No drunkard ever painted a Madonna or chiseled a great statue or mastered until his death a great and successful business. To do so were impossible, because these require clear head, sharp eye, and steady hand. Drunkards have in their sober moments composed immortal poems and delivered great orations, but they have sullied the names made famous by shameful lives and disgraceful deaths. Who had a will like Webster? Yet that will could not curb appetite, and he died a drunkard. Stephen A. Douglas was a master of men, but a slave to the cup, and went early to his grave because of his drunkenness. Think of Burns, of Byron, and of the terrible life and shameful end of our brilliant Poe! If you are thinking of tippling moderately, ponder these words, wrung in his last days from the heart of Charles Lamb, whose wit, humor, and pathos won him a place in the hearts of all, and "caused one world to laugh in his life and two to weep at his death:"

"The waters have gone over me; yet out of their depths, could I be heard, I would cry aloud to those who have set

foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the first flavor of wine is delicious look into my degradation and see what a fearful thing it is to feel oneself going over the precipice, yet with open eyes and passive will; to look calmly on his own destruction, yet feel it all emanating from himself; could he but look into my eye, feverish with last night's drinking and feverishly looking forward to to-night's repetition of that folly; could he but feel all godliness depart out of him, yet not forget the time when it was otherwise; could he but feel this body of death, out of which I cry hourly for deliverance, yet with feebler and feebler outcry—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling cup to earth in all the mantling pride of its temptation."

"O, thou invisible spirit of wine," cried Shakespeare, "if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee 'devil!'" And he is a fool, no matter his station, who takes the devil into himself even in moderate quantities. It was the devil in the wine that cut short the conquering career of Alexander the Great. It was the devil in the ale that again and again stretched Sheridan stupid on the streets after a speech that had electrified Parliament with its eloquence. It was the devil in the cup that fortified Benedict Arnold to betray his country and exchange a glorious name for one of unending shame. It was the devil in the grog that wrung from the lips of the heroic Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship;" had he that day been the sober captain of a sober crew, the *Chesapeake* would have been the victor. It is the devil in the cup that wrecks manhood, pollutes womanhood, curses childhood, fosters vice, fathers prostitution, corrupts politics, and defrauds God of the just service he should receive from his own. Tamerlane called for one hundred and sixty thousand skulls with which to build a pyramid to his honor. One such ghostly pile satisfied him—not so the devil in the

cup; each year he must have his pyramid, and each year he piles it up. The skulls are always forthcoming; by the slow freight of moderation they are delivered. Shall your skull grin in his pile some day? It is a hundred to one that it will if you board the freight at all, and this is the song the imps will sing of their chief as your skull is lifted into place:

"Aha! champion fiend am I! I drove fifty ships on the rocks of Newfoundland and the Skerries and the Goodwins. I defeated the Northern army at Fredericksburg. I have ruined more senators than will gather next winter in the national councils. I have ruined more lords than will be gathered in the House of Peers. My cup is a bleached human skull, and the upholstery of my palace is so rich a crimson because it is dyed in human gore, and the mosaic of my floors is made up of the bones of children dashed to death by drunken parents, and my favorite music—sweeter than Te Deum or triumphal march—my favorite music is the cry of daughters turned out at midnight on the street because father has come home from carousal, and the seven-hundred-voiced shriek of the sinking steamer, sinking because the captain was not himself when he put the ship to the wrong course. Champion fiend am I! I have kindled more fires, I have wrung out more agonies, I have stretched out more midnight shadows, I have opened more Golgothas, I have rolled more Juggernauts, I have damned more souls, than any other emissary of diabolism. Champion fiend am I!"* And all the dupes that with my wiles I have caught took a sip and a smile once in a while with a friend, and marched gayly along the "magnanimous" avenue of moderation until they stumbled at last and found it the highway to damnation.

* *Talmage on Rum.*

The Dance.

Licentiousness is always lewd. It should open the eyes of all to the real trend of the dance to note that it is the one pleasure which demands that woman shall expose her person to the public gaze. We count it no honor for a woman to twist her lips about a pipe, cigar, or cigarette; we declare it a shame of shames for a woman to stagger drunk along the street, and we deride the poor slave of appetite who carries her pail of poison brazenly along the highway; what, then, of her who to begin the night's round strips her form of half its covering and goes forth to lure the gaze of all so much unrobed that surprise her in her own home with even less of her form exposed and she would apologize? What of her? Shall there be no frowns for her? And what of the pleasure of the world which demands and fosters this cutting away of her robes? The dance is the parent of the *décollettè* costume, and virtue dies as the dance thrives. It is not by chance that the dance and the brothel have become linked. They were born twins, and as such have thrived. The daughter of fashion as she goes forth to the Charity Ball, and the daughter of the factory as she apes her richer sister and dresses for the public dance, may not realize the path to which they commit their gliding feet, but the end thereof is the arms of the paramour and libertine and shame unending. This shocks you. Well it may. But the vice of which we must now write is more shocking still. Nothing but plainness of rhetoric will tell the story, no matter what the cost to personal feeling or delicacy.

"There is a time to dance." Certainly. It is not a question of propriety, but of necessity. God is in the world, and where he is there is happiness, and happiness must oftentimes express itself in capers. Like most folks, I have half a dozen wires laid, which, should they flash

back to me the intelligence that I had won the prize for which they were laid in this or that business or literary venture, I should feel impelled to jump up in the air, touch my heels in glee, and perhaps dance a joy reel before I could work off the exuberance of my bliss. But thus to dance I would not feel compelled to throw my arms about some other man's wife or sweetheart in a way that would be ungentlemanly in her parlor, and hug her to my bosom as though she were the cause of my joy; nor yet would I stop to don my patent leathers and hire an orchestra and order the floor waxed for my dance. Not at all. It would be all over before I could think of such contemptible accessories. There is a time to dance the joy-dance. God help you if you have never had joy enough in your life to have danced it; but it needs no partners, and is not dependent upon white-kid slippers, two-button waists, swallow-tail coats, or lascivious attitudes.

You will understand, then, that I do not combat joy. I have no word to write against measured steps to music timed. If men will hire halls and dance with men, or girls go wild to spend hours in the embrace of other girls, or husbands and wives hug and whirl each other only through the maze of the dizzy waltz throughout the hours of a night, I will hold my peace, not even chiding them for folly. But when I see the dance as it is, and know that to take sex out of it would be to rob it of its supreme fascination to the most casual as well as the most captivated devotee, then as a thing unholy and unclean I will face it and cry, "Shame, thou procuress of adultery!"

Do you include the square dance? Certainly. One is the seed, the other the crop. You cannot keep the square dance square; it is sure to be rounded off with a "quadrille polka" or "quadrille waltz," even did we shut our eyes to the fact that the execution of the movements of

the square dance calls for the same attitudes that are so revolting in the longer-continued round. The whole trend of the dancing fashion is toward the round. In the hotels where the self-styled fashionables congregate music is furnished only for round dances.

The foolish prattle about the dance being an "accomplishment" productive of grace and elegance of manner merits the sternest rebuke because of its rank impertinence. Have the hundred thousand ministers' wives of this country, who almost without exception frown on the dance, no grace of manner? Are Lady Henry Somerset and a host of the noble White Ribboners whom she so grandly leads, and whose forms have never been clasped in this licentious embrace, lacking in elegance of manner? "Is it, then, really so that to find persons of grace and elegance of manners we must turn to those who have been under the fastidious touch of the dancing master? Is it indeed the dancing master himself who is to be our model—a man who ordinarily can get no entrance into the society for which he is supposed to be polishing the children and youth of Christian homes? Good manners! Is this something lodged in the mechanism of the body rather than in the royal chambers of the soul—a thing of airs and bows and affectation, and not, first of all and chiefly, a thing of cultured head and heart? It is difficult to do less than summarily dismiss such a plea as a mere excuse for training a child for the walks of fashion and worldliness. Distant be the day when the manners of the dancing master take the place of 'the manly walk of an ingenuous youth of conscious rectitude,' or 'the natural grace of a pure girl taught by a pure mother and a native sense of delicacy' how to behave. The youth of this generation, educated in our schools and led to the feet of Christ as the great teacher of manners through morals, will compare favorably with any that have gone before in elegant accomplishment,

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though they have never come under a dancing master for a day nor taken a step in the 'merry dance.'" *

The familiarity licensed by the dance should be enough to condemn it in the minds of all who think. A Philadelphia army officer on first beholding a round dance exclaimed, "If I should see a man offering to dance with my wife in that way, I would horsewhip him!" And there spoke the natural instincts of a man unconventionalized into countenancing the sin that fashion and lust term "style." Within an hour of this writing I have entered my study from a visit to one of the finest hotels in the Adirondacks. The music of the "german" is still in my ears. A wide door separates the parlor of that hotel from the ballroom. On the parlor side of that door, had I put my arms about a woman and she put hers around me and rested her head on my shoulder, every eye would have flashed fire on us, and indignant fellow-guests would have counted us both fit to be turned out of doors. But let me step through that doorway, off the carpet and on the wax, and lo! all is changed. Now I can clasp and be clasped, join with the woman in a whirling round of indecent attitudes, and yet because we whirl thus on wax and do not stand still on carpet she is a lady, I am a gentleman! O, fashion, thou art a fool! but thy folly is the wit of hell. Passing a door, lifting foot from carpet to glide on wax, cannot absolve from the proprieties that are binding everywhere else. Well may every institution and every man that is in love with purity and righteousness fulminate against this unclean thing. It is just this license by which the dance thrives that feeds impurity in our land. "The foundation for the vast amount of domestic misery and domestic crime which startles us often in its public outcroppings was laid when parents allowed the sacredness of their daughters' persons and

* Haydn, *Amusements.*

the purity of their maiden instincts to be rudely shocked by the waltz." *

Where did the street walker and the woman who now lives in shameful vice first feel the press of a man's arm about her? With eight out of ten it was when the music of the dance rang in their ears. Of two hundred brothel inmates to whom Professor Faulkner talked, and who were frank enough to answer his question as to the direct cause of their shame, seven said poverty and abuse; ten, willful choice; twenty, drink given them by parents; *one hundred and sixty-three*, dancing school and the ballroom. This man, once a dancing master, knows of a certain three-months' class in dancing that has already sent eleven women to the brothel. A former chief of police of New York city declares that "three fourths of the abandoned girls of this city were ruined by dancing," and a Roman Catholic priest clinches this with the statement that "the confessional revealed the fact that nineteen out of every twenty women who fall can trace the beginning of their sad state to the modern dance."

This is terrible evidence, but it is evidence that cannot be impeached. A leading Protestant minister of wide knowledge of the world writes: "The round dance of fashionable society cannot be participated in the heat and glare of the ballroom, with the accessories of music and motion, with the close physical contact and the hot breaths on each other's cheek, without intoxicating the brain and setting the passion of the participants on fire. It is physiologically impossible—deny it who will! Any intelligent and honest physician will tell you so. I do not say that the participants know or are always conscious of the secret cause of their pleasurable excitement; but the fact remains the same."

This you say is but the wail of a preacher; nay, it is an

* Howard Crosby.

echo of the dying wail of thousands who have waltzed to shame and sunk unsaved into early graves. It is not by chance that the dance fosters vice. It does so because just that is its mission in society. It constantly increases in boldness and more daringly sneers at modesty. The fruit of the dance is seen in its devotees; you cannot gather twoscore dancers for a ball in either high or low life without finding the libertine and unchaste among them. They are always there—what must be the consequence to the pure who associate with them? "But the consequences do not follow. To the pure all things are pure." Not so fast; the pure do not always remain pure, and it is the business of the dance to strike the noble blush of purity from the cheek. What of the dancing school—is it conducive to virtue? Who is the dancing master? Could he present you with such a certificate of character as would make you willing to intrust your wealth to his keeping? Yet you hand over to him your children. Granted that you have found a saint to serve as hierophant at the shrine of Terpsichore, what of the initiates? O, it is a select school, all are good. Select in what? Merely in ability to pay the fee. Cash is not character, yet the cash test is the only one which those have to meet among whom you send the darling of your home. What follows? Let us face a hideous fact—a fact which were it the only one, and not but a drop in the sea of this terrible form of sin, should blast with wrath this unholy thing. Here is a girl—in the case that gives me this illustration, the one remaining child of wealthy parents, their idol and joy. A dancing school having opened near their home, the daughter for "accomplishment" was sent to it. She came from her home modest, and her innate spirit of purity rebelled against the liberties taken with her person by the dancing master and the men he introduced to her. She became indignant at the indecent

attitudes she was called on to assume, but noticing a score of young women, many of them from the best homes in the town, all yielding to the vulgar embrace, she cast aside that spirit of modesty which had been the development of years of home training, and setting her face against nature's protective warnings, gave herself as did the others to this prolonged hug set to music. Having learned to dance, its fascinations led her an enthusiastic captive. Modesty was crucified, decency outraged, virtue lost its power over her soul, and she spent her days dreaming of the delights of the sensual whirl of the evening. Hardly conscious of the change, she had now become as bold as any of the women, and loved the embrace of the charmer. The graduation of the class was, of course, the occasion of a waltzing reception. To that reception she went attended by her father, who looked with a proud heart on the fulsome greeting his dear one received. After a little the father retired, leaving his daughter to the care of the many handsome gallants who danced attendance upon her. The reception did not close until the small hours of the morning. Each waltz became more voluptuous; intoxicated by sensuality, the dancers became more bold, and lust was roused in every breast. How many sins that reception occasioned I do not know; this at least is sure: that this girl who entered that dancing hall three months before as pure as an angel was that night in the ever-waiting carriage robbed of her honor, and returned to her home deprived forever of that most precious jewel of womanhood—virtue. Her first impulse the next morning was self-destruction; then she deluded herself with the thought of marriage with her dancing companion, but he still further insulted her by declaring that he wanted a pure woman for his wife. What was her end? The brothel. Shunned by the very society which had egged her on to ruin, her self-respect gone with her lost

purity, she went to her own, and in shame is closing her days.

This is not the description of a single but of a terribly frequent sequence of the dance. And though it is a terrible thing to say, yet the facts warrant the utterance, that for a man or woman, knowing the trend of the dance, as every dancer who has followed the music for a year must know it, to continue such devotion is to advertise themselves to the world as candidates for immorality. And upon the dance we may well pass this terrible indictment: "It lays its lecherous hand upon the fair character of innocence, and converts it into a putrid, corrupting thing. It enters the domain of virtue, and with silent, steady blows takes the foundation from underneath the pedestal on which it sits enthroned. It lifts the gate and lets in a flood of vice and impurity that sweeps away modesty, chastity, and all sense of shame. It keeps company with the low, the degraded, and the vile. It feeds upon the passions it inflames, and fattens on the holiest sentiments, turned by its touch to filth and rottenness. It loves the haunts of vice and is at home in the company of harlots and debauchees." *

It is because the dance is all this that the Church has so righteously set her face against it and pronounced upon it its most stinging anathemas. I would not take space to repeat a single word of the rebuke of religion to this vice were there not many in every community who lift their nose at the preaching heard in most Protestant churches. And as it is not to be denied that there are in every community many, mostly young women, who revile such preaching as too strict, and, stumbling over this stone, flaunt themselves off to the Protestant Episcopal Church under the mistaken idea that the standard of morality in that Church is sufficiently low to permit the

* Lovejoy, *The Mission of the Church.*

dance and the dancer to be welcomed, I shall quote mostly from the ringing utterances of the most respected leaders of that denomination. No Church in Christendom commends or even excuses the dance. All unite to condemn it.

The late Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, wrote: "Dancing is chargeable with waste of time, interruption of useful study, the indulgence of personal vanity and display, and the premature incitement of the passions. At the age of maturity it adds to these no small danger to health by late hours, flimsy dresses, heated rooms, and exposed persons, while its incongruity with strict Christian sobriety and principle and its tendency to the love of dissipation are so manifest that no ingenuity can make it consistent with the covenant of baptism." Bishop Meade, of Virginia, declared: "Social dancing is not among the neutral things which, within certain limits, we may do at pleasure, and it is not among the things lawful but not expedient, but it is in itself wrong, improper, and of bad effect." Bishop McElvaine, of Ohio, putting the dance and the theater together, writes: "The only line I would draw in regard to these is that of entire exclusion. . . . The question is not what we can imagine them to be, but what they always have been and will be and must be in such a world as this to render them pleasurable to those who patronize them. Strip them bare till they stand in the simple innocence to which their defenders' arguments would reduce them, and the world would not have them." The late Bishop Coxe, of New York, who was ever with all his heart against vice, thus trenchantly puts himself and his holy office against the dance: "The enormities of theatrical exhibitions and the lasciviousness of dances, too commonly tolerated in our times, are so disgraceful to the age and so irreconcilable with the Gospel of Christ that I feel it my duty to the souls of my flock to warn

those who run with the world to 'the same excess of riot' in these things that they presume not to come to the holy table. Classes preparing for confirmation are informed that I will not lay hands knowingly on anyone who is not prepared to renounce such things with other abominations of 'the world, the flesh, and the devil.' Let all such choose deliberately whom they will serve, and if salvation be worth striving for, let them be persuaded to a sober life, to self-denial, and to the pure and innocent enjoyments which the Gospel not only permits, but which it only can create." I will add but one quotation more on this point, and that from the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church assembled in Plenary Council at Baltimore: "We warn our people against those amusements which may easily become to them an occasion to sin, and especially against the fashionable dances which, as at present carried on, are revolting to every feeling of delicacy and propriety, and are fraught with the greatest danger to morals."

Thus far the keen-witted reader must have noticed that our thought seemed to be, Down with the dance to save the girls. Such would be a most laudable object, but it is equally true that we must down with the dance to save the men. The dance is the generator of destroying lust. Very few men follow the dance for its own sake; charity kindly grants to the woman the opinion that she does, though charity has very often sad cause to change its opinion. Most men follow the dance because of its sensual enjoyment, and having kindled all the fires of their passions by the long hours of amorous contact with waltzing women, they go from the ballroom to sin. The dance drives men to the brothel and secret vice. Its effect on men is but little less debasing than on women. The half-clad forms which present themselves to their arms are to the passions of men what the bottle is at the lips of appetite's slave.

The woman who thus exposes her person but ensnares a dupe for her sisters in the resort of the shameless, and, resorting thither, driven by the flames kindled by the dance, the man is inoculated for life with the deadly virus of sexual disease, and goes forth with the poison in his blood that shall rot and consume him. Lest any words of mine should seem too strong, let me use here the words it was my privilege to hear from the lips of my friend, that peer of America's orators, that foremost American champion of social purity—the Canadian Douglass—as he faced the host of young Christians gathered in the Endeavor Convention at Montreal:

"Nemesis of vengeance! I turn to the consequences of associate vice. In early life it was my lot to matriculate in medical science. From the halls of the post-mortem anatomic analysis I have gone to the clinic wards of our hospitals. I have seen the West India fevers in their delirium; I have seen the famine plague, when over almost every couch in every ward there fluttered the white-winged angel of death until some ten thousand entered the temple of silence from whence there is no return. As a pastor I have gone through three visitations of cholera, have stood by one at the midnight hour in the article of death who heard the voice of the pulpit in the morning, and I have witnessed a home made desolate by a winding sheet that enfolded the entire household in the grave; but I stand here and solemnly declare that I never knew fear until I witnessed the terrible consequences that follow the violation of God's own law of purity. I have seen a young man who, listening to the voice of the siren once, and only once, passed the boundary of eternal right. I have seen him struck with fangs more terrible than those of the cobra de capello; I saw him when every bone was necrosised and the cranial covering destroyed; I saw him mourning at last, when his flesh and his body were con-

sumed, exclaiming, 'How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof.'"* And just this is the penalty that men must pay for the pleasures of the dance. O, young men, heed the words of St. Paul to the young man whom he loved as a father loves his boy, "*Keep thyself pure.*" To do so tread not the floor of the dance-hall, enter not into the company of women who expose their persons without blushing, yield not to the snare of the fashion that bids thee take her in thy arms; "her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell."

Professor W. C. Wilkinson, when the "woe is me if I utter not this truth!" was upon him, as it has been upon me while writing these pages, so well expressed the burden of my thought that I can do no better than to make his words my own in bringing to a close this exposure of sin: "If our readers have winced at the exceptional plainness of speech which we have used, we beg them to believe that it has cost us sincere pangs of resolution to use it. But we have written under duress of conscience that did not suffer us to shrink. The engineering skill of the devil has defended the dance with a masterly dilemma that leaves open barely two alternatives of attack, about equally ineligible—you may either exhaust your strength in demonstrating the minor incidentals of the usage, in which case you can win an easy but also a barren victory; or you must freely encounter the peril of damaging your own fair fame for purity and deliver your blow full at its inherent and essential immorality. We have deliberately chosen the latter alternative. We can trust the honest heat of indignation that has warmed our words to take away the offense of their extreme fidelity. As for the risk of being charged with bringing the impurity we find, we contentedly accept it. It is a charge which two classes of persons certainly will not prefer. These two classes

* Douglass, *Report of Montreal Christian Endeavor Convention.*

are, first, those who know us; secondly, those who know themselves." *

Do not let out of mind the cause for our study of these corrupting things. We ought to know how to build and keep a sound body. These things are sure destroyers, and so we are compelled to consider them. There is no greater folly than that which cries: "Let him alone; he'll be all right by and by. Everyone must sow a few wild oats." It is a lie from beginning to end. No one need sow wild oats; it is never right to sow them, and the crop from sowing wild oats must ever be a shameful crop. If you sow wild, you must reap wild, and the woman who is sowing the ballroom has no stones to throw at the man who is sowing the saloon or supporting the brothel. The seeds of each are alike from hell and must produce a like infernal crop. There is no chemistry that can change the harvest from bad to good. You may repent of your sins, obtain the forgiveness of God, enjoy the blessing of self-witnessing salvation; but grace cannot eradicate the diseases of the flesh that your wild-oat sowing has engendered. Men and women reclaimed by the wondrous grace of God have yet died from the physical consequences of their transgression, though the newly learned songs of the saints were on their lips. And they have died, too, when life was just opening in usefulness before them, because the flesh reaps just what and all it sows.

Take, then, your physical body, for which God made such infinite provision, and make of it all that is possible in physical strength and beauty, knowing that only thus can you securely lay the foundation for an eternal character that shall match in anywise the character of Him who knew no sin.

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* *The Dance of Modern Society.*

THE SOCIAL PROVISION FOR A GREAT LIFE.

It aids correct thinking to compare some existing state of savage life with present advanced civilization, and to reflect that the past history of humanity on earth is chiefly a narrative of trains of events springing from the stimulus of man's prime wants and the law of his progressive nature. Now no state of savage life on record is more brutish than that at present existing among the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego, at the southern extremity of South America. Yet the children even of such savages, if taken very young and trained among civilized people, manifest natural capacity or aptitude for cultivation little inferior to their new companions. And, on the other hand, the children of civilized parents, if thrown by disaster among savages, have been found to acquire completely the characteristics of the savage. Such facts lead to the conclusion that the differences between savages and civilized men depend mainly on the differences of their educational training.—*Neil Arnott, M.D., A Survey of Human Progress.*

God gives the earth to this creature of his, because in every condition, no matter how low fallen, how lost and degraded, there is that in him which broadly marks him from every other creature on the earth—he is capable of mastering it. He has the seal of a Maker upon him, in his meanest estate. He is in a peculiar sense the son of the Maker, and in the image of the Maker. He is on his Father's ground to obey, to command, to endure; for he has a will. His business is to break the earth into obedience; to clean the foul things out and prosper the pure; to restrain the lawless—*and his judgment* shall decide what is lawless, with no appeal; to destroy the savage, to drive out the evil. It is his to say whether a mountain shall stand, or be cast into the sea; whether a river shall flow at its own will, or be diked in and driven to the sea as he wills; whether a forest shall remain, or a cornfield stand in its place; whether the sands of Suez shall drift at the wind's will, or a river for his ships shall flow at human will; whether the Atlantic and the Pacific shall be walled apart as he finds them, or he shall burst the dividing mountain barriers and make them for his uses one.—*Bishop Hugh M. Thompson, The World and the Kingdom.*

CHAPTER III.

THE SOCIAL PROVISION FOR A GREAT LIFE.

COMPANIONSHIP.

ON December 5, 1896, there was cast up on the beach twelve miles south of St. Augustine, Fla., "The Florida Monster"—a huge body of flesh twenty-one feet long, seven feet broad, four and a half feet high, weighing seven tons. The toughness of this mass of flesh was evidenced by the fact that "all the pulling and hauling and turning of it partly over by the aid of six horses and strong tackle did not change its shape materially, or, rather, its elasticity served to restore it to its former shape. Its toughness and elasticity reminded one of the properties of thick vulcanized rubber.* At first it was thought to be the remains of a gigantic octopus, but expert examination proved this an error. The most satisfactory conclusion reached was that it was the abnormally enlarged nose part of the head of a sperm whale that had become detached from the skull and jaw. It was a huge mass of well-developed flesh—a strong man from the sea; hardened yet elastic muscles and fibers of whipcord strength. Here is flesh and the end of it.

A well-developed and well-preserved mass of flesh and blood and bones is not a man, they are but the beginnings of a man. Their importance may not be underestimated, but they are only the steel-ribbed skeleton about which the structure which is to be manhood's pride is to be reared. Every ounce of that flesh is to be charged with sociability. Every drop of that blood is to be alive with the spirit of

*Verrill, *American Naturalist*, April, 1897.

sacrifice. Every manifestation of that strength is to be gloved with helpfulness. The animal is to cease to be animal and take the first step toward Godlikeness.

Have you ever given attention to the unfolding of the life of children, and noticed how early they give expression to their desire for and love of companionship? Let two mothers and their babies meet, and the babies will coo and crow at each other and exult in each other's companionship until you wonder if it is not true that babies have a language of their own. When six months more have passed and the babies have become toddlers they will hug each other and play together with the utmost delight and sturdily resist attempts at separation. The sight of a babe toddling across the floor to get within kissing distance of another babe is a sight of the race in quest of companionship the world over. Men love association with men. A hermit is as abnormal as a three-fingered or one-eyed man. He lacks as they lack. Note the same children after another year has passed, and you will find them picking out playmates and demanding to be allowed each other's company, and they begin to "go a-visiting"—as momentous a thing to a three-year-old as a trip to Europe for a man of thirty. This companion-choosing and sociability-hunting of the children continues with increasing acquaintances and greater desire to spend time in the company of this one and that one all through the years that pass until the period of long dresses and sprouting mustaches arrives and forces them to the battle with customs not worthy of overmuch praise, through which they must pass to the choice of a mate for life. But not all the companionships end in marriage. Men companion men and women women, and not a few noble instances the past has given of holy companionships of men with women.

This love of companionship is present in all the higher forms of animal life. Men must associate before they can

charm themselves and others with the rendering of the masterpieces of Beethoven and Mozart; cats must associate before they can render for their delectation and our exasperation their projectile-evoking nocturnal concerts—essays in music as marvelous in their way as any artistic performance of the Germans, and fully the peer of much that passes for music in the joss houses of the Chinese. The love of the dog for companionship is evidenced not only in his frisky play with other dogs and his known fondness for children, making even the fiercest brute the docile slave of the child it loves, but also in that strange liking for a not too affectionate human master that has earned for Tray the title of man's truest friend. The hog and the cow, as well as the elephant and many of the wilder animals, evidence this love for companionship as thoroughly as the horse, whose neighing calls to others of his kind are so familiar to all. Many of the commonest horses on the farm are ready to leap high fences for no other reason than to rub their noses together and run side by side.

If you will consider these facts, you will not be so much shocked when I declare that brains are not essential to sociability. The brain has its social uses in the cultivation and adaptation of sociability, but the animal nature of man will seek and find, as well as extend, social intercourse regardless of intellectual equipment. The animal in man will go out in longing for companionship with the animal in other men, so that the basis of man's social nature is found in the animal desires. Man does not have to possess much brains in order to enjoy himself. Indeed, the more brains he has the more difficult and perplexing becomes the task of supplying him with social joys. The same games of ball, cricket, la crosse, and football that set the brainless boy's feet dancing with delight continue their mastery over him when he has stored his brain cells with

the gleanings of half a century. Golf is only "shinny" stretched out to genteel proportions. Fools enjoy themselves. Congregation, not segregation, is the scientific method for the treatment of the amiable insane. That it does not take brains to make men socially happy is also evidenced in the indoor games of childhood and youth. "Drop the pillow," "Copenhagen," "Ring around a-rosy," "Post office," and kindred frivolities make no demand upon the intellect, yet many who are even past their teens find them enjoyable.

Much of man's most satisfying sociality is linked with feasting. Fun is poked at the cake-eating church social, but it is to be noticed that the fun-pokers cannot meet at a directors' meeting, or lodge anniversary, or college commencement, or an alumni gathering, or a regimental reunion, or a scientific conclave, or a missionary conference, or a canal prospecting, or anything else that brings a dozen or more mortals together, without having a "banquet." The festal board is a well-known developer of good feeling. But it doesn't take brains to sup soup, or eat turkey, or make ice cream disappear! Brains will always add their cheer if they are present, but there can be a good time without intellectual equipment. You will understand, then, that as we now consider the ways and means for the development of man's social nature we are doing so with the fact before us that at this stage brains are not essential, though they are useful. You can be good-natured long before you can be well cultured. You can be mannerly long before you are big enough for a piccadilly collar or a front-buttoned waist. The price the child must pay to win and retain companions and be esteemed by its playmates is just the price the grown man must pay to be esteemed and counted in the best sense "a jolly good fellow" by the men about him. Unselfishness, good manners, politeness, cheerfulness, helpfulness,

and kindred graces make the boy or girl welcome to all their comrades, and it takes the same expressions of the best side of himself to enable the man to win his way to companions and through companions to place and favor. He who would have friends must show himself friendly. He must turn himself best side out, and so better the world while bettering himself.

No man is built for himself alone. He cannot come to perfection alone with himself. Without his man Friday Crusoe would have become a savage. It takes the rub of contact with other men to make one a man, and the finding and using of all that exhaustless provision for his physical nature which we have already noticed bring man to the discovery of the use and power and joy of this social side of himself. It is here that man begins to show the difference between himself and other animals; here that he begins to reap the advantages of his wonderfully fashioned body, steady hand, and clear head. His stomach cries for food, and he starts out to find it, and soon rubs against another man pursuing a like quest. Perhaps they fight for the possession of the bone, but even that were gain, for the survivor must needs develop his muscles and improve his methods of approach before meeting another man. He can never go back to life as it was before he found out that there were others in the world. It may be that the next time he meets a man the meat is sufficient for both of them, and as they eat it raw they awake to the pleasure of companionship and agree to hunt together. It is the beginning of better things for both of them and for all related to them. The difference between the man brought up in some lonely corner out of all relation to other men and the one brought up in daily contact with the many who by association have been civilized is the difference between the Patagonian or the Andamonian and the citizen of any of the great cultured nations of the world.

A man is not truly a man until these companionable faculties of his nature are developed. If he were compelled to come to maturity and spend his years out of relation to his fellow-men, he would rank lower than the beasts. Growing up with only the association of the birds and less ferocious animals, he would be more poorly equipped than they for the duties of existence. These lower forms of life gain all they ever gain at birth. Companionship, though they covet it, confers no new power upon them. They will be just as perfect lions, rats, buffaloes, or rabbits whether they pass their days alone or run in herds. "A thousand blackbirds living together in relation are not different from a thousand blackbirds living apart and out of relation. A squirrel gains no elements of squirrelhood by companionship, and loses no element of it by isolation. He may be taken from his nest as soon as he is born and never be permitted to see another squirrel, but he will be just as much of a squirrel and know as well how to get the meat out of a nut as if free in the forests with others of his kind. A mocking bird comes to the power of song as well in a cage, separated from other birds, as when fed and trained in the orchard by the mother bird. The chords in his throat were set to music, and, without teacher or praise, at a certain period of his growth his song will ring through the house." *

But it is not so with man. His birthright is far inferior to that of every other animal. For all other animals the world is ready just as they find it. They eat their food raw, and it is enough. But man is not content thus to eat. Even the savage demands a fire. Nature has made immense provision for man's physical wants, but it is for man as *man*, not as animal, and through conquest of nature and it may be of some men, but always easiest and most completely by the companionship that unites many

* Lee, *The Making of a Man.*

men for the attainment of like ends, man must win his way to the provision and master the secrets of its use. The horse or the cow thrusts its nose in the grass a few moments after it is born, and just so, nose in the grass, it is content to die, and from birth to death it asks no more. So it is with all the animal world save man. "Of all animals upon earth the human animal alone is hungry. The others find all things ready to their needs. He alone finds no provision. The resources are all in nature, it is true, but he must master and utilize the resources. He must house, clothe, feed himself by outrages upon nature. He finds no table spread for him in the wilderness. The lowest creeping thing upon the sands, the most ephemeral insect humming in the sunshine, is more favored far than he. He alone must make his bread out of the stones." * At birth man is the least prepared of all the animals for this quest for food. He is the weakest and tenderest of the whole animal world. He has neither teeth nor claws to fight his way, nor fur nor feather to cover his flesh. He has no strength to run, and no wit to bid him hide. Neither the water nor the air will support him, and when the sun does not burn him the cold is ready to freeze him. Yet he accepts the situation, demands his dinner and gets it.

The Contest Begins.

Having found a companion, man learns that their wants are largely identical. Each needs food for his belly, clothes for his back, and a shelter for his body. To gain these they pool their powers, and the first "trust" is born. These two soon find others, and they learn that the others have something that they want, and that they have things which the others desire. Barter is the result. Barter is the father of commerce, and commerce, continuing the work of its father, in exchanging the oversupply of each

* Thompson, *The World and the Kingdom.*

group to supply the lack of each, works more important results than the mere production and distribution of the temporal necessities of life. Commerce is the weaver of humanity. It brings men together, as the separate threads are brought together in a loom, and binds them in close relations, making the good or ill of one fraught with momentous results to all; and teaching all those mutual obligations now resting upon them, it, through insistance upon obedience to these obligations, presents to the race that marvelous mechanism known as society. Henceforth man cannot live for himself alone. The individual must give himself to this greater expression of human life, yet only to find that in the giving he receives more than he gives.

First, he finds that there is more to him than his appetites. His god is no longer his belly; the spirit in him responds to the spirit in other men, and there is exhilaration in the response. It is told of Madame de Maintenon that one day when a number of *savants* were at her table the servant slipped to her side and whispered, "Please, madame, tell one more anecdote; there is no roast to-day." The story was told, and it was better than a roast. So man finds through companionship a subtle yet ennobling source of delight and betterment. More, it is only by the use he makes of this new-found good that man lays hold of the full power of the marvelous provision which has been made for him in the world. The individual man can never raise much of a palace; its stones are too heavy for him to lift alone. His largest boat will always be tiny, for he has not sufficient strength to manage a great sail nor arms to use more than a single pair of oars. His best method of cloth manufacture must continue to be the hand weaving of flags or the slow and tedious use of the spinning wheel and footloom. But when he joins himself to other men who alone are as powerless as himself there

seems to be no end to his mastery. The winds are compelled to drive him where he will; the force locked up in the mountains he unlocks, and it pulls or drives him as his fancy orders; the lightning now is harnessed, and he can build his palaces and make his clothes with greatest ease. With these forces at his command why should he forever look on the same plot of ground or eat only the food of his own few acres or know only those who live on the other side of his own rail fence? These forces will bear him around the world, and around the world he goes. As an individual his kingdom was only worth a horse, for it was well-nigh as circumscribed as that animal's kingdom; but now the world is his kingdom, and his citizenship therein he sets out to attest. The whole range of his vision, social and physical, is enlarged, and the man in him is really aroused.

"On the individual side of himself man would take up with the present, the immediate, with that which allures the sense and with holy incense regales the imagination. On the social side of himself he would despise the immediate and give the casting vote in favor of the unbiased, immeasurable good. In such a being as man conflict were inevitable. With a horizon measured by the edge of the plain where he stands on the one side, and a horizon melting into the infinite star depths on the other, it were but to be expected that a contest would arise between the larger and the lesser outlook. On the one side he would possess the field, concentrate his attention upon its grasses and its fruits, and lose himself in its products. On the other he would go forth to see where the stars are, to travel the sources of their light, and to travel with them along their silent paths. With a view measured by the hour that shuts him round on the one side, and with a view 'measured by the organic pulsations of the world on the other,' the question would be whether to give himself

to the immediate pleasures of the hour or 'to elongate the pendulum of his timepiece till it should embrace the ages and regulate his life by an eternal measure.' With appetites on one side, clamoring for the things in sight, and with conscience on the other, calling for harmony with things high and remote, the question would be whether to give the consent of the will to the demands of the appetites or to the appeal of the conscience." *

Thus at the very beginning of his existence as a social being man must fight a battle within himself. Shall the merely animal or the social part of himself rule? Will he eat, drink, and be merry, getting all and giving naught, a beast still, though better fed? or will he curb his appetites and give the full measure of his strength and talent for the good of others? In other words, he is face to face with the question, will you live for self or for others? Mark, it need not yet be the question, will you serve God or not? but, will you serve yourself or your fellows? And it is just here that he must decide the question, and as it is decided his character will be reared a palace or a hovel; a glorious temple of good cheer or the den of a miser. The quotation we have just made also hints at one side of another great and allied truth. To make the most of himself a man must be on good terms with himself. He must be able to look his own spirit in the eye and not flinch at what he sees there. He must not think himself a man if his conscience constantly brands him as animal. Of this we shall have occasion to write in a later chapter. It is equally true that to make the most of himself a man must be on good terms with others, for it is only through his relations with others that such a thing as success is possible. There are some successful animal tamers in the world, but man is not to be only an animal tamer. No success in his relations with animals

* Lee, *The Making of a Man.*

will be counted the success for which the majority of men rightfully seek. All success is a thing of conquering. You conquer difficulties, thoughts, secrets, sciences, arts, armies, navies, politics, or something or other, and men hail you as the conqueror, and you have success. It may be a thing of the nation or the world, or it may be a thing of the family or the community, or something known only to yourself and God. Though a hundred lions go down on their knees before you, you would not be satisfied or successful if the work you had set yourself was the statement of a truth that would make a hundred thinking men get down on their knees before your God. If when Beecher went to Britain in 1863 to rebuke the ruling classes for their sympathy for the South he had looked into the eyes of ten thousand rattlesnakes and every one of them had hushed its hideous noise and buried its fangs in the sand, it would have been a wonder, to be sure, but not the success he sought; that only came when, after patiently standing hour after hour to be hissed at, he finally worked in the words of his message and roused those full-lunged Britons to denounce what they had hitherto commended. That is success. Commanding, by your work, words, life, character, the tribute of other men, you, of course, being called on to make a like tribute in order that other men may have success. The successful merchant is the man who forms relations with the largest number of profitable purchasers. The successful politician is the man who gets himself in vote-winning relations with the majority of the citizens. The successful general is the man whose orders are executed with the least question and the most fidelity by other men. You are to succeed through men. Hence, if success is to be yours, you must get and keep yourself in such relations with other men that they will be willing to lend you their aid—that is, be conquered by your good will.

good plan, wise leadership, or whatever may be the note of your conquering.

The Science of Success.

Before considering some of the methods by which you may win and maintain these right relations with other men, let us seek from science a most thrilling and beautiful illustration of the power and value of such relationship and interaction. Sound, electricity, heat, and light are all forms of force which owe their existence to the action, relation, and interaction of material particles. The world-enswathing blue that science has denominated "ether" is a surging mass of infinitesimal particles, and sound, electricity, heat, and light are but the product of different rates of vibrations among them. As a result of certain slow and stately intercourse among these molecules there is sound, and this sound becomes melodious as it is scientifically made use of through the production of certain numbers of vibrations. When you strike middle C of your piano you produce two hundred and sixty-one vibrations in a second; the heaviest string of a modern grand gives twenty-seven and one half to a second, while its shortest string produces forty-two hundred waves a second. Between these two extremes are included all the sublimities of organ, choral, and orchestral music. The fame of Beethoven and Bach, Mozart and Mendelssohn, Haydn and Handel, and every other master of music was made by their ability to play symphonies on these molecules by forcing them into such relations that their rush and movement brought enrapturing melodies to our ears.

When the rapidity of the movement of these particles is increased and they are mingled by waves that move with the speed of a hundred million vibrations a second we have electricity; and Morse and Edison, Gray and Tesla, Thomson and Bell, emblazoned their names on the roll of

the world's benefactors by their ability to utilize these swift-swinging particles, and harnessing their product, belted it to our machinery, strung it on our trolleys, set it aglow in our arcs and incandescents, and with its swift wings and fins rushed messages over mountains and under seas.

With a slight change in the method of intermingling these molecules and another increase in the velocity of their movement heat is the result. Watt and Stephenson and Corliss fathomed the mysteries of its power, aroused with the touch of live coals the necessary vibrations, and then with the force produced brought the ends of the earth together, and made every nook and cranny of the world minister to the need of every other as the iron horse raced over the continents and the iron-hearted leviathan rode the storms of every sea.

When with a rush and a swing and a swirl these molecules spin and race and waltz in and out, hither and yon, up and down, right and left, at a rate somewhere between one hundred and five hundred trillion vibrations a second—a speed you get a little glimpse of in the swiftness of the lightning's flash and its far-reaching illumination—then you have light. Light that travels the celestial railway from sun to earth, ninety-two million miles in eight minutes! And it is this swift-darting thing that Daguerre and his successors dared to grapple with, and which they have made paint their pictures for them, and paint them, too, with marvelous swiftness, as the kinetoscope is now our daily witness.

Men are the molecules that you are to set in vibration if you would win success. You may play on them as Mozart did on the sound waves. You must make yourself known through them as Edison is known through the obedience he commands from electricity. They must lend you their force as heat lent itself to Watt; and if it is place you seek, you must have their votes; if it is wealth,

you must have their dollars; if it is fame, you must have their praise. They must paint your picture everywhere as the sun does the photographer's. The greater your relations with men and the more ably you use those relations the greater is your success and the greater your contribution to the general good. Napoleon illustrates again. Europe had cast him out. His kingdom was a paltry isle of the sea, and his throne another had taken. The "Lilies" were everywhere. Suddenly the exile sets foot on French soil again with a bare thousand men, with which to reconquer France and defy all Europe. History has no parallel for that triumphal inaugural of the Hundred Days. There was no opposition and there were no recruits until Grenoble was reached. Near that city a detachment of troops barred the road under orders to fire on Napoleon the moment he appeared. He appeared. "There he is! Fire!" cried the commander. But the soldiers did not fire; their knees were trembling; their faces were blanched as they hesitated between love and duty. Napoleon advanced within pistol shot, and they recognized the old uniform he had worn when leading them to victories that were the wonder of the world. "Soldiers of the Fifth, behold me! Kill your emperor if you wish." The next instant the royalist is forgotten, and a shout cuts the air, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" rings from every throat, and, sobbing and cheering, the men fall on their knees to kiss his shoes and struggle to touch his clothes. It was the conquest by a man of men. The royalists fled. The "Bees" swarmed; from Grenoble to Paris it was one long huzza. Regiment after regiment that were sent to intercept him greeted him as the liberator of France as soon as he stood before them, and without firing a shot or shedding a drop of French blood the exile mounted the throne from which a king had run away to tell the story of his bloodless defeat.

That is success. Napoleon knew how to play on human

molecules. He triumphed through men. Thus must you succeed. Learn the give and take of life. Live so that men will take off their hats to you. That is success. Learn, too, how to use success. Let me give you a rule: When men stand with their hats in their hands before you see to it that you stand with your hat off before God. Do so, and your success will be eternal.

Good Manners.

Now let us give attention to some of the things that will fit you to play well on men, that will make you a master of their hearts, and so win for you their aid. The first of these are good manners.

It is said that before Apelles painted his wonderful picture, "The Goddess of Beauty," that won the hearts of all lovers of the beautiful, he traveled for years studying the beautiful women of Greece, that he might embody in his peerless Venus the loveliness of all. So the man who would be good mannered must give himself to the study of the good in all whom he meets and adopt for himself all that is worthy of imitation. "Birth's gude, but breedin's better," say the Scotch, and they have a canny way of getting at the truth. Many have an idea that good manners are both the peculiar characteristics and the peculiar property of the rich and highborn. But this is far from the truth. Lack of good manners is, of course, far more reprehensible in one well-born because of the more favorable surroundings for their cultivation, but there is not the slightest reason why the poorest classes should not practice these graces of good character as well as the well-to-do. No man is so poor as to be excused from being a gentleman, *and no man is so poor that he should not be treated like a gentleman.* "I know I am a tough and a drunkard, and just out of jail," said a half-drunken fellow in a cellar to a parish visitor, "and my wife is starving; but that

don't give you a right ter come into my house without knocking."

Many a man born to the purple has proved only an ermined boor, while the children of the hovel have captured the world with their charms. Good manners are the union of courtesy, politeness, kindness, and consideration of others, and these are as possible to the poor as to the rich. "One may be polite and genteel with very little money in his purse. Politeness goes far, yet costs nothing. It is the cheapest of all commodities. It is the humblest of all the fine arts, yet it is so useful and so pleasure-giving that it might almost be ranked among the humanities." * The spirit of courtesy and unselfishness is a fortune in itself. Good manners are passports. They furnish the key to all the palaces in the world, and into all they may enter assured of cordial welcome. They are like the sunshine, that is welcome everywhere. They carry light, brightness, cheer, and warmth everywhere they go. Scatter this sunshine! The world needs much of it, and it has great rewards for those who supply its want.

Manners facilitate social intercourse. They are trunk lines through the race for the carriage of good cheer. They are rails on which you can ride into the Grand Central Station of Success. Of course you will not find the rails all laid for you. To put them down is your business, and be sure you pay full value for the right of way, for you are to pass that way every day; if your passing evokes a hiss, you have laid them wrong, and your outlook is failure; if it wins you a cheer, take heart—the station cannot be far distant. You must cultivate your manners as you would your muscle. You must prepare yourself to be a gentleman as the athlete prepares himself for the track. A few gentlemen are born; far more are made. Old William of Wykeham, said, "Manners makyth man;" but it were

* Smiles, *Character.*

nearer the truth to say man maketh his manners, and his manners maketh his success or account for the lack of it. "Oil your mind and your manners to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility; strength alone will not do." *

Your manners, then, must not be neglected. You want to sell and buy goods; you want to win your case at the bar, in the senate, on the rostrum, or in the pulpit; you want to make your way up from the errand boy to the inner office; from the cash boy to the firm; from the man-of-all-work about the factory to the employer of all the workmen. Good manners will do it. A blockhead with good manners is almost sure to win where men even of great ability but without manners will fail. "Manner is one of the principal external graces of character. It is the ornament of action, and often makes the commonest offices beautiful by the way in which it performs them. It is the happy way of doing things, adorning even the smallest details of life, and contributing to render it, as a whole, agreeable and pleasant. . . . Manner has a good deal to do with the estimation in which men are held in the world; and it has often more influence in the government of others than qualities of much greater depth and substance. A manner at once gracious and cordial is among the greatest aids to success, and many there are who fail for want of it; for a great deal depends upon first impressions, and these are usually favorable or otherwise according to a man's courtesy and civility. While rudeness and gruffness bar doors and shut hearts, kindness and propriety of behavior, in which good manners consist, act as an 'open sesame' everywhere." † "There is no policy like politeness," says Magoon; "a good manner often succeeds where the best tongue has failed." The art of pleasing is the art of getting on in the world. Bees will not sting one whose

* Chesterfield. † Smiles, *Character.*

flesh is smeared with honey. "I beg your pardon, my little man; I am sorry I ran against you," apologized a young lady who had unintentionally run against a ragged beggar boy and nearly knocked him down. The apology was the most unexpected to the urchin and the hardest to digest, but at last he grasped it, and with a low bow and smiling face responded, "You have the parding, miss, and welcome, and the next time you run ag'in me yer can knock me clean down, an' I won't say a word."

Manners come by polishing. The attrition of life must be allowed to wear away the rough corners, sharp angles, and jagged edges of our cross-grained and obstinate natures. "Stones which have not been subjected to the attrition of one another or of water retain the rough surfaces and sharp corners and edges which they had when first broken from the earth's crust. But go down to the seashore or to the river bed and you will find that the continual washing of the waves and the rolling of the stones together have polished their rough surfaces and worn off their sharp corners and jagged edges."* So men in the wash and roll of life are worn smooth and fitted to pass through life with the least friction. And just in that you have a keynote to success. The man who is always successful in kicking up a muss will be successful in nothing else. Friction retards progress. "Men, like bullets," says Richter, "go farthest when they are smoothest." "There is no society where smiles, pleasant looks, animal spirits, are not welcomed; where they are not of more importance than sallies of wit or refinements of understanding. The little courtesies which form the small change of life may appear, separately, of little moment, but, like the spare minutes, or the penny a day, which amount to such enormous sums in a lifetime, they owe their importance to repetition and accumulation. The man who thrives in

* Jackson, *Character Building.*

any calling is not always the shrewdest or most laborious man, but he is almost invariably one who has shown a willingness to please and be pleased, who has responded to the advances of others, not now and then, with conscious effort, but heartily, through nature and habit, while his rival has sniffed and frowned and snubbed away every helping hand." *

Perhaps the commonest drawback to good manners is shyness. Dr. Marden declares this to be a disease. Great folk have had it. Washington was as awkward as a farmer tumbled from a hay rigging into a drawing-room. Canning could never be a gentleman for more than three hours at a stretch. Elihu Burritt would hide in the cellar when company came. Byron would jump out of the window to escape approaching visitors. Shakespeare was extremely shy, and retired from London when only forty, and never tried to publish any of his famous dramas. Addison, than whom none could write a better essay, could not put a dozen words together gracefully in conversation. Sir Isaac Newton was termed the shyest man of his age. Archbishop Whately never knew what to do with his feet; ladies sitting next him at the table often had to remove his lower extremities from their laps—the good prelate all unconscious of the kindness performed. Hawthorne was rather morosely shy; he would turn his back to avoid recognition, and walk the streets with his eyes on the ground to avoid recognizing others. He knew his disease was unpardonable, and wrote, "God may forgive sins, but awkwardness has no forgiveness in heaven or earth."

Generally speaking, shyness is only morbid self-consciousness. You are so important in your own estimation that you think you cannot walk the street without all eyes being on you. You are vastly mistaken. Stand on your

* Matthews, *Getting on in the World.*

head, and the world will notice you; but keep both feet on the ground, behave yourself ordinarily well, and you will be surprised to know the number of persons who will never know you are out of doors or in the society room. Sydney Smith was afflicted with this disease; let him describe his cure: "I was once very shy, but it was not long before I made two very useful discoveries—first, that all mankind were not solely employed in observing me; and, next, that shamming was of no use; that the world was very clear-sighted, and soon estimated a man at his true value. This cured me."

If you desire to appear well in company, behave well at home. "Eat at your own table," wrote Confucius, "as you would eat at the table of the king." If parents would only learn to profit by the "shocks" they must receive at their home tables, they would less often be shocked by the behavior of their children when dining out. You can't put on your manners with your best suit. You will never dine decently in public until you have done so quite a number of times in private. Manners are not a mere veneer. You must be a gentleman on the inside or you will never long continue to pass for one because of your outside behavior. Gentlemanliness is the genial good will of your better nature expressing itself. If you are crabbed and sour at heart, your manners will manifest the same bad blood. Bad-hearted folks often have company manners; but we live with open windows and doors these days, and the world soon learns to know the sham. "Here is a man who is cross, crabbed, moody, sullen, silent, sulky, stingy, and mean with his family and servants. He refuses his wife a little money to buy a needed dress, and accuses her of extravagance that would ruin a millionaire. Suddenly the bell rings. Some neighbors call; what a change! The bear of a moment ago is as docile as a lamb. As by magic he becomes talkative, polite, generous. After the

callers have gone his little girl begs her father to keep on his 'company manners' for a little while, but the sullen mood comes back, and his courtesy vanishes as quickly as it came. He is the same disagreeable, contemptible, crabbed bear as before." * Such a creature is only varnished, and that but poorly. Let your manners be known at home. Give your best self to your own. Rob not your home to give light to society; if you do, your light will soon grow dim. If you would shine well among men, shine brightly in your own home.

Good manners are a prime factor of success in public life, whether the calling be law, politics, or divinity. To plead well you must please well. Many a case is won far more by the personal manner than by the brain force of the advocate. Good manners beautify not the face, but the life, and thus the homely faced have a chariot in which to ride. France knew none homelier than Mirabeau; he had "the face of a tiger, pitted with smallpox;" but so irresistible were the charms of his exquisite manners that he mastered the populace—shaking "pestilence and war" with his thunder. Wilkes was ugly and deformed in face, form, and morals, yet he with good reason boasted to Lord Townsend, the handsomest man in England, that, given a half hour's start, he would win from him the affections of any woman in the land. Fox, after gambling away his last dollar and becoming the most cordially hated public man in England, yet saved himself from being personally disliked by his gracious manner. Madame de Staël was anything but lovely of face, yet an indefinable witchery of manner made her the uncrowned queen of Paris, kept her *salon* thronged with the *élite* of all Europe, and aroused even Napoleon to exile her. Madame Tesse said of her, "If I were queen, I would command Madame de Staël to talk to me every day." Marlborough "wrote

* Marden, *Pushing to the Front.*

bad English and spelt it worse," yet the grace of his manner and the wit of his tongue did more than his conquering sword to settle the disputes of Europe and shape the destinies of half a dozen nations. Chesterfield, that prince of gentlemen, won many a victory for his party in the British Lords not, as he confessed, because he knew what he was talking about, but because of his choice of words, roundness of periods, and care in elocution and manner. "This succeeded, and ever will succeed; they thought I informed them because I pleased them; and many of them said that I had made the whole very clear to them, when, God knows, I had not even attempted it." "I call him a very lucky lawyer, for there was not one of those five cases that came before us where he wasn't on the right side." Thus spoke a juryman from whom the witchery of Choate's manner had won five successive favorable verdicts. Few compliments expressed more clearly the innate gentlemanliness of our great President than the words of Frederick Douglass: "Lincoln was the first great man I talked with freely who in no single instance reminded me of the difference between himself and me—the difference in color." "Bishop Fénelon is a delicious man," said Lord Peterborough; "I had to run away from him to prevent his making me a Christian." It was just such grace of manner that made Philip of Macedon exclaim on hearing a report of the Philippics of Demosthenes, "Had I been there, he would have persuaded me to take up arms against myself!"

It is all in the way you say a thing. An old Quaker and a young advocate traveled together in the old abolition days. When the Quaker lectured things ran smooth, and his audience was carried by storm; but when the young man declared himself eggs flew, stones rattled, and there would be a general row. When this had continued some time the young man sought an explanation,

for both declared the same gospel. "Why is it you are cheered and I am abused?" "I will tell thee," replied the Quaker. "Thee says, 'If you do so and so, thou shalt be damned.' I say, 'Friends, if thou wilt *not* do so and so, thou shalt not be damned.'"

Good manners will more than double your working capital if you expect to start in business. Indeed, good manners are so large a factor in commercial success that you can afford to start with a very small cash capital if you have a large fund of courtesy. "Thank you, my dear; please call again," said to a beggar girl who had purchased a cent's worth of snuff, made Lundy Foote a millionaire. Butler, of Providence, R. I., once reopened his store after closing it for the night and starting for home to get a spool of thread for a child. All Providence soon heard of it and came to buy. The profit on that spool of thread was a million and more. A London dry-goods salesman won the reputation of perfection in courtesy and patience. A titled woman of wealth determined to test him, and put him through the whole list of woes that experienced shop fiends have devised for making themselves odious and salesmen miserable. Mr. Perfection stood the ordeal, and the woman set him up in business for himself, and, of course, the courtesy that won him his start won him eminence and wealth. Ingram, the publisher of the London *Illustrated News*, who lost his life when the *Lady Elgin* was destroyed on Lake Michigan, earned his start in life by his considerateness of others. One of his customers wanted his paper early, and rather than disappoint him Ingram one morning walked ten miles to deliver a single paper. Another time he rose at two o'clock and tramped to London and back, that the failure of the post might not deprive his patrons of their journal. Such a man was bound to succeed. Jack Elwes must have been the champion miser of his generation, for in order to save

butcher's bills he ate his mutton through from head to tail, no matter how well the last bits could walk around the platter; yet this sordid creature gave hundreds of pounds to advance the interests of an officer whose manner had pleased him. A penniless English curate noticed a gang of hoodlums jeering and jibing two old maids who desired yet were afraid to enter the church. Pushing his way through the crowd, the curate gave an arm to each of the women, escorted them through the crowd, and conducted them to choice seats in the church, even though the brainless were tittering. Some years later the curate was surprised to learn that the old maids were dead and had left him a good-sized fortune. Courtesy pays.

Ross Winans made his fortune by his courtesy to strangers. Two Russians were inspecting our locomotive factories. The big shops at Philadelphia paid little attention to them. Mr. Winans had only a fourth-rate shop, but he had first-rate manners, and when the Russians came to him he took pains to acquaint them thoroughly with the details of his work, and quite charmed his guests. Within a year the czar invited him to transfer his labors to Russia and superintend great shops there. He did so and became rich, his income soon rising to $100,000 a year—a pretty good return for keeping a smile on your face and a civil tongue in your mouth. The Bon Marché of Paris, the greatest store in the world, with an army of clerks one third as large as our standing army before the Spanish war, is a monument to good manners. The two rules that have made this vast establishment what it is are one low price to all and courtesy unlimited. Politeness here is not sufficient. The clerks must so interest the visitors in the store that they will feel at home and count the Bon Marché an earthly paradise. This is their one great advertisement. On this plan A. T. Stewart and, later, John Wanamaker and Marshall Field have built up their great business.

Courtesy is the best paymaster on earth, and, as evidenced in the case of the young curate especially, it takes courage to be courteous. It is not a namby-pamby thing without backbone. The bravest men on earth are the kindest. You haven't got to be a "sissy" to be a saint, nor a clown to be cheerful. Be a man, with good, healthy blood in your heart; then let that blood speak, and you will be kind-hearted and noble, and that is courtesy—good manners. Courtsey is but the Golden Rule expressed in life; or, as Dr. Witherspoon defined it, "real kindness, kindly expressed." This you will find the oiled key that will turn the bolts in every lock.

An old legend tells us that when the monk Basle died, while under the ban of excommunication, he was sent in the care of an angel to find his proper place in the nether world. But with his rare conversational powers and gracious manners he transformed every place he reached; the fiends turned friends at his call. The black angels imitated his manners, and the good angels journeyed far to see him and were ready to live where he did. He was put in the lowest hell, but with the same result, and at last the angel returned with him to earth, declaring that there was no place where he could be punished. In every place he remained the kindly, gentlemanly Basle. The pope revoked his excommunication, canonized him as a saint, and sent him to heaven. We would not teach that there are no gentlemen in hell; if there are, it will be all the more terrible for them to fall to such depths from the heights of the world; but the monk Basle represents the power of a good-mannered, courteous, kind-hearted man or woman; such a one is a transformer, and to make the work eternal one must himself be transformed into the likeness of the transfigured One, whom an English poet well declared "the first true gentleman that ever breathed."

CHEERFULNESS.

"Be of good cheer." It is the command of the Lord, and this world is his world. Until God dies there is no occasion for you to lengthen your face as though the universal funeral had begun. "Every man you meet looks as if he'd gone out to borrow trouble, with plenty of it on hand," said a French lady driving in New York. They were thieves, every one. They robbed their fellow-men of moral sunshine, of the brightness of that personal electricity which should make every life a steadily glowing incandescent lamp. The time is past when we are compelled to groan in order to worship; we are no longer called to pull faces as long as yardsticks for the glory of God. He gets no glory out of melancholy, and a sour visage and morose disposition make a poor evangelist. Indeed, a sour visage is not even Christian. A scowl is diabolical. A sneer is Satanic. "Many Christians do greatly wrong themselves with a dull and heavy kind of sullenness; who, not suffering themselves to delight in any worldly thing, are thereupon so heartless that they delight in nothing. These men, like too careless guests, when they are invited to an excellent banquet lose their dainties for want of a stomach, having lost their stomach for want of exercise. A good conscience keeps always good cheer; he cannot choose but fare well that hath it, unless he lose his appetite with neglect and slothfulness. It is a shame for us Christians not to find as much joy in God as worldlings do in their farces, merriments, and lewd wretches in the practice of their sins." * The poet Carpani asked Haydn how it was that his music always had a cheerful ring. The composer replied: "I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to my thoughts; when I think upon God my heart is so full of joy that the

* Robert Hall.

e coming:
an."
Macray.

notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen, and since God has given me a cheerful heart it will be pardoned me if I serve him with a cheerful spirit." Aye, the world will more than pardon the man of the cheerful spirit. It will fall in love with him, and whom it loves it honors. "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance," and it maketh merry the hearts of others and brings cheer to their faces. "He that is merry of heart hath a continual feast," and his feast is spread for the enjoyment of many. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Dr. Merryheart is always welcome. His pills are more to be prized than pellets of gold, and his prescriptions are sure cures for the aches of a world.

The merry of heart have smiles on their faces, and smiles are forms of salutations that angels might covet. Take lessons, then, in smiling; remembering always that you must sweeten the source if you would sweeten the stream. "John," said an artist to a Chinaman, unwillingly serving as a model, "smile. If you don't look pleasant, I'll not pay you." "No usee," grumbled John. "If Chinamanee feelee ugly allee time, he lookee ugly." Get your heart right, and give it the right of way to your face and eyes. Let the sunshine glow there; then wear it. It is your privilege. It has the "quality of mercy;" it is twice blessed. It blesses its possessor and all who come under its benign influence; it is a daily boon to him who wears it, and a constant overflowing benediction to all his friends. Men and women, youth and children, seek the friendship of the sunny-faced. All doors are open to those who smile. All social circles welcome cheeriness. A sunny face is an open sesame to heart and home. By it burdens are lightened, cares dispelled, sorrows banished, and hope made to reign triumphant where fear, doubt, and despondency held high carnival. Get the glow and radiance from such nearness to the throne as God permits to his own.

Bring from a holy and divine communion a face luminous, and let it glow and shine on all around. "A little child on the street of a great city, wishing to cross at a point where the surging throng and the passing vehicles made the feat dangerous to the strong, and especially so to the weak, paused, hesitated, and then asked a sunny-faced gentleman to carry her across. It was the sunny face that won the child's confidence." * And remember, young architect of the greatest building in the world, that it is this confidence of others in yourself that you must win if your building is ever to lift its pinnacled heights to the sun.

Not only smile, but learn to laugh. Not merely to grow fat yourself, but to put flesh on the ribs of others. He who starts a good laugh on its journey round the world aids the race far more than the discoverer of a patent cure-all. "If everybody knew the power of laughter as a health tonic and life prolonger, the tinge of sadness which now clouds the American face would largely disappear, and thousands of physicians would find their occupation gone. The power of laughter was given us to serve a wise purpose in our economy. It is nature's device for exercising the internal organs and giving us pleasure at the same time. Laughter begins in the lungs and diaphragm, setting the liver, stomach, and other internal organs into a quick, jelly-like vibration, which gives a pleasant sensation and exercise almost equal to horseback riding. The heart beats faster, sends the blood bounding through the body, increases the respiration, and gives warmth and glow to the whole system. Laughter brightens the eye, increases the perspiration, expands the chest, forces the poisoned air from the least used lung cells, and tends to restore that exquisite poise or balance which we call health, and which results from the harmonious action of all the functions of the body. This delicate poise, which

* *Epworth Herald.*

may be destroyed by a sleepless night, a piece of bad news, by grief or anxiety, is often wholly restored by a good, hearty laugh. A jolly physician is often better than his pills." * The owner of a pet monkey was dying of diphtheria. Every effort of medical skill to destroy the life-sapping membrane in his throat had been fruitless. About his bedside his family gathered to bid him farewell and watch his end. The monkey was allowed to enter; he was a masterly mimic, and seeing all in tears and grief, he, perched upon the footboard, also tried to be sad. It was a very ludicrous sort of grief, and caused the dying man to laugh uproariously. That laugh saved his life, for it tore the membrane from his throat.

Ef you feel like bein' blue,
    Better laugh;
Sighs won't bring sunshine to you—
    Better laugh.
You can't conquer fate with frowns
In a fight of fifty rounds;
So in all yer ups and downs
    Better thing to do, by half,
    Is jest to laugh.

When your burden's hard to bear,
    Better grin.
Curses ain't no cure fer care—
    Better grin.
When your team, 'at orter pull,
Balks, don't git onmerciful
An' splash an' splash aroun'. For you'll
    Find the surest way to win
    Is jest ter grin.

When you think uv cussin', don't!
    Better smile.
When skeeters bite and fishes won't,
    Better smile.
Ef yer hook an' line get stuck
On the limb, ur some bad luck,
Only way ter show yer pluck,
    'Stead uv grumblin' all the while,
    Is jist to smile.

—*Chicago Record.*

* Marden, *Pushing to the Front.*

But there isn't anything to laugh at in the world! Man is born to trouble, not to laughter. All music should have a doleful strain, for was not David's harp tuned to solemn sound? "Is this vile world a friend to grace?" "There, there, Mr. Sulphur, the devil is doing much more business than we like him to do, but the pit is not smoking the world, even yet. That is not a smoky character, nor a dirty-brown desire, nor a cloudy ambition, nor a dismal deed, that you think you see, while your face goes measuring space with a yardstick. It is not even all 'in your eye.' It's in your glasses. Off with them. Stop snuffing brimstone and meanness for a while and take a good, strong whiff of the brightness and decency all about you. Shorten your face. Smile. . . . Off with your dark glasses. What! you can't stand the full glare of the sun? Bless you! how, then, are you to stand in the full glory of the Sun of Righteousness, who is even now risen to dispel all gloom with the sunshine of grace? You must see things as God sees them; therefore you must learn to look at them in the bright light in which he views them. Train your eyes to glory, or you will be dazzled out of true vision for all eternity. Now quit your sniveling. Smile! The shine on that landscape is not blue; it's golden with all the radiance of a full noon sun. Your glasses are making a fool of you. Get them off. Pulverize those blue crystals. Take a good look at the sun; blink, if need be, but stand up straight and look at things as God makes them, and you will find the world is not so blue after all." *

Keep your troubles to yourself; your neighbors have plenty of their own. Do you really enjoy the visits Aunty Doleful and Brother Misery pay you occasionally? No! Well, then, why in the world do you go out calling with your ills and sorrows on your tongue? Real sorrow

* Lemmon, in *Golden Rule.*

is too sacred to be gossiped about; sham sorrow is only croaking. Leave that to the frogs. Even they will not croak in running water, and God has plenty of clear, running streams of cheer in the world. Get into them. It won't make other people's jaws feel a bit better to know that you have the toothache, and if you tell some persons you have the rheumatism, they, too, will get lame before you leave. When Kaiser Frederick was suffering unto his death all Germany had the sore throat. Persons have been shot dead with blank cartridges. Don't go around afflicting folks. Move out of Grumble Street. You can still find a house on Thanksgiving Avenue. Up there you will find it far more healthy. The air is purer, sunlight brighter, neighbors pleasanter, and life a thing of joy. Your food will taste better, sleep be more sweet, and home become a paradise. As a little girl was eating her dinner the golden rays of the sun fell on her spoon. After putting the spoon in her mouth she exclaimed, "O, mamma, I've swallowed a whole spoonful of sunshine!" Take several tablespoonfuls at each meal.

You will never sell goods if you predict a panic. If you deliver your goods in a hearse, your business will soon need one also. A man cannot be a pessimist and the advance agent of prosperity at the same time. If the world is going to end in December, what's the use of electing you Congressman or pathmaster in November? You must cry up the future if you expect the future to cry you up. The age just ahead is the golden age to the cheerful man whose ship is sailing in. Molasses will catch more flies than vinegar. "Charlie, what makes you so sweet?" asked a mother of her little boy. "I dess when God made me out of dust he put a little thugar in." The fellows who keep the "thugar" in them are the fellows that win in the world. It takes just this sweetness to look on the bright side of things, and the bright side of things is always

nearest to the right side of things. Look out for them and pass them on. You will never pass this way but once; keep cheering as you go. Sydney Smith, suffering tortures from his "gout, asthma, and seven other maladies," kept up his good spirits, and in one of his last letters wrote: "If you hear of sixteen or eighteen pounds of flesh wanting an owner, they belong to me. I look as though a curate had been taken out of me." A soldier, looking at a bullet hole in his leg, exclaimed: "Well, that's a fancy hole. That'll get me a furlough—just what my wife wanted. My ! won't she be pleased !" When the neighbors of a man who had fallen and broken his leg called to commiserate him he cheerily replied, "I thank God it wasn't my neck."

"Give us, O give us the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is more than equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time; he will do it better; he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright." *

Sing, then, at your work. The cheerful are the real possessors of the earth. Many a hostler takes more delight in the horses than their owner. Many a housekeeper gets more joy out of the house than the mistress. The world really belongs to those who enjoy it. A woman and a man visited a lumber yard situated on the bank of a dirty stream. "How good these pine boards smell !" exclaimed the lady. "Bah ! just smell the river," said the

* Carlyle.

man. "No, thank you. I prefer to smell the pine boards." That is the principle for one who would make the best of life. Smell, hear, see, taste, get, the best things, and you will find with Hume that such a habit of looking on the best side of things is better than a thousand pounds a year.

The weary world's a cheery place
  For those with hearts to win it;
Thank God, there's not a human face
  But has some laughter in it!
The soul that comes with honest mirth,
  Though health and fortune vary,
Brings back the childhood of the earth,
  And keeps it sound and merry.

The plodding world's an eager place
  For those with wit to use it;
Where all are bidden to the race
  Let him who dare refuse it!
The simplest task the hand can try,
  The dullest round of duty,
Knowledge can amply glorify,
  And art can crown with beauty.

A busy, bonny, kindly place
  Is this rough world of ours
For those who love and work apace,
  And fill their hands with flowers;
To kind and just and grateful hearts
  The present grace is given
To find a heaven in themselves,
  And find themselves in heaven!

—*Christian Herald.*

PROMPTNESS.

"On the clock of time there is but one word—NOW." You are living in a prompt universe; aye, you are living because the universe is never other than punctual. Let it cease to be punctual, and chaos would again reign supreme. Every one of the million suns sweeps round its appointed orbit in the heavens with never a second's variance from its appointed time. Science has scheduled the round trip of the sun of our system, and it is on time to a second at every station of its more than one hundred and eighty mil-

lion mile route. It rises and sets true to itself century after century with never a halt for laggards. Even the comets that call on us only once in a hundred or a thousand years are never a day ahead or behind their pledged visiting time. The heavens are God's timekeepers; by them the earth sets her clocks and marks the intervals of life. The heavens that declare the glory of God do also declare his promptness. The Lord's business requireth haste, but is never hurried; because for everything there is a time, and the business of the universe is always done on time. Christ was a model of promptness. The keynote of the story of his life as written by Mark, whose gospel has been well styled "The Gospel of the Servant," is the word "straightway." Christ never dallied. One thing done and done with the promptness that decreed the punctuality of the stars, and the Master gave himself to the doing of the next thing. Governor Andrew was but copying this heavenly model when he lived so that he could truthfully affirm, "The only question which I can entertain is what to do; and when that question is answered the other is what next to do." It was this promptness of the great war governor of the old Bay State that proved him the man for the hour and won for him the lasting friendship of Lincoln. On Monday, April 15, 1861, he received Lincoln's call for troops; the next Sunday morning he could telegraph, "All the regiments demanded from Massachusetts are already either in Washington or in Fortress Monroe or on their way to the defense of the capital."

If you are going to win and maintain the respect, aid, and good will of your fellow-men, you must not allow yourself to become a thief, prowling around always a little behindhand, robbing people of what you never can return. If you steal a man's purse, you can return it or its value, but the hour stolen is passed beyond all recovery. As

Smiles writes, "Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance, but lost time is gone forever." * If you do not value time yourself and plan your own time and stick to your schedule, you will rob everyone with whom you make an appointment. "If a man has no regard for the time of other men," said Greeley, "why should he have for their money? What is the difference between taking a man's hour and taking his five dollars? There are many men to whom each hour of the business day is worth more than five dollars." When you have kept your man waiting five minutes you need not be surprised to find him so out of humor with you that he will refuse to sign your subscription, buy your goods, or give you the coveted job. Waiting is always annoying, but it is far more so when you know that you are so losing time as to derange all your plans; for a man thus annoyed to favor you would be a miracle. You do not deserve favor, but punishment. You have no right to waste the time of others, even if you regard it lightly yourself. The man who is not punctual in keeping his appointments soon becomes a nuisance to society, and society will soon bury him in the oblivion of failure. A committee of eight ladies, who acted as the managers of a relief institution, agreed to meet at twelve o'clock. Seven were on hand at the appointed hour; the eighth was fifteen minutes late, and entered with the usual apology, "Really my time slipped away before I knew it; I hope your goodness will excuse me." One of the others had the courage to answer, "Had you only lost a quarter of an hour, it would have been only your own concern; but in this case the lost time must be multiplied by eight, for you have caused each of us a loss, so that you have really destroyed two hours by your failure to be punctual." It would be well if all such folks were treated as Washington and Napoleon treated those who were ready to steal time

* *Self-Help.*

from them. When the first President invited members of Congress to dine with him they sometimes arrived late, and, to their mortification, found the President already eating. "My cook," he would say, "never asks if the guests have arrived, but if the hour has arrived." Napoleon once invited his marshals to dine with him. As they had not arrived at the appointed time, he sat down and ate without them. He was just rising when they entered, and said, "Gentlemen, it is now past time for dinner; let us proceed to the council chamber."

Punctuality is the life of business. This is the maxim of the commercial world, yet it is even more true that punctuality is the life of a man who would win in the world. You must meet the world on time; sunrise will never be postponed until you are ready to get out of bed. The sun will shoot out the radiance of noon, even if you have not had your breakfast. The world will not wait on you; you must wait on the world. Two minutes late at the bank, and your note is already protested. A little behindhand at the directors' meeting, and the control has passed to others. A moment too late to make the siding or the switch, and the train is a wreck and passengers mangled or dead. Just a little too late is eternally too late. "The mill can never grind with the water that has passed." You can never grasp success after she has passed your door and caught you napping. Father Time, you know, is an old fellow with swift wings, and he always flies fast. He can only be detained by grasping that solitary tuft of hair that grows in front. You must catch him by the forelock or not at all. Imagine him with a tail and you trying to get on by grasping it, swinging about like the fellow who has "caught the train" by the hand rail of the last car! Hamilton has painted the picture of such an unfortunate creature. "A singular mischance has happened to some of our friends. At the instant when he ushered them into existence God gave them

a work to do, and he also gave them a competency of time; so much that if they began at the right moment, and wrought with sufficient vigor, their time and their work would end together. But a good many years ago a strange misfortune befell them. A fragment of their allotted time was lost. They cannot tell what became of it, but, sure enough, it has dropped out of existence; for just like two measuring lines laid alongside, the one an inch shorter than the other, their work and their time run parallel, but the work is always ten minutes in advance of the time. They are not irregular. They are never too soon. Their letters are posted the very minute after the mail is closed. They arrive at the wharf just in time to see the steamboat off. They come in sight of the station just as the train is moving. They do not break any engagement nor neglect any duty, but they systematically go about too late, and usually too late by the same fatal interval."

Is this your photograph? Then you would be wise to order your coffin; delay to do so, and you will be too late even with your funeral, for a man ought to be buried when he makes a miss—that means a mess—of everything. "My watch was a little slow," said Washington's secretary, in apology for tardiness. "Then you must get a new watch or I a new secretary." That is, bury yourself or come to time.

Promptness wins leadership. It always commands success. It is the fighting captain that spurs all the other virtues to the charge and plants the standard on the height at just the right moment to win the day. "The prompt man is always up to time, in advance of time, or continues constantly abreast of time. Foot to foot, where Time imprints his footsteps, there, side by side with him, is the prompt and ready man."* "I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time," said Nelson, "and it has

* Maguire.

made a man of me." "If I had to mount guard at ten, I was ready at nine; never did any man or anything wait one minute for me."* Napoleon said that he beat the Austrians because they did not know the value of five minutes. "Every moment lost," he declared, "gives an opportunity for misfortune." "There is in every person's life a crucial hour in the day, which must be employed instead of wasted if the day is to be saved. . . . Success is the child of two very plain parents—punctuality and accuracy. There are critical moments in every successful life when, if the mind hesitate or a nerve flinch, all will be lost."†

"To-morrow" is the biggest thief in the world. The devil must have jumped with delight when he coined that excuse and hinged it on to the tongues of men. To-day is not only the day of salvation, but it is the day for the execution of all thy good resolutions and the performance of all the work that the day brings. "'Hell,' a wise man said, 'is paved with good intentions.' Pluck up the stones, ye sluggards, and break the devil's head with them."‡ Do it to-day. Simply to intend is never to mend. Waste not in postponing the force that would in the same time do the thing postponed. You will never have to hunt for the letter if you answer it before it is lost. The business of the world is done by men who never allow letters to accumulate. They attend to their business as it comes to them. Imagine a grocer saying, "Come in to-morrow and I'll sell you a barrel of flour," when you have the cash in your hand to buy it to-day! A fool? of course, and so are you if you are everlastingly saying, "To-morrow I'll do it." To-morrow it will be drudgery; to-day it would have been a pleasure were you not too dawdling to enjoy yourself. To-morrow it may be put off again, and in the end be never done. A Frenchman was going to write a

* Cobbett. † Marden, *Pushing to the Front.* ‡ *Guesses at Truth.*

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history of his nation. He accumulated a vast library and jotted down voluminous notes. "When are you going to begin to write?" asked his friends. "Very soon," he would reply. He died at seventy with his history unbegun.

"To-morrow, didst thou say? Go to; I will not hear of it. To-morrow! 'tis a sharper who stakes his penury against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash and pays thee naught but wishes, hopes, and promises—the currency of idiots. *To-morrow!* It is a period nowhere to be found in all the hoary registers of time, unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar. Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society with those that own it. 'Tis fancy's child, and folly is its father—wrought of such stuffs as dreams are, and baseless as the fantastic visions of the evening." * Who gave thee surety of to-morrow? Save thy soul to-day, and do the work appointed you to-day. You know not what to-morrow will bring forth. "How do you manage to accomplish so much?" some one asked Sir Walter Raleigh. "When I have anything to do I go and do it." Farmers' boys would have more time for fishing if they would hoe and weed instead of mope and groan. It often takes as much time to put a thing off as to do it. Scott was a To-day man; by breakfast he had broken the neck of the day and got a good sip of its best wine. "By the street of By and By one arrives at the house of Never!" † "Take the instant by the forward top." ‡ Do things to-day. "The thing that's done is not to do." ‖ Why rob yourself or others of the joy of having a thing done? Bishop Wilson, hearing that a brother clergyman was in need, asked a friend to take fifty pounds to him. "I will deliver it to him to-morrow morning," said the friend. "You will oblige me," returned the bishop, "by calling immediately. Think, sir, of how much importance a good night's rest may be to the poor man."

* Cotton. † Cervantes. ‡ Shakespeare. ‖ Scotch Proverb.

The Purpose of Man's Social Endowment.

Remember, you may manifest good manners, good cheer, and promptness without much brains. We are considering these simply in their social relations. Intellect will increase the value of your social equipment, but unless you are grounded well in these social virtues, no amount of intellect will bring you success.

You will, also, very likely fail of success if you fail to grasp the purpose for which man is endowed with this social nature. Man's social nature makes him companionable. To whom? His neighbors. *How many are they?* There is the nut for you to crack. There is a certain thing that opens your eyes every morning, and, strange as it may seem, that same thing opens the eyes of every other human being in the world. There is a certain thing that is the chief producer of all your food, fuel, and clothing, and that same thing does the same for every other human being. When a number of you sit under the same lamp to read, or toast your shins by the same fire, you count yourselves neighbors, do you not? When you live in the same house and eat at the same table you are one family, are you not? When your clothes are cut off the same piece you are pretty near twins, aren't you? Well, then, surely everyone who reads the news with blinking eyes by the light of the same sun, and eats food that this one great farmer raises, and wears clothes that these sunbeams spin, all these must be neighbors, even though their dwelling place be America or Africa or Australia. Every man is the neighbor of every other man in the world. Aye, more; let us face the full truth, for it is to state and live this full truth that we are socially endowed—every man is the brother of every other man in the world. The race is a brotherhood, and the social provision in the life of each individual of the race is the warp on which the

delicate fabric of human brotherhood is to be made into tapestry for the adornment of the world.

Every man's field is the world. The hearts of all the race are the strings of the harp on which you may play. Individually you are in a shell; socially you are in an infinitely large place. This gives you wondrously increased possibility of success. You may be a failure locally, yet succeed nationally or internationally. Jesus was a failure in Nazareth, but a wonder throughout Galilee and Judea. In another sense he was a failure in Palestine, but a success in the world. The whole world, then, is before you. You need not stay in the one spot where you were born. Success there may have been preempted by others before you were born; but it is not only true that there is always room at the top; there is also always room somewhere in the world for a man to find the vantage ground where he can woo success. It is surprising how the annihilation of space that has made the world so much smaller has increased the personal influence and power of men. The social economist of Australia becomes the schoolmaster of the distant nations of Europe and America. Röntgen rays, discovered in Germany, flash in laboratories at the four corners of the earth before the week ends. Caine amid the bleak peaks of Manxland and Stevenson on a little speck of earth amid the dancing waves of the South Pacific write stories that run in the same mail with those from the pen of the Scotchman of Liverpool and from the poet of the jungle to the uttermost parts of the earth. Moody conducts evangelistic meetings in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia at the same time, passing daily from city to city for their supervision. Meyer runs across the Atlantic ferry as one preacher would to his neighbor to give two weeks' service in revival meetings. Murray, having captured the world with the pen that spread ink in a nameless nook in South Africa, runs away from the land

of darkness to deepen the impressions made in a month of service at Northfield. Clark within a twelvemonth tells the story of Christian Endeavor beside the Hudson, the Thames, the Rhine, Rhone, Seine, and Danube, the Bosphorus, the Ganges, the Vaal, and near the Congo, the Mississippi, and the Sacramento; speaking in nearly every country of Europe, in India, in South Africa, and beside both of the great American seas. In London there gather the premiers of every colony over which flies the flag of England to follow their queen to the steps of St. Paul's to give thanks to God for the long reign of a noble woman. The everyday wonders of the business world are past all telling; they are more marvelous than the seven wonders of the ancients.

We can no longer shut our eyes to the fact that the world, and the whole of it, is the field for man's enterprise, and only in the recognition of the fact of human brotherhood is there hope of the amicable and profitable prosecution of that enterprise. The plague in Bombay or at Mecca means the black death in Europe and cholera in America. We can only keep ourselves as we keep our brother. If he won't wash his face, we must do it for him, for he means to continue to live in the same house with us, and is bound to eat at the same table. You will wash him easier by the strategy of cheerfulness and companionship than by force and harshness. Hard dirt hurts when it hits you; it is seldom wise to tease your brother into throwing it. Besides, if you do the washing, you must furnish the soap and the towels; but if you lead him to wash himself, he will pay for both, and you can gold-line your own bathtub with your commission. Thus it is that it pays business to stand in well with the missionaries. If they would only open their eyes to see it, business men would understand that missionaries are the real advance agents of prosperity. Hawaii would never have been rich

enough to pay for a revolution, or respectably enough dressed to appear at Washington, if missionaries had not gone there sixty years ago. Civilization is the art of making people want things, and is thus the foster mother of commerce. God knowing how much faster a man will run, and how much better he will behave himself while he is running, if he is to be paid with the riches of this world as well as with those of the next, has granted to commerce the right to travel in the same train with Christianity, that the day may more speedily come when all the world shall as brothers be.

To organize the human family into one great loving whole has been the far-off divine event for which all things in the history of the race have been preparing the way and seeding the fields of the world. Pestilences and famines and earthquakes and fires and floods and wars have all made their contribution to this coming glory. Alexander and Charlemagne and Napoleon worked mightily toward this end in breaking up the narrow and provincial groupings of the nations of their times and paving the way for wider boundaries and more swift and ready exchange of the products both of the field and the brain. The history of the race is the history of this process of preparation. Every great man and every great movement has helped its forward march. When Abraham rose up from Ur of the Chaldees and moved across the plains of Syria to lay the foundations of government in Palestine the race made its first great stride toward wider brotherhood. Egypt, Assyria, and Persia each contributed much to the common fund. They accumulated wealth that caught the gaze of conquerors and enriched the race even in their destruction. The fleets that made Phœnicia the Britain of the ancient world sped from port to port as do the ships of to-day, merely for gain, but, like them also, they linked the known world together, and did much to increase the relations of men

with their fellows. "The Jews, by their compact social organization, lifted their national life into a great civilization. This civilization they sought to make provincial; they sought to fence themselves off, with all they had accumulated of devotion and law and literature, from the rest of mankind. But their social pulverization, due to their sins, helped forward universal companionship. They moved out into other parts of the world. They settled along the Black Sea and the Caspian. They went into Asia Minor and back into Syria. They took up their abode in Alexandria and along the Mediterranean. Wherever they went they carried their civilization; their synagogue, in which to teach their knowledge of the one God; their Moses, to guide by his law their conduct; and their David, to soothe with his songs their sorrow."* But more, they carried with them wherever they went a great expectancy of a Coming One, and when he came, in those synagogues, out of that law of Moses, and from those songs of Israel's singer, the heralds of Christianity could proclaim the Gospel of the Elder Brother and teach men to say, "Our Father in heaven."

Greece also gave much. The language and philosophy of the lovers of beauty were like flowers from the garden of the gods, and were sent forth to bear fruit in every desert place. The love of freedom that made glorious the fame of Attica did for her times what the like passion in the hearts of the Swiss of the present century has done for theirs. Rome has had no rival in this partition-destroying. Her roads ran everywhere like the rails of our age, and good roads are destroyers of narrowness of view. Men have only to know other men to like them, even though they call things by different names, and good roads are the highways to such knowledge and good will. England leads the list of modern nations in barrier-removing. Not

* Lee, *The Making of a Man.*

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—*Longfellow.*

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for love of men, but for love of gold, has her flag gone round the globe; but you cannot win much gold in this world without being good-natured, and thus the gold-winning desires of Englishmen have been made to work for the common weal of all men. The good-natured English trader has been a mighty aid in bringing about the better relations everywhere manifest to-day in the commerce between the civilized and the partly civilized peoples. America's one great venture in opening the doors of Japan has already reaped a glorious harvest, and none would thank her more heartily for the sending of Commodore Perry than the Japanese themselves.

Following the Dark Ages came the age of marvels, and the final epoch of this age is not yet in sight. How much for the good of all the race this age has brought us! Gunpowder, dynamite, and a hundred and one newer and more powerful explosives that make easy the tunneling of mountains and excavation of canals and destruction of Hell Gates and Iron Gates and other obstructions of man's forward march. The mariner's compass and world-encircling navigation that have made mere ferries of all the seas. The printing press, with its books and papers—wisdom for the millions in streams as unceasing as Niagara; that, linked with the wonders of photography and the masterly word-painting of well-trained scribes, spreads before us at trifling cost far more knowledge of the world than Marco Polo ever gained. Steam, with its engines and revolution, not only in travel, but in manufactures. Electricity, with its light, heat, telegraph, telephone, cable, motive power, and myriad other applications. The sewing machine, making it at last possible for a wife to be a queen. (Keep up heart, sisters; the dishwasher that will wash *and wipe* will yet appear. If Howe was blessed, what a crown awaits this next benefactor!) The reaper that clears the field in a day and bags the winnowed grain as it rolls over the

golden field. This age has brought us, also, the telescope and microscope and spectroscope and phonograph and kinetoscope, and countless other aids to the knowledge of ourselves and of others and of the world and the universe in which we live and where we must succeed or fail.

Thus to-day we find the world open to every man. This is the answer of God to the outcry of our social nature. I am not surprised at the much-remarked unrest of the present day; at the intense longing to get on everywhere cropping out; of the very passion for success that ambition and aspiration often boil with. Never in all the history of the race was such success possible as is possible to-day. Never before were there so many open doors. Never before were there so many glittering prizes. Never has there been so wide a field and such diversified opportunity. If America during the nineteenth century has been but another name for opportunity, the world of the twentieth century will be but another name for importunity. It longs, it yearns, it groans, to be made better, and in this is the answer to the passion for success that is aflame in the race. As the light is for the eye and sound for the ear, the wing of the bird for the air and the fin of the fish for the sea, so the open heart of the world is the answer to the aspirations of the social nature of man. Somewhere in the world there is a place for you, a friendly place, a place where success waits to crown you if you strive with all your powers. As the perturbations of Uranus made known the existence of Neptune, so the yearnings of your social nature declare that there is in existence a supply to your want; cease not in your quest until you find it. But mark this. Neptune is bound to you just as truly as you are bound to Neptune. You cannot get away from each other. You are members of the same family. Fighting won't pay. Civil war, we say, is horrible. True. But if you will keep before your eyes, as

God does, the fact of human brotherhood, you will see that every war is a civil war; a family row of fiendish proportions. It is folly to tell me that a man born in California or Alaska or Hawaii is my brother, but that the man born in Canada is not. Yet all the nations of Europe are living in closer geographical relations, with more wants in common, than New York and California. When a mob gets loose in a city the city is destroyed. Fighting is not a good thing for the city. When armies get loose in a nation a nation is destroyed. Fighting is not a good thing for the nation. And what is not good for the city and the nation is not good for the world. Keep the peace. The race is a brotherhood. To weave this into fact from theory the shuttle of time seems darting swiftly these days. It may be that your success in life is bound up in relation to the success of your brother in black or your sister in yellow. They have yearnings and aspirations also. Your Neptune may be on the other side of the street or on the other side of the world. You cannot get along alone. Success will come to you and to all men only as you get and keep in right relations with each other.

But you say, "I shall be dead before then!" Never mind. You want success for eternity, not for time, and eternal success is possible only when you work according to God's plan, and the fashioning of the race into brotherhood is the purpose of God for the exercise of our social faculties. You can do a successful day's work even if you cannot rear the entire structure. That is all God requires.

The necessity for speedily giving effect to the divine purpose of brotherhood is that the race may no longer suffer through the congestion and destruction of its supplies in any part of the world. Human brotherhood, not industrial socialism or commercial communism, is the cure of the poverty and crime-producing battle at present waged between hungry labor and greedy capital. The

units of the race are out of relation with each other when the makers of clothes are out of work, and so out of bread, in one part of the world, and the growers of grain out of clothes in another part of the world because their grain cannot reach the market. The world produces enough to supply all its people; God sees to that. He has left to man to devise the means of getting this produce to the place of need. And all along the route that the produce of the world travels there are success stations for those who have the skill, wit, and perseverance to reach them. Both the man of business and the man of labor must keep the whole world in mind if they hope to prosper. For every yard the weaver works from his loom the farmer must work a meal out of the soil, or the weaver will go hungry ; and for every meal the farmer works from the soil the weaver must take a yard from the loom, or the farmer will go bare. The race is independent only in its just dependence upon itself. Human brotherhood, toward which commerce and Christianity are steadily working, will enable each brother to participate in the good or ill of all the race. Every man's life will in a certain sense touch every other man's life, and will thus call forth the best work of all. As Dr. William T. Harris puts it: "Man will be at work under all climes and on all soils, producing the infinite variety of goods for the world's market. By the specialization and division of labor we will have great increase of skill and the multiplication of all products. People will be at work raising coffee and drugs in Brazil; tea in China; creating a myriad manufactures in England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and America; growing fruits on the Mediterranean islands; these will be gathered by the various means of transportation and carried to all the ends of the earth, that everyone may have the whole earth to serve him, while on his part he renders service to all."

The Wonders that are Before Us.

As a last call to you to arouse and put forth all your social power, look at the marvelous system of the world-wide intercommunication that waits to serve you to-day. Brotherhood—the reign of good feeling—advances with great speed to-day not because men are so much better than in other days, but because the inventions that have harnessed the sun's heat to our wagons, put the heart of the mountains red-hot into the hearts of our boats, darted our commands from nation to nation on the wings of the lightning, and that even write our signatures with pens hundreds of miles long, have brought all mankind face to face and introduced the antipodes to each other. One hundred and twenty-five thousand miles of submarine cable now bind all the continents together with cords of electric copper. Tens of thousands of miles of railroads link tiny crossroad hamlets to the heart of busy teeming cities. No mountain is any longer impassable. If it does not yield a pass, commerce will cut one through its heart. Steamships cross the ocean as true to schedule time as the captain's watch. A man can map out a journey round the world, and he and his mail will meet at the appointed place as regularly as ticks the clock. At first thought it would seem as if all the great things in race-linking had been done, but a closer survey and fuller knowledge prove that what has been done is but a hint of what man is now preparing to do. Like the railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem, which many said would never be built, but which now gives its almost blasphemous toot at the gate of the Holy City, these, too, will call the world to the commemoration of their completion.

The railroad from the City of Mexico will be extended through Central and South America and join rails with the over-the-Andes railroad now in partial operation from

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ocean cable from Clew Bay, Ireland, to Greeny Island, Strait of Belle Isle, nineteen hundred miles long. Keeping company with this will be the ship canal around Niagara, opening the way to Quebec and the sea to the great grain steamers. From Quebec a railroad will run to Belle Isle and connect with an ocean line to Medford, Wales. One railroad is to run from Winnipeg across the Northwest Territory to the Saskatchewan River, and another from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay, connecting with a steamship line for Liverpool. The Canadian Pacific will run a line through the Klondike to the Yukon, and thence connect with the coast route by palace steamers sailing from the heart of Alaska to the sea. Among the tunnels to be cut are those under the Hudson at New York, under the St. Clair at Port Huron, through the Sierras from Truckee River, Nevada, and either by tunnel or mammoth bridge the British Channel is to be mastered. In addition to the Panama and Nicaragua canals, one or both of which are sure to come, canals are projected across the Isthmus of Corinth to connect the Ægean Sea with the Gulf of Corinth, across southern France from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, from Knoxville, Tenn., through Alabama to the Gulf of Mexico, from Chicago to the Mississippi, and from Chicago to Savannah, or some other southern port, from the Great Lakes to New York either by long canal from Buffalo to the Hudson, or by several shorter ones, utilizing the St. Lawrence and Lakes George and Champlain to reach the Hudson. A ship railway is projected around The Dalles of the Oregon, and another to connect the Gulf of St. Lawrence with the Bay of Fundy. New steamship lines are put in operation to-day with the speed that marked the railway construction of the last half of the "sixties."

Thus the world is being knit together. We do not think or write or speak for ourselves alone, but for all the world. A new discovery in science flies like light

from land to land with its benefaction or warning. A secret of the Lord discovered by the humblest anywhere in the world introduces its discoverer to all the race. The greatest speech of the World's Parliament of Religions at Chicago in 1893 was made by Rev. George T. Candlin, of Tientsin, China, of whom the world had never heard. Thus in science and art and literature and music and philosophy and religion, as well as in commerce, the ends of the earth minister to each other. Even sport demands the world for its gymnasium, and the Olympic games are revived with all the race in the lists.

We have not yet by any means fathomed all the secrets of the world's provision of power for the transmission and transportation of man's thoughts and supplies. Tesla and Marconi are busy perfecting telegraphy without wires. Langley has built a flying machine that will fly, it having flapped its wings in the face of three quarters of a mile of air, and stopped only because the supply of fuel had been exhausted. When President Deareader goes to Washington for his inauguration in 1920 he will very likely make the journey in a flying machine. Edison expects to get electricity from the disturbed conditions of the air without the use of fuel. Lord Kelvin is leading the van in the struggle to make what has formerly been thrown away enrich the people. The refuse of London is now burned and made to light the streets of the foggy capital. Colonel Waring stated that the Street Cleaning Department of the Greater New York will more than meet its vast expenditure by the sale of its "sortings" and other profitable use of waste. The bottom is to be knocked out of the Standard Oil Trust by the perfection of the many lamps already invented that generate their own light. The still greater safety of travel is assured by the latest wonder that keeps the train-despatcher in continuous connection with the flying train, enabling him to give orders

Engineer, New York.

promises to trans-
without wires.

direct to the ears of every engineer on the road. On the sea, also, an improved compass will tell not only the north, but also the presence, within a certain distance, of any other vessel, making collision well-nigh impossible.

Think of the men it will take to control and manage these vast world-encircling forces and enterprises. Consider the boundless opportunities for success here thrown open. Open your eyes to behold the prizes that are in sight. Some are to win them. These things will give wealth, place, fame, honor, and eternal praise to many. Will you be of the number? The winners will be men in love with the world in the best sense. They will be ready to give themselves for the increase of human brotherhood. They will do it gracefully, cheerfully, promptly, for to give themselves otherwise would be but to invite failure. Arouse ye, then, men and women, boys and girls, who behold the dawn of the twentieth century. Awake! Adorn thyself. Put on thy beautiful garments. Live your best self. Give your best service. Meet the morning with a smile. Greet your neighbors with a cheer. Do your work on the instant. Waste no time in repining. Up and at it. Victory is passing your way; jump into his chariot and ride on.

Let me give you a last thought to ponder long and live always. It came out of the great heart and mind of Phillips Brooks:

"There is one word of Jesus that always comes back to me as about the noblest thing that human lips have ever said upon our world, and the most comprehensive thing that seems to sweep into itself all the commonplace experiences of mankind. Do you remember when he was sitting with his disciples at the last supper how he lifted up his voice and prayed, and in the midst of his prayer there came these wondrous words, 'For their sakes I sanctified myself, that they also might be sanctified?' The

whole of human life is there. Shall man cultivate himself? No, not primarily. Shall man serve the world, strive to increase the kingdom of God in the world? Yes, indeed, he shall. How shall he do it? By cultivating himself, and incidentally he is thrown back upon his own life. 'For their sakes I sanctified myself, that they also might be sanctified.' I am my best, not simply for myself, but for the world. My brethren, is there anything in all the teachings that man has had from his fellow-man, all that has come down to him from the lips of God that is nobler, that is more far reaching, than that? —to be my best, not simply for my own sake, but for the sake of the world into which, setting my best, I shall make that world more complete, I shall do my little part to renew and to recreate it in the image of God."

THE DOME AND ITS WONDERS.

YOUTH is that period in which, if you would educate men, they must be educated. If they are not educated, then they will not be educated, and no repentance can change the fact. When the plates are prepared for steel engravings the steel is made soft; and then the graver works out the picture; and then the plate is put into a furnace and brought to great hardness, so that impressions can be taken off by the hundreds without wearing it. Now, the time to engrave men is youth, when the plate is soft and ductile. Manhood is hard, and cannot be cut easily, any more than tempered steel.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

WHAT has the human race been since the beginning of time? A reader. For a long time he has spelled; he spells yet; soon he will read. This child, six thousand years old, has been at school from the first. Where? In nature. At the beginning, having no other book, he spelled the universe. He has had his primary instruction from the clouds, from the firmament, from meteors, flowers, animals, forests, seasons, phenomena. The Ionian fisherman studies the wave; the Chaldean shepherd spells the star. Then came the first books —a sublime advance. The book is vaster yet than that grand scene, the world; for to the fact it adds the idea. If anything is greater than God seen in the sun, it is God seen in Homer. . . . Compulsory education is a recruitment of souls for the light. Henceforth all human advancement will be accomplished by swelling the legions of those who read. The diameter of the moral and ideal good corresponds always to the caliber of men's minds. In proportion to the worth of the brain is the worth of the heart. The book is the tool of this transformation. What humanity requires is to be fed with light; such nourishment is found in reading. Thence the importance of the school, everywhere adequate to civilization. The human race is at last on the point of spreading the book wide open. The immense human Bible, composed of all the prophets, of all the poets, of all the philosophers, is about to shine and blaze under the focus of that enormous luminous lens—compulsory education. —*Victor Hugo*, "William Shakespeare."

CHAPTER IV.

THE DOME AND ITS WONDERS.

THE NEED OF LARGE BRAINS.

SAY, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation—why ordained
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame,
But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theater, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds,
To chase each partial purpose from his breast,
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tides of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smiles of heaven? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volleyed lightning through the heavens,
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long track of day.
Mind, mind alone (bear witness, earth and heaven)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here, hand in hand,
Sit paramount the graces; here, enthroned,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.—*Mark Akenside.*

THE man who is to touch all the world must have brains if he would touch it right. The physical and social powers must have a director if they are to exert themselves for the best good of their possessor and his fellows. We have noticed some of the marvels of dynamics and mechanics that wait on man to carry him to success. We have surveyed the well-nigh infinite provision of nature

for man's physical good; we come now to study how man can make the best use of these. The eyes of men of to-day see far more than those of any previous generation. As infinite as was the enlargement of vision made by Galileo beyond that of Moses and Ptolemy has been the enlargement of vision made possible by those who have continued his labors since his death. By means of the camera and kinetoscope and kinematoscope we are enabled to behold in vivid reproduction the actual scenes of daily life. Only let a camera be at one end of the earth, and with its searching eye those at the other end may behold presidents doffing their hats, emperors embracing, and queens smiling in jubilee joy; the very breath of the horses speeding on a wintry day will blow from their nostrils before us.

The whole world has become a whispering gallery like the echoing Lake of Killarney. Whisper in China, and it is heard in England; breathe a word in South Africa, and we hear it in New York before it is said. Our ears are enlarged ; we hear all the world says, even to its veriest, silliest gossip. Scandal flies everywhere as swiftly as the secrets of science. Every man knows the next morning what his neighbor has been doing. If he has made an extra good speech, we can read it into our own ears at breakfast time, or we can await the arrival of the express and, putting a record in our phonograph, hear the man speak it himself. Thus, too, all the bands—Marine, Grenadier, Sousa's—play for us, and every soloist and chorus walks into our parlor. I recently ordered my dinner at Plymouth Rock by speaking from a long-distance telephone box in Boston, forty miles away. Shades of the Pilgrims! If Miles Standish could have courted from such a distance, he would have been married sooner.

Our fingers have grown immensely longer. We touch each other from vast distances these days. A child presses

her tiny fingers on a button in New York, and a dozen miles away Hell Gate flies to pieces. A President touches a button at Washington, and the rumbling of great engines announces the Trans-Mississippi Exhibition open. Move a little key so many times with your fingers, and you convey your thought to a man across the continent or beyond the sea, and by a touch of his fingers that reaches along the stretches of thousands of miles of wire he makes a key in your hand tick out his reply. A reporter for a London paper found himself locked out, and he had news that should appear in the morning. From the street he could see the light streaming from the editorial rooms, but he had no immediate way of communicating with that room. Down the street was a telegraph office, but without direct communication with the newspaper office. So the reporter touched his fingers to the ear of an operator in Edinburgh and bade him touch the operator in the London paper office. Then he crossed the street to find that via Edinburgh he had roused the London janitor to open the door. During the great blizzard a New York merchant desired to communicate with his agent in Boston, but the wires along the coast were down, and he could not reach him. Finally he sent a cablegram under sea to London, had it repeated to Boston, and so pulled the ear of his workman.

We smell more than our fathers. This perhaps is a very much mixed good, but it results in cleanliness such as would have tormented the ancients. Our dirtiest alleys are cleaner than were the main streets in the days of Cromwell and Louis XIV. It works a mighty decrease in the death rate and frees us from many a disagreeable ill.

The race has no doubt never been in need of more tongue, but, needed or not, we have more to-day. If other folks have ears that can hear the whisperings of China and the breathings of South Africa, we have the tongue that can send the answering whisper back. There is no end to the

tongue-wagging of the day. No man has made his reputation until he has been interviewed and his syllables sent round the globe. Then, of course, the story must be continued endlessly with his contradictions and explanations. The whole world is listening; to the press, not to Shakespeare, has it lent its ears, and it must hear something. It would be folly to expect that wisdom would be sufficient to always fill these ears. Let the fools chatter; they hold the wires for the wise men.

Then when we think of the tongue as the organ of taste, how much it has enlarged! Patrick is no longer satisfied with his potatoes, nor Sandy with his oatmeal, nor old John with his rice, nor young John with his beef. Jean wants more than wine, Fritz more than lager, Umberto more than macaroni. Sambo is not satisfied with either chickens, persimmons, or watermelons, and it takes the epicurean dishes of all creation to make Uncle Samuel smack his lips. Americans in South America have learned that boa-constrictor soup is delicious, and in France and Belgium they find horse and even mule sausages the peer of frankfurters. When John Bull comes over here he learns that tomatoes are fit for kings and turnips as good for the master as for his cow. So with the widening march of commerce there has come an increasing itching to the tongue that can only be eased by the annual discovery or invention of new gastronomic delicacies.

Our legs are longer. The entire race has put on seven-league boots. We wake up in Boston, breakfast in New York, dine in Washington, and take tea in South Carolina. We cross the continent in five days and the Atlantic in six. You can breakfast in London and dine the next afternoon in Rome. A reporter has taken down a great speech in Chicago one evening and been in in time to describe a great opera at New York the next. Our grandmothers began the century at the pedals—of spinning wheels; their grand-

daughters are ending it at the pedals—of bicycles; and, with all the world awheel, distance is getting small indeed. Globe trotting is no longer a wonder, or even a fad—it is the recreation of the wisest; and every farthest cranny of the world is being explored by the men of the long legs.

Surely—with legs carrying him so far, with fingers that are in touch with all the race, with a tongue that tastes the fruits of the antipodes and speaks its entreaty or command to the uttermost parts of the earth, with a nose that smells to Mecca and every back alley of the world, with ears that hear all that is said from the world's end to the world's end, and with eyes that see everything in the earth and in the rocks and in the sea and in the heavens—man needs a well-stocked and well-trained brain if he is to prove himself the worthy master of such powers. A brain as great as the brain of our fathers is not sufficient. The brain of man must increase its grasp and power to direct as fast as the senses and the locomotive powers increase their reach. Unless it does so, man becomes as practically useless as the really brainless mathematical prodigy of whom we hear so often who can perform any number of such feats as telling you the number of seconds in your life the next instant after you have given him the date of your birth. Such abnormality is not intellect—it is as great a monstrosity as a calf's head above a human form would be. So, if we have the long ear or the long eye or the long tongue or the long fingers without the great brain to master them, we shall be mere prodigies, unless, indeed, we become worse; the long eye developing lust, the long ear scandal, the long tongue meddling, and the long fingers theft.

The Brain an Inheritor.

It must not be overlooked that we have jumped along with such mighty leaps in the discovery, invention, and application of these forces and contrivances that we have had

little time to develop the brains to manage them. They have played havoc with all the blessed old "ologies"—Geology, Biology, Anthropology, and all the list relating to the beginnings and development of the world have had to eat each other to continue standing. Philosophy has run a race with the Higher Criticism for the place of Cannibal-in-Chief at the festal board, and both are fat because they have eaten so much that was put forth to stand forever. Theology has not been unshaken, and the old truth comes forth in new clothes, from which a few of the old gores may be missing. The old books will no longer serve as teachers. I am looking in the eyes of a very youthful birthday, but I was taught much about a great American Desert. The theories concerning heat and light have been very materially changed since I was born, and there is many a point on which I would not dare trust my *Encyclopædia Britannica*, though it is the ninth edition. Thus brains have been having a hard time of it. Men have learned many things only to have the next edition of their text-book declare those things wrong and leave the learner in a fog.

But, hard or not, man must build up his brain if he hopes to utilize these vast forces for his own and his neighbors' good. He must learn how to use the weapons of to-day. Perfection in the use of those of yesterday will be but mockery. Heroes won with them then because they were up to the times, but heroes would die with them to-day because they are behind the times. Were the Continental Army to come on the field to-morrow with their old flintlocks, a single regiment armed with our Krag-Jorgensen rifles would stretch that noble army dead before it could rub its fire. The military tactics of Alexander would have won no victories for Napoleon, nor was the generalship of the Napoleonic wars the pattern followed by Grant and Von Moltke in winning the victories that gave them their

fame. The transmission of orders by lightning would have alone revolutionized the conduct of war; but when we add to that the Gatling and Maxim machine-guns, magazine rifles, and Krupp cannon throwing shells and solid shot twelve miles, it is easy to recognize that even the Artillery-man of Toulon would have been compelled to take a few more lessons. The way the fathers conducted business will not give success to-day. If it took a steady hand to drive a stage coach, it will surely take one more steady and more intelligently directed to drive our mile-a-minute rail travelers; nor is it to be expected that the methods of business that were successful in stage-coach days will answer the demands of these days of flying trains and instantaneous communication with the ends of the earth. When the mighty forces that are our pride were brought forth from their hiding places and harnessed to the car of thought and commerce new text-books became at once necessary to direct the enlarged activities of men.

Never before in the history of the race was there such need for well-developed minds as to-day, and never before were the rewards open to such minds so alluring. When it has been proved that the mind of man can express itself instantaneously and so as to be completely intelligible to other minds thousands of miles distant; that it can mechanically take an impression of spoken words and reproduce them after any period of time; that it can compute years in advance and accurately to a fraction of time the movements of suns and planets and comets millions of miles distant; that it can describe with absolute knowledge the composition of the stars, and through spectrum analysis tell the secrets of light that left its source ages before the dawn of our history; that it can take hold on the farthest reaches of the past and make them so vividly real that we behold worlds forming, time beginning, and man emerging from the Nowhere into the Here; that it dares

to climb up on to the knee of Divinity and ask, Why am I here? and bring back an answer that is the consolation and arousing hope of increasing millions; when it is proved that such are the possibilities open before every babe born into the world, and that, save for the few born so, none need be fools but those who choose to be—surely every man with a bit of such mind within him should be stirred to stretch himself and seek to measure the height and depth and length and breadth of this vast endowment.

There is vast encouragement for you in the fact that your being born within the bosom of civilization has given you a grand inheritance of mind. For you the world has not only been storing its treasures from the creation, but for you, also, man has been thinking, planning, and achieving from the day of his entrance into the world. You are the inheritors of all the social and intellectual progress of the race. That you start in life with a brain better equipped than that of the cave dweller of the early times or the Hottentot of the present you owe to the race of which you are born and a hundred generations of mind-enlarging ancestors. The marvelous accomplishments of modern civilization are not the creations of our day or generation. They do not declare any superior intellectual power on our part. "They are not the colossal products of individual minds among us, but they are the results of small accumulations of knowledge slowly and painfully made and added to by many minds through an indefinite number of generations in the past, every addition to this store of knowledge affording still greater facilities for further additions." * "One must rise into the mood that beholds the great moral task of humanity and that sees that every true word and every pure and brave life, whether remembered or forgotten, is a permanent contribution to the final victorious accomplishment of that task. The

* Kidd, *Social Evolution.*

nd."
Wordsworth.

he lived; his
offered to his

supreme question is not whether one is known as having part in the great enterprise, but whether one has in very truth a living influence in it. It is a sacred inducement to this high mood to recall the familiar fact that our civilization is largely the product of the forgotten. The farms of England are a delight to the eye; they are laid out with so much symmetry; the fences of hedge and stone are so fine; the face of the earth wears a cultured look, and exactness and neatness reign everywhere. To whom are Englishmen to-day indebted for bringing the primeval forest into this condition? To more than fifty generations of forgotten toilers. It is largely the magnificent gift to the present of dead and unremembered men. The face of their country they changed; they made it rich with fruitfulness and bright with enduring beauty. Their names have perished, but their work remains. The same holds true of the methods of business. The epochs in the changes of business, like those consequent upon the use of steam and electricity, are remembered; but the multitude of minor important changes are associated with no names. The business youth of to-day is the inheritor of a system of untold value, perfected by hosts of sagacious men working in concert, who have passed forever into oblivion. The ocean steamer of to-day is an evolution through gradual improvements from the canoe of the savage. The history gathered up in one of these masterpieces of naval architecture is singularly impressive. Every rib of steel, every bolt and spar, every rope in the rigging, every foot of construction from stem to stern, from keel to deck, and from deck to the pennant flying from the main royal mast, embodies the successive and accumulated inventions of uncounted generations of forgotten men of genius." *

Nor is it to be assumed that even those more striking and startling discoveries and inventions that have made

* Gordon, *The Christ of To-Day.*

the fame of a few were the product of their own skill and brain alone; that they were immensely above the common herd and widely separated from the average mind about them. Again and again it has been proved that these discoveries and inventions were rather the products of the time than of any one great mind. In the whole history of human progress rival claims have always been put forward, and usually with good ground, for the honor of being the first explorer in all these branching avenues of progress. Galileo and Copernicus had each contestants for the honors the world has awarded to them. Rival claims have been made for the discovery of the conservation of energy, the undulatory theory of light, the differential calculus, the method of spectrum analysis, the interpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, the evolution theory, and for the invention of the steam engine, the telegraph, the telephone, the transmission of sound without wires, and countless other wonders of our day. You will remember that, though widely separated, and working without any knowledge of the other, Adams and Leverrier arrived at the conclusions that led to the vision of Neptune almost simultaneously. It is almost a truism that no great idea is the product of a single mind.

When we look at the progress of the mind in religious thought we find the same rule holds true. The revelations of the Eternal Mind, whose purpose ripens with the years, seem to flow in mighty thought currents through the intellects of men. These currents ebb and flow as the human mind apprehends or fails to apprehend the purpose of the Eternal. In these vast currents the individual is in a measure submerged, yet now and then some mighty wave will sweep to its crest some champion of its thought, through whose voice the surging current will articulate itself, or by whose pen its new revelation will be made to the race. These thought currents are not produced by

man, but by God, and each current wears its channel through the thought of the age before the champion spreads his sails to be borne on by tide and wind. The sea of human thought was surging high; the foam-crested waves of independence in thought, in faith, and in duty tossed and tumbled. Like those phosphorescent masses that occasionally gleam on tropic seas, Wyclif, Savonarola, and Huss shone from some mountainous waves ; but by and by the waves massed themselves, and Luther, upborne by them, sent forth, with all the rolling thunder of the mighty deep, the voice of that surging current, and the shores of all the world felt the wash of the tremendous waves. So with Wesley. Surely, though with but a murmuring ripple, the current was rising that would sweep away the *débris* of the ages, tear formalism from its wharves, wash hate and infant damnation from the Decrees, and bear the reconstructed ship "Personal Witness" to every port of a needy world. Taylor and Law had already crowned the waves' tops; Wesley came not to force, but to be forced by that great current of divine thought which was descending like a cataract from the opened wind doors of God's storehouse of grace, and, like the Gulf Stream, quickening and kindling with revival fervor every theological creed washed by its warm waves. So in our age, with all the potential energy and measureless influence of that same Gulf Stream, there is surging through the intellect of the age a mighty current of divine thought which demands the immediate practical application of the teachings of Jesus Christ to the problems of the age. A current which would tear away selfishness from every Christian and force him with the compulsion of love to live as Christ lived nineteen centuries ago, and as the Holy Spirit will give power to live to-day. I think I know some of the men who are being used to express the wave-roaring of this mighty current; it is for the historian to write their names.

You see, then, that you are not alone. You are a part of a great whole. You are sharing with millions the secrets of the ages, and you may add not much, but yet add something, to the general store. To enjoy and to share you have a mind. The inconvenience of those who have labored before you you will never know. The secrets that they have divined and applied that you may have daily comfort and increased advantage you accept as a matter of course. It would be well for you to grow a little gratitude and prove it by sturdy labor to increase the inheritance of the next generation. My little girl ran to me a few months ago, exclaiming, "O, papa, I seen horses drawing a great, big car!" Electric cars were the ordinary to her—horse cars the wonder. And it is so with many of us regarding many things.

The Mind and the Truth.

What is mind? Mind is the interrogator of the universe. It is that within us that asks, Who, what, whence, am I? that asks of itself, What is mind? and if some one answers, "Gray matter," pins it with the query, What is matter? Mind is that within the man which thinks, reasons, wills, remembers, questions. It is that in man which differentiates him from the brutes; that indicates that he is beyond measure superior to the strongest, noblest, kingliest beast that treads any earthly field; infinitely more sublime than the loftiest soaring eagle or sweetest-toned songster. Mind is that possession of man that appears to give him an inherent right to fly to every sun in the universe and ask it, How came you here? Aye, that gives him the right, reverently yet majestically, to look into the face of the Creator of all things, and in just such tones as command an answer, ask: Who art thou? What is my relation to thee?

What is the mind for? First and always to put and

keep man in right relations with God and all about him. It is the hook by which man grapples the truth, both of his own being and of the Eternal Being, and its quest for truth is unending. But this only leads us to Pilate's question, though with a different sense to our query, What is truth? This is the nut that has unhinged many a philosophic nut-crack. This much, however, will not be gainsaid. Truth and reality represent the same thing; the terms serving a wise purpose in assisting us in our quest. Truth is reality in the mind. Reality is truth out of the mind. Reality is objective truth; truth is subjective reality. I behold a house or a sun; the house and sun are reality. I apprehend that it is a house or a sun, and I possess that much truth. Reality is the fact, truth the knowledge of the fact. Better, truth is the conformity of our knowledge to the things known. Truth is reality under the cover of our mind, and it is no easy task always for us to get reality under this cover. Remember truth is not the thing; it is our apprehension of the thing. Our failure to apprehend a thing does not make it any the less real. The sun and Niagara would be realities if there were not a mind in the world to apprehend their existence.

But all reality is in relation to mind. Objectively in relation to the divine mind, subjectively to the human mind. Mind cannot get out of reality what mind has not put into reality. Reality is thus a speechmaker for the Eternal, declaring what he has put into it. Our minds do not always hear or interpret the speech aright, and so we have error and not truth. The world is an expression of mind. The original elements of which it is composed were brought into harmonious relations with each other so that they make up rocks, water, soil, air, trees, animals, man, by the direction of mind. The amount of matter that composes the earth is fixed and definite. It can be expressed in pounds. From the beginning not a pound has been added or taken

away. You must account for its presence. It either determined its own existence, determining its own weight and method of composition, or it was determined by some power or cause outside of itself. If it determined itself to be, is the product of its own commands, then it is intelligent, for self-determination and self-action are the essential characteristics of mind. To account for the world thus demands a far greater draft on reason than to believe it to be the expression of the thought and power of an Infinite Mind; but in either case I have you. The world is an expression of mind. It is the object that may be apprehended by the mind and by its activity be converted into a subjective world. "The difference between the objective and the subjective globe will be that one will be thought and the other will be thing. But the same internal relations found in the objective globe will be preserved in the subjective, and the transcript of the globe that is held in thought will be truth in exact proportion as it corresponds to the material globe that rolls out of the mind. That an objective globe, which is a thing, may become a subjective globe, which is a thought and not a thing, implies that there is something in common between thoughts and things—that is, the mind, by its constitution, is capable of apprehending and taking into itself the constitution and relation of things. This is its capacity for truth, and shows that truth is not foreign to it, but one with itself!" *

If the world were not an expression of mind, man's mind would not be able to find truth in it. You can read something out of this book only because something was put into it. After long study students have deciphered the meaning of the Assyrian and Egyptian hieroglyphics, but all their study would not have got thought out of them if thought had not been put into them.

All reality, however, is not of things. There is a sense in

* Lee, *The Making of a Man.*

which reality applies to laws, relations, or events. These may be real, though never in the same sense that a thing is real. "Thus it appears that there may be different kinds of reality. There may be a reality of the feelings, thoughts, relations, and events as well as of things. It is important to keep this distinction in mind, and to remember the kind of reality which is possible to a given object of thought. The reality of feeling is in being felt; that of thought, in being thought; that of an event, in its oncomings; that of law, in its rulings." *

There is a realm of truth—that is, of reality. The human mind is not the creator of truth; it is but its discoverer. By the right use of this crowning endowment, his intellectual faculties, man may find out, in some measure at least, what is and what is not reality, what may and what may not be predicated of it. With his mind man may grasp the truth as his eye grasps the light, his ear sound. For his mind the truth exists as truly as the sun for his eyes. To determine what is truth has been the effort of the ages, remains the struggle of to-day, and will, no doubt, continue to engage the intellectual might of man for all time, if not for all eternity. That the mind craves for truth, that it longs for knowledge as the appetite longs for food, that the truth is its polestar, is proved by nothing more clearly than the intense joy and exquisite gratification which it experiences when it has arrived at some fair understanding of a problem to which it has applied itself.

"The pursuit of truth, in the effort to acquire knowledge of all reality to the extent to which such knowledge is attainable, has been regarded by the wise and good of all ages as the noblest employment of the faculties of man. Thus it is that he, at the same time, attains his own highest personal perfection of power and character, and most completely subjugates all environments in nature and all

* Bowne, *Studies in Theism.*

possibilities of every kind to his present use and permanent advancement; thus, also, he most honors and best qualifies himself to serve the great Being whose image he alone, of all terrestrial creatures, is permitted to bear. To this end his faculties were bestowed. By this means only can the true ends of his existence be realized. To him permanent error is deformity and avoidable ignorance is sin. The capacity to acquire knowledge, and the importance of its attainment to personal worthiness and enlarged usefulness and happiness, make its pursuit not only the noblest occupation, but the highest privilege and most absolute and immutable duty. Among all the other duties arising from our complex and multiform relations, whether to our Creator or our fellows, there is not one of which this is not a complement. It heightens and gives dignity, significance, and completeness to all the rest. Knowledge imparts worthiness to love, dignity to integrity, grace to honor, beauty to meekness, comeliness to faith, and sheen and glory to all the virtues; it honors worship, adorns faith, and enriches the everyday conduct of life with the beauty of wisdom and consistency; it gives weight and force to the influence of example and character. He who enlarges the sphere of knowledge by a better apprehension of truth and clearer statement of it, or corrects error, or removes doubt or uncertainty by making more plain what was obscure, or in any way, on any subject, and especially the important problems of life, contributes to the cure of ignorance and establishment of truth, helps forward the race, and is a true benefactor of mankind. The good he does adds to the real wealth of the world and is immortal. Progress toward the ideal is simply progress in the knowledge and practical application of the truth. Truth is the great evangel; the struggle of the ages has been to acquire it. Our Lord assumed to himself no higher title than that he was the Truth. It is the mighty lever by which the

world is to be lifted into its millennium of peace and blessedness. No difference what goes if truth comes. Blessed are they who unveil the mysteries of nature and put the race in possession of her hidden wonders, every opened secret of which is a revelation of the Infinite Author and a ministry of beneficence to her children! Blessed are they who guide to the discovery of those ineffable laws which underlie and pervade the universal system, putting us in possession of the philosophy of all material and mental movement! Thrice blessed those who unfold the deeper moral significance of our human life, and aid to clearer apprehension of the divine thought and purpose concerning our own spiritual duty and destiny; who purge religion of superstition, and the holy doctrines of revelation of the imperfect meanings which incompetence and human rashness have woven about them, and lift into clearer light those majestic truths which alone can ultimately bring us to our highest destiny! Blessed are all the workers in all fields who hasten the millennium of the hallowed reign of Him who is the Truth!" *

The Quest of Truth.

"In the quest for truth how shall I proceed?" Would that I could tell you. Then would there be none too great to do me reverence. The race of truth seekers is divided into two great companies, each of which, of course, believes it is traveling along the best road. Whichever company you travel with you must expect to have sore feet before your quest is rewarded. You will never become wise by accident. Some get rich that way, but wise never. The truth costs both to gain and to maintain.

One of those companies will accept nothing that is not either self-evident or demonstrated. They will admit nothing that can be doubted. Descartes is their captain.

* Bishop Foster, *Prolegomena.*

He, the heir of all the intellectual accumulations of the ages, determined to summon all belief to the bar of his reason and force it to show cause for its existence. If his mind could bring a doubt against any belief, it was to be cast out. He began with the idea of God. Of course he could doubt it, and lo! there was no God. Next came the world; it, too, was doubted, ejected from belief, and world there was none. Man was next brought to the bar, doubted, and condemned. So it fared with mind and all the beliefs it had treasured. What was left? Little, you would think, on which to build up a huge system of philosophy. Descartes was now without God, the world, man, mind, and in a measure without himself. All were gone; all that remained of his former treasury of facts *was the fact that he doubted.* He could not doubt without thinking. To doubt was to think, and to think required a thinker. Who was he? The most reasonable answer was that the thinker was his own personal being himself. So he gained his next fact. "I think; therefore I am." But he was not always; he had a beginning. He was compelled to think of a Being who had caused him. He continued farther; the Being that caused him must himself be uncaused. Aye, that Being must be perfect. "How could I doubt or desire, how could I be conscious of anything as I want, how could I know that I am not altogether perfect, if I had not in me the idea of a Being more perfect than myself, by comparison with whom I recognize the defects of my own existence?"* Still more, there could be no uncaused first cause without an effect; creation, then, was the effect of the first great cause. Thus Descartes hewed for himself a way from doubt to faith, and was able rationally to believe in the existence of himself, the world, and God as the cause of all. And his philosophy was a gospel of cheer to many.

* *Meditatio tertia.*

The other company proceed on a pleasanter and we believe more speedy train. Instead of doubting everything that can be doubted, they doubt nothing until they are compelled to doubt. They grant that everything is what it reports itself until some reason for doubting the accuracy of the report appears. As in society we get on better by assuming that men are truthful than we should if we assumed that every man was a liar until he had proved the contrary, so in the quest for truth it is believed that more progress will be made if we assume the truthfulness of the universe and of our own nature than we should if we doubted both.

Following this latter method, let me attempt to give you just a little start in the use of your mind in the quest of truth. The first object which attracts the thought of men is the visible universe. It is not only a marvel of animate and inanimate form, but a thing of surpassing beauty and reveals an adaptation to useful ends that compels the highest admiration. Century upon century of minute observation has only enhanced the wonder of it all. How came this world to be? The complexity and constant change of the universe, as well as its harmony and order, will not let our reason be satisfied with the idea that it is self-existent. Its every movement seems to declare that it is derived. But from what? We consider how we as men produce our best work, and we find that in every case that the thing produced existed first as a thought in our mind before it took shape outside of our mind in an objective reality. In many cases, of course, that thought was gradually developed, as the successive sketches preparatory to the production of a great painting, before the thought was objectively realized. The great Ferris Wheel rose complete and revolved in the mind of its inventor before a single bar of the steel of which it was composed was forged or a bolt riveted. Had it not worked in the mind

of a man it would never have worked on the Midway. So it is of all great works of men; they are the result of patient thought and untiring labor, and our admiration of the thing produced always carries with it admiration for the mind that produced it, for we realize that the producer is greater than the product.

Now, with this idea grasped, we turn to the universe and ask if it is an exception to this generalization? Is this universe, that for complexity yet symmetry never fails to surprise us, the product of intelligence, the realization of a subjective thought, or is it but the result of the operation of blind chance and unconscious and unmastered forces? Does the universe reveal an artificer as much greater than itself as man is greater than his grandest product, or is it senseless and chaotic? To this question the reason of man will permit but one reply. The universe bears witness to the existence of an infinite Architect, and all nature reveals the splendor of his thought. The heavens declare the existence of an infinite Mind, and the firmament maketh known the majesty of his operations.

Were a few millions of independent and self-subsisting atoms, each acting without any attraction or concert with the other, to arrange themselves in fonts of printer's type, and then, unguided by any intelligent power and without plan, stirred, say, by the wind, to arrange themselves in such forms as to become Butler's *Analogy*, Dante's *Inferno*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, or Shakespeare's "Hamlet," and then a few more millions of such atoms prepare paper, ink, press, and binding, and send them forth to the world, it would be less marvelous than that the sixty odd original elements out of which all things in nature are formed should come together in such quantity and quality as to form either one world or the universe. To believe that these atoms could take form in matchless prose or immortal verse without the direction of mind is less irrational than to suppose that

these sixty odd elements took form in mountains, seas, worlds, and suns, perfectly adjusted one to the other, without the direction of a determining, coordinating Mind.

The universe being the expression of the thought and power and skill of an infinite Mind, who is its Creator and Ruler, there is opened up to the seeker of truth the whole range of questions beginning with such queries as: What is the nature of God? What are his methods of world-forming and world government? What is the purpose of the universe? How are its forces conserved? And having found ourselves as a part of this universe, we head another list: What is man? What is his relation to the world, the universe, to the Creator?

To all these questions there is an answer. That answer is the truth, and to gain that truth, or so much of it as shall fit him to perform to best advantage his part in the working of the universe, man has been endowed with mind. Truth is the complement of mind, as light is the complement of the eye and sound the complement of the ear. To gain this truth man should put forth all the energies of his mind. He will not find it all, but he will find enough to lead him out of the fog into the light. He will be able to read many of the secrets of the universe and will rise to the high altitude where he may think after him the very thoughts of the Eternal. Here are two rules which I think will aid every seeker in his quest: "Whatever the mind demands for the satisfaction of its subjective interests and tendencies may be assumed to be real in default of positive disproof. . . . To adjust ourselves to the universe, and the universe to ourselves, so that each shall correspond to the other, is the implicit aim of mental development; and the law which the mind implicitly follows is this: Whatever our total nature calls for may be assumed as real in default of positive disproof."*

* Bowne, *Philosophy of Theism.*

Dr. Beet has pointed out very aptly one of the divinely provided rewards that follow this quest for truth: "While we contemplate the beauty of the universe and study the wonderful adaptation of its parts, their exhaustless variety, and their profound unity, the eye which contemplates gains immensely in clearness and penetration and width of view. The visible world is a great lesson book spread out before us. And the lessons it teaches *develop the intelligence* that learns them, and thus gives to human life ever-increasing pleasure and worth. So wonderful and important is this development that it cannot be accidental. The value of the lesson reveals the presence of a Teacher infinitely wise. Man's own thoughts about nature suggest irresistibly that nature itself is a realization of still higher thought. In other words, the effect of nature on man's intelligence proves that the Author of nature is himself intelligent."*

Why Start with God?

We will not at this stage of our study consider the quest of mind for moral truth. I have put before you the thought of God—the Intelligent First Cause of the Universe—as a starting point in your intellectual development through the quest of truth, because such a starting point is necessary if you are to arrive at any satisfactory or adequate conclusions. You must start right if you are to end right. Fog will only strain your eyes. It will never give you a clear vision. You must have a right conception of the cause of things or you will not be able to form a right conception of the issue of things. All the wonders of the universe are open to the reading of your mind, but it will not be intelligible to you unless you read it with the conviction that it is the revelation of an Intelligent Creator. With your mind you may delve in the lowest strata of the

* *Through Christ to God.*

rocks and bid them tell you how they were formed and explain to you the composition of their myriad gems; you may put all the life in the world under your microscope and trace the biological march of every species; you may find man climbing down from the tree, and trace him all the way into the palace that he rears; you may study the ills of man and the medicinal properties of herbs, minerals, and air, and ask the why of their correspondence; you may weigh the words that issue from the lips of men of every tribe on this terrestrial ball, and seek to explain the rise of language; you may study the history of all nations and try to fathom the philosophy of human progress; you may change your idea of heat and usher in the age of the steam engine, with its speedy methods of transportation by railroad and steamship; you may harness the unexplainable and corner the market by telegraph, order your dinner by telephone, change the policy of nations by cablegram, and make the night as bright as day; you may number and name the stars, and analyze the stuff of which they are formed, but you will reach no rational conclusions and gain no satisfying answers to the million and one questions which these studies will arouse unless you begin and continue your search with a clear conception of an Immanent and Intelligent First Cause illuminating your mind. Atheism is darkness; it is blindness, for it destroys its own eyes. It may talk of "reason," and "progress," and "science," and have a whole list of fine phrases—for so completely immersed is it in its own folly and ditched by its own lack of sight that it seems all unconscious that adhesion to its own tenets makes all these impossible.

The truth is in the world for you to win, but to find it you must find God. Be careful, young inquirer, if you seek the truth, to get on the right train. Be not puffed up. Wisdom is humble. Knowledge increases a man's vision—never the size of his head. Chancellor Day tells of a

freshman who was noticed parading the campus with his arms outstretched from his body, palms upward, and fingers working as in the act of scratching. Asked by one attracted by his antics what he was doing, the greater-than-ever-before replied, "*Scratching my head.*" Said the chancellor, shaking his closed hand—which, be it said for the benefit of the freshman, is a very good-sized one—"In three months you could have put it all in there." Aye, young man, when you have studied for fifty years you will begin to realize what a fool you are and continue to be.

You are called to face many and mighty problems in every avenue of life's activity. It will take rare intellectual acumen to settle these questions right. It will take rare intellectual serenity to face them with the candor that will command a just solution. You will need the assistance of divine intelligence if you achieve success. You cannot get along without God.

As an additional spur to prompt you to find God and start right in your pursuit of truth, if you would face life from the right view-point, let me put before you a few extracts from the terrible description of atheism painted by Theodore Parker, who is certainly not to be charged with any lack of sympathy for all liberal views. The whole picture is worth your study, but space will permit but a few limnings to be reproduced, and these I will take from the study of everyday life:

"I am a brave man, and my country needs me to repel the Spanish armada, or to keep imperial Nicholas or Francis, or papal Pius the Ninth, or the little-hearted President Napoleon from kidnapping my liberty. I go out to do battle, and I come home scarred all over with heroism—half my limbs hewed off, aching at every pore. Or I die on the spot—I carry no heroism, no manhood with me; I am a heap of dust which other dust will soon cover; but the manhood which once enchanted this dust with valiant

life is put out and quenched forever; it is all gone—it is nothing. My brother in that time of peril was a coward, and when war blew the trumpet and his country called on him he crept under the oven. When all was over and quiet is restored he comes out with a whole skin, and over my unburied bones he marches into peace and carousing, and says, 'A pretty fool was this man to lay down his life for me and get nothing for it!' And the atheist says, 'He is right.' . . .

"I lay in the ground one, the dearest to me; some only daughter—her life but a bud, not a blossom; yet, mere bud as it is, the better part of my life. In the agony of my heart I flee to my atheist for comfort; and he cannot give me a drop of water from the tip of his finger, while I am tormented in that unutterable grief. 'A worm,' says he, 'has eaten up your rosebud. Get what comfort you can. This is the last spring day; no leaf will be green again for you.' . . .

"Look on the aspect of human misery, the outrage, blood, and wrong which the earth groans under. Here is the wife of a drunkard, whose marriage life is a perpetual violation. She married for love a man who once loved her; but the mayor and the aldermen of the city insisted that he should be made a beast. A beast, did I say? Ye four-footed and creeping things of the earth, I beg your pardon! Even the swine is sober in his sty. The mayor and aldermen of the city made this man a drunkard; and the poor wife watches over him, cleanses his garments, wipes off the foulness of his debauch, and stitches her life into the garments which some wealthy tailor will sell—giving her for wages the tenth part of his own profit—and which some dandy will wear—thanking the 'gods of dandies' that he is not like that poor woman, so ill-clad and industrious. She will stitch her life into the garments, working at starvation wages, and yet will pay the fines to keep the street

drunkard out of the house of correction, where the city government hides the bodies of the men it slays. She toils till at length the silver cord of life has got loosed, and the golden bowl begins to break. She goes to my atheist and asks: 'What comes of all this? Am I to have any compensation for my suffering?' And the atheist says: 'Nothing comes of it; there is no compensation. You are a fool. You might better have got a license from the mayor and the aldermen to prey on other men's wives about you; then you might have had wealth and ease and respectability. You ought to drink blood and not shed your own.' . . .

"The iron grip of kings chokes the throat of the people. Every empire is girded at the loins with an iron belt of soldiers, which eats into the nation's flesh. Siberia fattens with freedom's noble dead, and in America three millions of men drag out a life in chains, bought as cattle, sold as cattle, counted as cattle, only not prayed for in the Christian churches as cattle are; and the little commissioner who kidnaps at Boston, and the great stealers of men who enact the statutes which make American women into marketable things, are honored in all the 'Christian' churches of the land. . . . Cry out, blood of Abel! there is no ear to hear you. Victims of nobleness, rot in your blood! it will enrich the ground. Ye saints—Catherine, Andrew, Sebastian, Lawrence, Paul, Jesus—bear your rack and gibbet as best your bodies may! Kossuth, stoop to Francis the Stupid! Ye patriots of France, kneel to Napoleon the Little, and be jolly in the Sodom which he makes. Ye that groan in the dungeons of the world, who starve in its fertile soils, who wear chains in free America—yield to the Jeffries, the Haynaus, the slave hunters, and the priests! for there is a body without a soul, an earth without a heaven, a world without a God. Atheism is the theory of the universe; and there is no God, no cause, no mind, no Providence,

"I am not a sad man. Spite of the experience of life, somewhat bitter, I am cheerful, and a joyous and happy man. But take away my consciousness of God; let me believe there is no infinite God; no infinite mind which thought the world into existence, and thinks it into continuance; no infinite conscience which everlastingly enacts the eternal laws of the universe; no infinite affection which loves the world; loves Abel and Cain; loves the drunkard's wife and the drunkard; the mayors and the aldermen who made the drunkard; which loves the victim of the tyrant and loves the tyrant; loves the slave and his master; loves the murdered and the murderer; the fugitive and the kidnapper publicly gripping his price of blood—the third part of Iscariot's pay—and then secretly taking his anonymous revenge, stealthily calumniating some friend of humanity; convince me that there is no God who watches over the nation, but 'forsaken Israel wanders alone;' that the sad people of Europe, Africa, America, have no guardian—then I should be sadder than Egyptian night! My life would be only a shadow of a dimple on the bottom of a little brook—whirling and passing away; all the joy I have in the daily business of the world, in literature and science and art, in the friendships and wide philanthropies of the time, would perish at once—borne down in the rush of waters and lost in their headlong noise. Yes, I should die in uncontrollable anguish and despair." *

"'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.' He repeats it until he makes himself believe it. Putting out his eyes, he ceases to be able to see. That which to all others is open as day, to him is closed as by the darkest night. Meantime all that have being publish their Maker. There is not an atom that is not vocal with his praise—the minutest grain equally with the mightiest orb, the microscopic cell no less than the most elaborate organ-

* *Sermons on Theism.*

ism. Creation, from base to finial, from center to circumference, throughout all its realms, joins in the ceaseless pæan, swelling in cadences which fill immensity and will break forever along the shores of eternity, declarative of his power and glory. And if these dumb things testify to him, what shall be said of the angelic hosts who forever stand before him and behold the splendor of his effulgence and commune with the unfolding wonders of his thought and love? Well may they sing, 'Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints.'" *

"Of all these ideals that rule our life theism is the sum and source. The cognitive ideal of the universe, as a manifestation of the Supreme Reason, leads to theism. The moral ideal of the universe, as the manifestation of the Supreme Righteousness, leads to theism. The practical ideal of a 'far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves' leads to theism. In short, while theism is demonstrated by nothing, it is implicit in everything. It cannot be proved without begging the question, or denied without ending in absurdity." † Start, then, all ye who would search for truth with the first words of the creed graven deep within thy mind: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth."

Will Power.

Let us now consider some of the ways and means for the nurture and development of the intellectual faculties with which we are endowed, and first of all we may well place will power.

"There are three kinds of people in the world," says some one, "the wills, the won'ts, and the can'ts. The first accomplish everything; the second oppose everything; the third fail in everything."

* Bishop Foster, *Theism.* † Bowne, *Philosophy of Theism.*

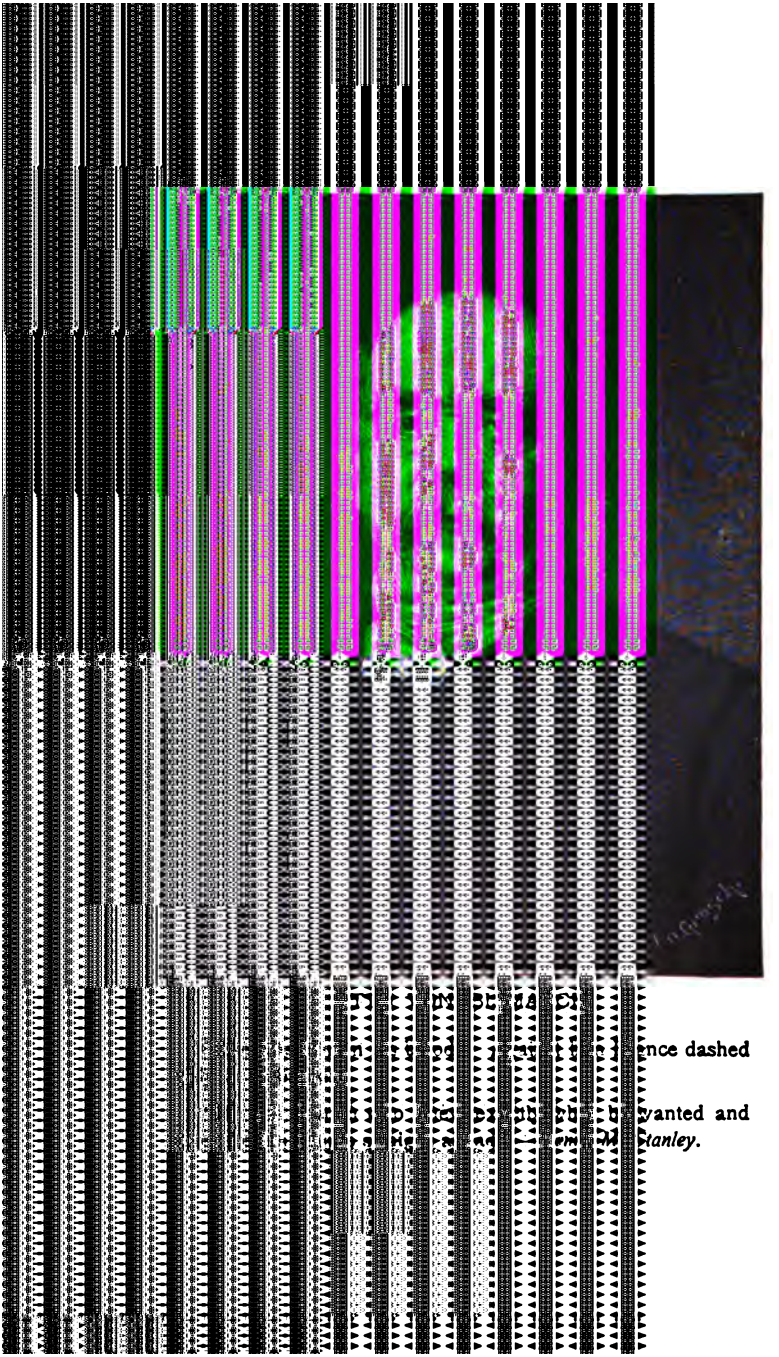
The world will always have room for the man who accomplishes things. After the battle at Shiloh, in which so many Northern men were killed, and in a war that was to be "just a picnic," that the whole North got frightened and called for the dismissal of Grant, Lincoln listened one night until one o'clock to Congressmen and Senators and officers who pleaded for his removal, and then answered: "I can't spare this man. *He fights!*" Victory may not always be in sight, but stick to your guns. "Don't give up the ship" because the enemies press or a squall blows. Grant himself said of Shiloh, "I thought I was going to fail, but I kept right on." That's it. Keeping at it wins the day. Shiloh became a victory because Grant, like Napoleon at Marengo, refused to stay defeated.

The crest of an ancient house is a pickaxe with the motto, "I will find a way or make one." That is the sign-manual of success, the motto of conquerors. Pick your way to glory. You must go to the Klondike; it will not come to you. You must have a will that dares to look death in the face and not flinch; that presses on into the very heart of the ice; that has the grit to lift out of the way the frozen skeletons of those who impede the trail, and with firmer clinched lips trudge on; that falters not, though a thousand freeze on the right hand and the left; that keeps eyes to the front when the last scrap has been swallowed, and either success or starvation must be reached before sundown. The dauntless will is the master of circumstances and the architect of fate. All things are compelled to yield before it. It may not win all the triumphs which it decrees for itself, but it will lift its possessor immensely higher than the common, will-less, vacillating herd. It may not fully dominate the world; it may not continue forever to play with Europe as a toy; it may find its Waterloo, but no Corsica will be able to contain it, and no France feel alone its prowess. The man who wills to rise

will find a way to stand, like the son of Kish, head and shoulders above the mob.

"The longer I live," said Sir Thomas Buxton, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, an honest purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. This will do anything in the world, and no talents, no circumstances, will make a two-legged creature a man without it." The road to success is strewn thick with the wrecks of men of great brain, large heart, brilliant talent, fine physique, gentlemanly manners, "hail fellows well met," who have continually lagged behind for want of a sturdy will, an unshakable purpose, an undauntable courage. It is not the brains a man has, but the use he makes of them that counts in the long run. Many men of marvelous mental acquirements have shriveled themselves away in their intellectual miserliness. Dying in oblivion because they had not sufficient will power to exert themselves to share with the race their treasures. Lack of will accounts, also, for the disappointment caused by many whose early promise gave the world the right to expect much from them. They rested on their laurels or became the slaves of their lower nature and robbed themselves and the world of their best labor. The deplorable ending to the lives of many men of genius is all traceable to their lack of will power. Burns declared that if a keg of rum were placed in one corner of the room and a loaded cannon made ready to fire upon him if he approached it, he must go for the rum. It was just this slavery resulting from a lack of will that sullied the fame of Alexander, Sheridan, Lamb, Byron, Poe, and a host of others.

Mediocrity often makes a name for itself by the resoluteness of its will and persistency of its endeavor. Difficulties before which cleverness quails, talent trembles, and genius



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falters vanish when the man of the iron will strides toward them. Yankees have won their way so surprisingly in the world not because they know so much more than other folks, but because they never let on that they know that they are beat. "We're beat! We're beat!" yelled a soldier at Antietim, as part of a charging column came reeling back. "Shut your mouth, you baby!" cried his comrade; "never say we're beat, till you're beat yourself." Some one has said that if you should drop a Yankee on a desolate island in the Pacific and leave him his knife, he would get home as soon or sooner than the ship that left him there. "Put him in anywhere, and he will get out if he wants to; put him out anywhere, and he will get in if he wants to."

Emerson declared that he had "a half belief that the person is possible who can counterpoise all other persons. We believe that there may be a man *who is a match for events*—one who never found his match; against whom other men being dashed are broken; one who can give you any odds and beat you." Bulwer put it: "There is so much power in faith, even when faith is applied to things human and earthly, that let a man be but firmly persuaded that he is born to do some day what at the moment seems impossible, and it is fifty to one but what he does it before he dies." "When a firm, decisive spirit is recognized," said John Foster, "it is curious to see how the space clears around a man and leaves him room and freedom."

A resolute purpose knitteth the knees, and the firm tread nourish decision.—*Tupper.*

The man of the iron will is the master of his body. It is startling to note the vast control the will has over this mass of flesh and blood we call our body. Of course it is possible to carry the demands of the will upon the body too far. A piece of steel will bear only a given amount of strain; beyond that limit it will snap. So with our body. It can

and often does endure a terrible and prolonged strain, but at length the limit is reached, and the silver cord breaks. But for everyone who by the command of his will pushes his body too far a score crawl through life or lie down and gasp away their days in misery, when the exercise of the power of their will would have wrought for them comfort, if not health itself.

"What, die! and leave a family of little children?" cried Douglass Jerrold, when his physician told him to prepare for death. "*I won't die!*" And he didn't for many a year. Aaron Burr threw aside a wasting fever with the bedclothes when the call came to him to join the expedition against Quebec. Wolfe, all his life a sick man and now stretched on his cot with a fever, wrote home five days before the storming of Quebec, "My constitution is entirely ruined, and that without prospect of rendering any service to the state." But in five days he jumped from that cot to carve his name on the scroll of fame. Torstenson, the great general of the Thirty Years' War, was usually carried about in a litter, so great was his bodily suffering from gout, yet the rapidity of his movements rivaled those of Napoleon and mightily discomfited his enemies. Muley Moluc, the Moor, was looking into the eyes of death from an incurable disease when his army was nearly destroyed by the Portuguese. Jumping from his litter to a horse at the very crisis of the battle, the man with the death rattle in his throat and the death sweat upon his face rallied his army and routed his foes and died with the victors' praise in his ears. The captured Texans of the Santa Fé Expedition were nearly dead from the fatigue and exhaustion of hard fighting and long marches, yet when they were told that any who proved unable to walk would be shot, every man of them contrived to keep moving all the day. "The thought of my father, who could not have sustained such a blow as my

death, restrained me, and I commanded myself to live," said Seneca, explaining his recovery from a sickness that for weeks had seemed to be the messenger of death. For forty years Darwin never knew a day of health, yet all through those years he persisted in his studies, and after twenty years of toil sent forth his *Origin of Species*, and after thirty years his *Descent of Man*. "*It's dogged that does it!*" was his favorite motto. He would almost apologize for his patience, saying that he could not bear to be beaten. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, for twenty years seemed to be playing hide and seek with death. He was born so frail that had the old laws of the Greeks been obeyed, he would have been quietly strangled as not giving promise of enough life to preserve. Death seemed to gather him to itself piecemeal. Pint by pint it took his blood by terrible hemorrhages; ounce by ounce it took his flesh by consumption; once it got greedy and took a foot all at once by amputation; yet again and again its face was slapped by his imperious will. As if to taunt it, Wilson would not only do his own work, but when some will-less professor had a headache or a bunion he would get up out of his bed and take his work and electrify his students. The world hardly affords a more complete illustration of the power of an indomitable will to keep a man alive and do a man's work. George Douglass, the Canadian theologian, was for many years blind and paralyzed, yet he labored on as the head of a great seminary. Led before an audience and resting one half-disabled arm upon a table, he would part the lips that were drawn out of shape by his terrible sufferings and pour forth such perfect torrents of oratory as would sweep that audience to its feet and hold them there spellbound until his message was delivered. Almost endlessly might this record be continued, for it includes Sydney Smith, Prescott, Parkman, Cavanagh, William III, Fawcett, and a host of others.

It is the might of the will that decrees the might of the sword. Great commanders have ever been men of great will power. What but an iron will nerved Cæsar to cross the Rubicon? or Napoleon to fight the second battle after the defeat at Marengo? or Nelson to snatch victory from defeat at Copenhagen? or Wellington to stand the terrible pounding of the morning of Waterloo? or Lawrence to endure that horrible siege at Lucknow? or Cardigan to lead the noble six hundred in and out of the jaws of hell at Balaklava? or Grant to press on through the increasing horrors of those seven fearful days in the Wilderness? or Farragut lashed to the shrouds to force his way up Mobile Bay? or Lee to withstand the siege of Petersburg? or Gordon to die at his post at Khartoom? It was not skill, nor numbers, nor might, nor bravery so much as it was the unconquerable will of the commanders that has enriched the history of the race with these supreme expressions of the omnipotence of the will of iron. The vocabularies of such men contain no such word as "defeat." They laugh at the impossible and perform the miraculous. "I will trample upon impossibilities!" exclaimed the elder Pitt. "Impossible!" roared Mirabeau, "talk not to me of that blockhead of a word!" "There shall be no Alps!" thundered Napoleon when his engineers told him those giant peaks stood in the way of his armies. And the Alps were made as naught by the military road over the Simplon pass. "Impossible," said he, "is a word to be found only in the dictionary of fools." Get it out of yours.

"I can't! it's impossible!" said an officer to Alexander in reporting his failure to take a strong fortress. "Begone!" cried the Macedonian; "there is nothing impossible to him who will try." At the front of the defeated column he placed himself and led them into the fortress. Hannibal was the indomitable of the ancient world. His invasion of Italy was at once the march of a discoverer

and a soldier, and with the passage of the Rhone and the Alps mark him as the greatest military genius of the world's history. His long occupation of Italy when unsupported by Carthage, and the tireless zeal with which he studied to arouse the world against Rome, all manifest the dauntless energy of his will. "Difficulties only make my feet go deeper into the ground," said Napier, the hero of Meeanee. In this battle with 400 Britons and 1,600 Sepoys he fought an army of 32,000 well-armed Belooches. For three hours the battle waged, Napier in the very front; for, said he, "the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work." Of course, led by such a man, victory was assured. The will of Wellington nerved the will of every soldier in the ranks. At Waterloo the British army stood up for eight long hours against the deadliest cannonade that Napoleon ever ordered. Column after column was shot down. Once the entire side of a square was literally blown away by a volley of grape. "File up! File up!" was the one sullen command that ran along the line as thousands fell, and every man as a hero silently stepped forward to the gaps. At length the crisis came, the order to charge was given, and those who had stood like statues under the hail of hell sprang forward with a will, and Napoleon "embarrassed God" no more.

It takes will to make an orator. Great speeches are not accidents. Great speakers have always had to battle with themselves to get their well-considered ideas out of them. "It is in me and must come out of me," said Sheridan after his failure in his first speech in Parliament. And he willed himself to the line repeatedly until it did come out; and he it was who made the speech against Warren Hastings that Fox declared the best speech ever made in the British Commons. "All the great speakers were bad speakers first," said Emerson. "Stumping it through England for seven years made Cobden a consummate debater. Stumping it

through New England for twice seven years trained Wendell Phillips." "Eloquence must have been born with you," said a friend to J. P. Curran. "Indeed, it was not," replied the Irish orator; "it was born some three and twenty years after me. When I first rose to speak I trembled through every fiber; but remembering that in this I was but imitating Tully, I took courage and had actually proceeded almost as far as 'Mr. Chairman,' when, to my astonishment, I perceived that every eye was on me. There were only six or seven present, and the room could not have contained as many more; yet was it, to my panic-stricken imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb. My friends cried, 'Hear, hear!' but there was nothing to hear."

"The time will come when you will hear me," cried Disraeli, amid the jeers that followed his first speech; and it did, the hated Jew wringing by the determination of his mighty will even the premiership out of the party that had hissed him. Savonarola broke down in his first sermon, yet willed himself into preaching to the walls of his cell and to the children he met until he gained him that witchery of language that made him the prophet of Italy, under whose messages popes trembled. "I am in earnest. I will not equivocate. I will not excuse. I will be as uncompromising as truth. I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." He was; and the slaves were freed, and the world remembers William Lloyd Garrison.

Nothing succeeds like tenacity; and it takes a strong will to hold your nose to the grindstone. The cross on an Italian church spire was being fitted to its place. The workman could not reach quite high enough to pour in the lead to set it, so he hailed a lad from the street and besought his aid. Holding the lad above him, with only a

step between them both and death, the hot lead was poured in and the cross set; then the workman drew the boy back to safety, and slipped down to the scaffold to die. The boy, in his fear and haste, had dropped much of the hot lead upon the breast of the man, and though it was burning its way to his heart, the hero uttered no outcry lest it should startle the boy and hurl him to his death. Such is the heroic will which conquers though it dies.

"What can you do with a man who has an invincible purpose in him, who never knows when he is beaten, and who, when his legs are shot off, will fight on his stumps? Difficulties and opposition do not daunt him. He thrives upon persecution; it only stimulates him to more determined endeavor. Give a man the alphabet and an iron will, and who shall place bounds to his achievements? Imprison a Galileo for his discoveries in science, and he will experiment with the straw in his cell. Deprive Euler of his eyesight, and he but studies harder upon mental problems, thus developing marvelous powers of mathematical calculation. Lock up the poor Bedford tinker in the jail, and he will write the finest allegory in the world, or will leave his imperishable thoughts upon the walls of his cell. Burn the body of Wyclif, and throw the ashes into the Severn, but they will be swept to the ocean, which will carry them, permeated with his principles, to all lands. *The world always listens to a man with a will in him.* You might as well snub the sun as such men as Bismarck and Grant." *

"Were I called upon to express in a word the secret of so many failures among those who started out in life with high hopes, I should say unhesitatingly they lacked will power. They could not half will. What is a man without a will? He is like an engine without steam—a mere sport of chance, to be tossed about hither and thither, always at

* Marden, *Pushing to the Front.*

the mercy of those who have wills. I should call the strength of will the test of a young man's possibilities. Can he will strong enough and hold whatever he undertakes with an iron grip? It is the iron grip that takes the strong hold on life. What chance is there in this crowding, pushing, selfish, greedy world, where everything is pusher and pushed, for a young man with no will, no grip on life? 'The truest wisdom,' said Napoleon, 'is a resolute determination.' An iron will without principle might produce a Napoleon; but with character it would make a Wellington or a Grant, untarnished by ambition or avarice.

> "'The undivided will
> 'Tis that compels the elements and wrings
> A human music from the indifferent air.'" *

The Crown of Self-mastery.

You have heard of the patience of Job—it is very likely you would never have heard of the princely patriarch were it not for his patience. If, obedient to his wife, he had impatiently cursed God and died, the world would have been robbed of his matchless example, the philosophy of life of its basal treatise, and literature of its first, and one is almost ready to say its continuing, masterpiece. Patience is the Godlike virtue. Nothing tests a man like waiting. The army of the reserve, standing with open eyes to behold the carnage of the battle—made more evident to them by the ghastly burdens borne past them to the rear on the blood-soaked stretchers—their ears open to the shriek of every shell and the spiteful hissing of man-seeking bullets, their hearts torn by the alternate rushes of fear and hope, their brains imagining now the forward rush into the arms of death, and then the morrow in the distant home when the fateful news is read beside the longed-for fireside—these men, though they only stand

* Marden, *Architects of Fate.*

and wait, are as heroic as those who press the battle to the heights and come back with the banners of the vanquished. To wait is to endure, and to him that endureth comes the crown.

Will power will find a way or make one, but only time and travel will make the way a smooth one. The found or made way is not success, but the road to it—and weary, thorny, heart-breaking, mind-racking, muscle-aching, patience-trying will be the march over the way. "There shall be no Alps!" exclaimed Napoleon; but saying so did not fit wings to his army and waft them over; but weary, fatiguing days and nights of climbing, tugging, road-making, bridge-building, cannon-lifting—with many a bruise and many a death—proved the Alps no longer a barrier to a general who would patiently and persistently plod on and on. "Pegging away" was Lincoln's motto; it served when he was rail-splitting, and it served when he was slave-saving. It made him the man he was. "Keeping at it all summer" on the one line was Grant's road to victory, but all the way the road was wet with the blood of heroes sacrificed by the conquering patience of their leader. Patience, with its eye on the goal, presses on. No amount of opposition or calumny, no threats or wounds or defeats, deter it from its onward march; it will push on doggedly—stubbornly, it may seem to some—but always on, and thus will die with the prize in hand or eye still fixed upon it, and either is victory with the Awarder with whom we have to do.

Patience is the head gardener of nature. The sun and the soil take time for all their work. A tactless teacher asked her scholars, "Can you think of a single thing that God cannot do?" A farmer's boy replied: "Yes. He can't make a two-year-old colt in a day." That boy had not lived on a farm for naught. A horse or a tree or a man is not the work of a day. It takes time for them to

grow. They and the myriad expressions of nature's handiwork for which they stand are but nature by patience presenting her perfect work. An oak is patience erect in the storm. A flower is patience perfuming the earth. A century plant is patience rebuking successive generations, while it lives on to flower in its own good time above their graves. A bee is patience gathering sweetness. A beaver is patience building a home—gnaw by gnaw the tree is felled; inch by inch the beams are moved; little by little the mud is carried, but at last there is a home. Go to the beaver, thou home yearner, and learn the way to gain one. A coal mine is patience stored for the ages' need. A coral insect is patience building a continent. Time is patience building a universe; the earth is patience adorned with beauty.

Patience—it is the crown of self-mastery! Impatience advertises the slave of passion, haste, or greed—the weakling who is forever fussing, fuming, ranting, but winning never. Patience proclaims the man who is the master of himself, and thus proves his fitness to master his fellows. Patience is the proof of manhood—it is forbearance triumphant. Behold patience—self-mastery with its crown on! John Henderson was a student at Oxford, famous for his skill in argument. A student of a neighboring college, proud of his own skill, sought a private disputation with Henderson. Mutual friends introduced them, and, the subject determined, the word-battle began. For some time it proceeded with candor and patience; then Henderson's antagonist, realizing that he was losing ground, seized a wineglass and in his impatience and passion dashed its contents into his opponent's face. Henderson, without a frown or impatient gesture, wiped the wine from his face and said, "This, sir, is a digression—now for the argument." That is patience crowned—self-mastery triumphant.

The examiner of a candidate for appointment as a foreign missionary reported: "The candidate was ordered to report at my home at 3 A.M. At that time he arrived, and was shown into my study, where he waited for five hours for me to appear. After breakfast I asked him if he could spell, and when he said he could I ordered him to spell 'baker.' He did so correctly. I then examined him in mathematics by asking him, 'How much is twice two?' Again he answered correctly, and I dismissed him, assuring him that he had passed. I now recommend him because of the thorough test to which I put him. He is self-denying. At three o'clock of a winter's morning he reported for examination, and never asked why such an unearthly hour was fixed upon. He is prompt, for at three to the tick he was on hand. He is patient. I made him wait for me for five hours, when he might as well have been in bed, yet he made no sign of impatience when he met me. He is good-tempered. He met me as pleasantly as he could have done had he been called at a reasonable hour and treated as a gentleman when he arrived. He is humble. I asked him to spell a word a five-year-old child could spell and do a sum the same child could do, and he answered without any indignation, never asking me why I treated him like a child or a fool. Brethren, he is just the man for us. Take him in with all your votes." Such examinations are scarcely to be commended, but this one was certainly a triumph for the patience of the candidate.

Patience is the price of success. Talent wins no crowns until it has gone to school to patience. Genius is only an infinite capacity for taking pains, and patience is the one master that can hold genius to its trying task. Blessed be drudgery, and patience is its mentor. A poor woman, whose life was spent very largely amid the shadows, recently testified: "Nothing has given me such courage to face my daily tasks and troubles as the remembrance

of a few words spoken by our old village doctor. I ran into his office one day when I was but little more than a child, my face betraying the temper and petulance that almost forced the tears from my eyes. 'What is the matter?' asked the doctor. 'I'm tired. I've been making beds and washing dishes the whole long day, and what good does it do? It is the same every day, and to-morrow I'll have them all to make and wash again. I'm just tired of it all.' 'Come, now,' said the doctor, 'look at all these empty vials. They are all little, cheap things, not worth anything hardly of themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is what the vials contain that is of worth. Your days and their tasks are your vials; the dishes washed or the floor swept or the beds made are little homely things—they count for but little in themselves; but the sweet patience and zeal and holy thoughts that you put into your work are what make it valuable and enduring. These are the things that make your life.'" That doctor's prescription is good medicine. Take it in large doses whenever you feel one of your "spells" coming on, and life will soon begin to have a different look on its face. Patience is the virtue that enables us to bear all things and endure all things, to meet all conditions, and look all events in the eye, with that persuasion of mind and grace of control that manifest the grandeur of a continually self-possessed, non-flusterable man.

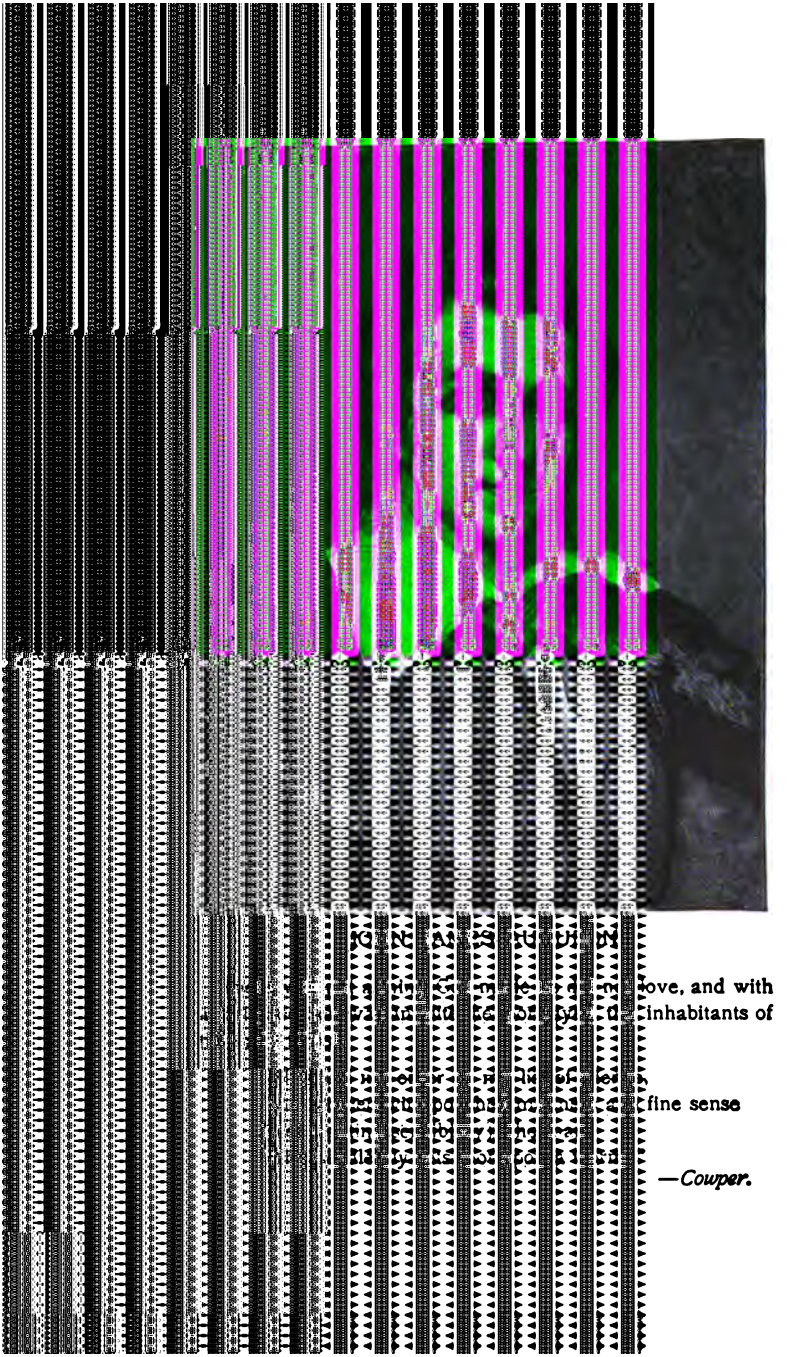
German legends say that in the Fatherland there is a peculiar plant. Walburgia and another little girl were going one day to market. Each had a great basket of fruit on her head. Walburgia sky larked along beneath her load with great glee, but her companion did nothing but worry and grumble every step she took. At last the latter asked, "Walburgia, how is it that you, with a basket just

as heavy as mine, can get along so swiftly and can have fun all the way?" "Why, simple enough," Walburgia answered. "I have a little plant that I put on the top of my head, and it makes the load so light I can hardly feel it." "Indeed! what a precious plant it must be! How I wish I had one. Where does it grow? How do you get them?" "O, they grow wherever you plant them if you will but give them time. The seed comes down from the skies; the name of the plant is patience!" Make your life a garden; cultivate this wondrous plant. It will pay. Patience is content to go one step at a time, but it keeps stepping, and thus attains the goal.

In the Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass., I was privileged to examine one of its great treasures. It is a triumph of patience; the monument, three inches high, of the patience of an Italian monk of the thirteenth century. I count it a greater wonder than the Needle of Cleopatra. It is a little globe of boxwood divided into two hemispheres, each one and one half inches in diameter. The upper hemisphere represents heaven. God is on his throne; a crown is on his head; one of his hands upholds a world surmounted by a cross. Grouped about the Deity are *fifty-eight* full-proportioned figures of saints and angels, each carved so that face and robes are quite distinct, and all in the attitude of rendering their homage to the wondrous One upon the throne. Peter is plainly to be recognized by the key he holds. In the lower hemisphere, which represents the judgment, twenty-eight full-length figures, nineteen half figures, and five heads are carved. Here Christ is represented as Judge, and the wicked are before him. In the lower part is a representation of hell, where hideous figures of grotesque form are undergoing various forms of punishment. Throughout this wondrous bit of workmanship there is neither break, flaw, nor faulty line. Superb workmanship, skillful ingenuity, fervid im-

agination are here blended by the hand of a master to the perfecting of a most extraordinary work of art. What patience this tiny wonder represents! Only the deftness of the fingers that have with such exquisite delicacy wrought this marvel can compare with the patience that held those fingers so steadily to their task. You are carving the record of your life. Be thou patient in the tracing of every line; slight no smallest detail, but patiently fashion all for the eye of God and the exhibition of eternity.

If you expect to conquer or accomplish in the world, you must prepare yourself for conquest and accomplishment. Well says the Arab proverb, "With time and patience the leaf of the mulberry tree becomes satin." Patience hath her perfect work, and it makes satin of our distempered self. Time and patience train the fingers of the pianist until the instrument becomes a living thing beneath their touch, and melody soothes or stirs, entrances or exhilarates, the multitudes. Time and patience harmonize the movement of the vocal chords with the eternal laws of tone, and the singer, with voice divine, stands forth to lift our souls to almost beatific ecstacy by the inspiration of her song. Time and patience guide the brush of the artist from the disfiguring, tantalizing daubs and execrable lines until by dint of a full score years of patient toil a "Last Supper," or a "Christ Before Pilate," or an "Angelus" glorifies the canvas and the patience of the painter. Time and patience give the physician's fingers that delicacy of touch and his ear that accuracy of perception that enable him to read the story of the body's health or ailment through the quivering flesh. Time and patience train the eye and mind of such men as Louis Agassiz, until to show them a bone dug from earth that had not been disturbed for ages past all counting enables them to tell you the name of the beast of which it once formed a part, and if man by the name is not enlightened



love, and with
inhabitants of

fine sense

—*Cowper.*

as to the fashion of the beast, to reconstruct from that single bone the form of the creature from which it came. Patience is the father of perseverance, the schoolmaster of self-control, and the trainer of all the winning qualities.

"What are you doing?" asked a Chinese student, who, in despair of ever getting wisdom under the cover of his cranium, had thrown his books away, of an old woman he found rubbing a crowbar on a stone. "*I'm making a needle!*" He learned the lesson. If the woman had patience to rub a crowbar down to a needle, he would possess himself in patience until he had rubbed wisdom into his brain. He became one of the three wisest men of the empire. "How long were you in learning to play?" some one asked Geradini. "Twelve hours a day for twenty years," he replied. Such patience made him the greatest violinist of his time. "How long were you preparing that sermon?" asked a hearer after Lyman Beecher had delivered his great discourse on the "Government of God." "About *forty years.*" "Study one year," said an Italian master to his pupil, "and I will teach you to sing well; study two years, and you may excel; study three years, and I will make you the best tenor in Italy; and if you will devote yourself as I direct for four years, you may bring the world to your feet." When Caffarelli sought the instruction of a great master the latter at once perceived the possibilities of his marvelous voice and offered to instruct him without charge if he would agree to follow without complaint the instruction given. The promise was given, and the first year the master gave his pupil nothing but the scales, compelling him to practice them, and them only. The second and the third year it was the same, and as, at the beginning of the fourth year, the pupil expostulated at the continuance of such drudgery, the terms of the bargain were read to him for answer. The fifth year the teacher varied the instruction by intro-

ducing chromatics and thorough bass, and at the close of that year, when his pupil was expecting to be led through the intricacies of the masterpieces, the teacher said: "Go, my son; I can teach you nothing more. You are the first singer of Italy and of the world." It had all come of his patient mastery of the scales and diatonics.

"The only merit to which I lay claim," said Hugh Miller, "is that of patient research—a merit in which whoever wills may rival or surpass me; and this humble faculty of patience when rightly developed may lead to more extraordinary development of ideas than even genius itself." Handel wore the keys of his harpsichord hollow like the bowl of a spoon by the patient persistence of his practicing. Thalberg declared that he never dared to perform one of his pieces in public until he had played it in private at least fifteen hundred times. Kean would act his part for months before a glass ere he would trust himself to perform it in public; the character, the gentleman villain, in which he won his greatest celebrity, he studied before his mirror for eighteen months previous to appearing in public. Patience is half the battle! no, no! patience *is* the battle. To labor and to wait is the surest road to victory; aye, it is *self-victory* all the way. "Patience is the courage of the conqueror; it is the virtue, *par excellence*, of man against destiny, of the one against the world, and of the soul against matter. Therefore this is the courage of the Gospel; and its importance to races and institutions cannot be too earnestly inculcated." *

It is doubtful if in all the annals of patience there is a record that much surpasses that of the attempted escape of Jesse Pomeroy from the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown. Observing that the edge of his tin drinking cup was finished by the turning of the tin over a wire, he, with his bare fingers, bent up the tin, pulled out the wire,

* Bulwer.

pressed back the rim, and returned the cup without fear of discovery. This was no ordinary feat, but it was but the beginning. Securing in some way a bit of wood, he straightened the wire and set it in the wood. With his tiny tool thus handled he set to work in silence to grind or press the point of the wire to a sharp, cutting edge. This was the work of many weeks. With this rude tool he cautiously scraped the hardwood planks that formed the floor of his cell until he wore through them in two places and was able to lift out the plank thus cut. He had to do all this work at night, and morning after morning carefully rub the dirt into the cracks lest his work be discovered. The plank removed, a great joist blocked his way, yet through this he cut by painfully boring holes, nearly a thousand in number. With the hindering portion of the joist removed, the brick wall of the prison was revealed, and this he proceeded to attack. Patiently he picked the bricks to pieces, and had thus pulverized eight or ten of them when his excited appearance led to a thorough examination of his cell and the discovery of his operations. What astounding patience is this! And by one who knew that even with the wall cut through there was still the guard to pass and his prison-clad form to hide away against detection. Yet for his scant chance at liberty he was ready to toil on in patience. Young man, young woman, cut yourself out of the cells that dungeon your soul. Moment by moment, prod by prod, inch by inch, fight your way up and out into the liberty of self-mastery, and stand crowned, before God and before men, the master of *yourself*.

> Be free—not chiefly from the iron chain,
> But from the one which passion forges—be
> The master of thyself. If lost, regain
> The rule o'er chance, sense, circumstance. *Be free.**

* Ephraim Peabody.

"Patience is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility. Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride, bridles the tongue, restrains the hand, tramples upon temptation, endures persecutions, consummates martyrdom. Patience produces unity in the Church, loyalty in the State, harmony in families and societies; she comforts the poor and moderates the rich; she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny and reproach; she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, and to be the first in asking forgiveness of those whom we have injured; she delights the faithful, and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman and approves the man; is loved in a child, praised in a young man; admired in an old man; she is beautiful in either sex and in every age." * Adorn thyself with her, and thou shalt prove thyself kept "in the kingdom and patience" of the King Eternal, and "the God of all patience" will bless you richly.

Tact.

A San Francisco physician extracts some substance from the blood of the horse, mixes it with alcohol, calls it equisine, gives it to drunkards, guaranteeing it to cure them. This fellow is on the right track. Get a little horse sense into the drunkard, and he might become a decent kind of an animal. But the drunkard is not the only man by any means that needs this injection. If the whole race could be given a hypodermic injection of the bacilli of good horse sense, the world would become a paradise, a millennium sooner than is now prophesied.

Tact is brains applied to the art of getting on in the world. Tact is that skill in your contact with other men that gives you their ears, dollars, votes, respect, praise,

* Bishop Horne.

and love. Tact is the doing of the right thing at the right time in the right way. Tact increases the value of your brain stock a thousand per cent, and it will open a thousand doors to you that may have been even slammed in your face. Tact is the ability to make the most of life, and the ordinary man with a good supply of it and but one talent will accomplish far more than the genius with his ten talents and no tact.

Some of the greatest minds in the world have been the most foolish in the management of the little everyday affairs of life. Newton got tired of rising from his chair to open the door for his cat and kittens, and had two holes cut in the door—a big one for the cat and a little one for the kittens. Chief Justice Marshall, riding on a Southern road, was roused from his reverie to find his carriage stalled with a young tree between the body of the carriage and a forward wheel. For the life of him he didn't know how to get out of the fix, and he called to a Negro in an adjoining field to come and cut down the tree. The latter arrived, backed the horse two steps, and the great jurist was released. "How much do I owe you?" "Dollar, massa." "What! a dollar for that?" "No, massa; dollar am for habbin de sense to git de loon out ob him fix." Beethoven sent three hundred florins once as payment when he only wanted six shirts and as many handkerchiefs. A New England professor of mathematics went to a store for coffee. "How much will you have?" "Well, I declare, wife didn't say. Better give me a bushel." Adam Smith taught all nations economy, but lacked the tact to manage his own house. Goldsmith's essays are scarcely to be surpassed for shrewd and exquisite sense, but he never knew the meaning of a dollar; and when he went up to seek orders in the ministry put on a pair of scarlet breeches. Machiavelli was the prince of political strategists, but was without enough ordinary

wit to get his bread. Dante, with that mind profound, hot with indignation against his foes, "could curse better than he could conspire."* Dr. Johnson had so little ability to measure his antagonist that it was said of him, "He uplifts the club of Hercules to crush a butterfly or brain a giant." Very true are these words: "Talent knows *what* to do; tact knows *how* to do it. Talent makes a man respectable; tact will make him respected. Talent is wealth; tact is ready money. For all practical purposes in life tact carries it against talent ten to one. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically; tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster; tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and by keeping its eye on the weathercock is able to take advantage of every wind that blows."

The lack of tact is the cause of half the spites and heartaches and pretty much all the blunders in the world. It never makes a man feel good to tread on his toes, and even if a woman has a pound of pigment poorly spread on her cheeks, or powder enough to raise biscuits in her eyelashes, she will not thank you for telling her of it. The blundering gait and tactless speeches of the best-meaning people cause a heap of woe in the world and destroy a multitude of friendships. As Kate Sanborn says, "Even a cat objects to being rubbed the wrong way." "Thank you for *trying* to sing," said Madam Manager to a young lady who had reluctantly yet creditably stepped in to fill the gap in the program caused by the failure of the "star" to appear. Of course that young lady was offended. "Well, I guess the mail will be open by this

* Matthews, *Getting on in the World.*

time; it was thirty minutes late, so I dropped in to see you," was the way a tactless pastor lost the credit of a call and irritated a sensitive parishioner. No wonder that at the funeral of a saint he selected a hymn as appropriate as:

> Laden with guilt and many woes,
> Down to the grave the sinner goes.

"Does the grave look pleasant to you?" asked a tactless sympathetic of a nervous sufferer who had no idea of dying. "Dear me! How you do look! I do hope and pray that you'll die before you burst!" was the cheering salutation received by one suffering from dropsy. "Will you tell me just exactly what ails me, doctor?" "We can't tell till after the post-mortem," was the tactlessly candid reply.

How much more sweetness we should all get out of life if we only had wit and tact to lubricate the many points of contact with the oil of good nature. School yourself to be quick and ready in turning your best side out. In diplomacy tact rises to a fine art, because tact is the supreme evidence of continual presence of mind. It cannot be startled out of good form nor jostled into boorishness. A French officer, just back from a long stay at Vienna, was introduced to the Empress Josephine, whom he had never seen. Speaking of a noted beauty of Vienna, Josephine asked, "Do you not think her the most beautiful woman you have ever seen?" "I thought so yesterday," was the reply of the gallant and tactful soldier. Fontenelle was rebuked by a pretty miss for passing her without looking. "If I had looked, I had not passed," was the nonagenarian's reply. We think this boy deserves to become immortal; if he does not coast himself into glory, we shall be surprised. "Papa, it worries me to think I give mamma so much trouble." "She hasn't complained." "No; she's so patient. But lots of times when she sends

me to the store, it is so far away, that I know she must get cross worrying until I get back." "Not very often, I guess." "O yes; lots of times, and she's always in a hurry. Everything is ready for baking when she finds, at the last minute, she hasn't any baking powder; or she gets a pudding mixed and can't find a nutmeg, and she gets awful fussy 'cause the oven's all hot, and company coming. I can't run a long distance, you know, and I feel awful sorry for her." "Well, my son, what can we do about it?" "*I was thinking you might get me a bicycle.*" He got it.

"To say graceful things, and to say fitting compliments, is one of the fine arts, and one that can be cultivated with exceeding profit in the home circle. Some people fall into the mistaken notion that bluntness and brusqueness are signs of superiority, whereas they are signs of a small and mean spirit. There is a gracious quality in speech that diffuses light and warmth like sunshine. Just the right thing said at the breakfast table will often attune the soul to a joyous key for the whole day. If complaint were in every household to give place to compliment, what happy changes would result. Most of us are as chary of a compliment, particularly to those we love the best, as though it were deadly poison and would prove instantly fatal. In fact, instead of being dangerous, there is nothing that so lightens the burdens and dreary round of daily drudgery as appreciation charmingly expressed. Suppose you, sir, should tell your wife that she seems to be growing younger and prettier every day, it is not likely that the shock of surprise would kill her, but it is altogether likely that the words would be like a singing angel to her through the day." *

Tact is the wit that masters circumstances. Nothing will so quickly and triumphantly extricate a man from the snare

* *The Watchman.*

and failure of untoward situations like ready wit and consummate tact—the two hands of presence of mind. Tact never drops the lines. No matter how perilously the chariot may be rocking, it still has wit to hold the reins. "Why did you steal my chickens, you miserable black rascal?" thundered an irate slaveholder in bygone days. "Why, massa, 'twan't stealing, only swapping like. I'se yours, ain't I? If I'se eat chicken, der am less chickens, ob course, but you hab more Nigger, don't you?" "I had rather vote for the devil!" replied Devereaux, when the late John Redmond asked him to vote for him for Parliament. "But in the event of your friend declining to stand," returned Redmond, "may I count on your support?" "Gentlemen, I only asked for your ears; I don't care for your heads," said another Irish member of Parliament when greeted by a flight of cabbages. A hundred college boys thought they would run a circus one night, and for some time made it unpleasant for performers and audience. The clown's attempts to reason with them only aroused them to more rowdylike antics, until the patience of everyone but themselves was exhausted. "You look like gentlemen," cried the clown. "Bravo!" yelled the half-educated hoodlums. "Do you intend to annoy these three thousand people out of their night's pleasure?" "Yes! yes!" chorused the students. "Have you no respect? Have you no mothers or sisters?" "No! no!" they yelled, and the clown gave up in despair. But soon he returned to the charge with a new idea in his head. "You needn't think you can run this show if you do wear sixty-cent pants." Now it was the turn of the audience to cheer. "Don't get impatient, my baby boys, papa will send you your board money very soon." The audience cheered again and the students sat in silence. "Let me tell you what I seen the other day. I was standing at the station when a locomotive knocked a young fellow down.

His arm was knocked off, his leg twisted, his ribs knocked in, his head cut open, and his brains scattered around the track. The doctor came and plastered his arm, straightened his leg, mended his ribs, and closed the gap in his head, and the young man started off. Then the doctor discovered that he hadn't put the fellow's brains back in his head. He yelled for him to come back, but the young man's friends said it wasn't necessary to bother about his brains, because he was going to college." That was the end of those students; the wit and tact of one had put to shame and flight a hundred.

Tact is the magician who hatches the eggs of success in the hat of business, and twirls fate on his fingers to the bewilderment of the uninitiated. Without tact a man may as well close up shop. Tact is the pianist who knows just what keys to strike to produce thunder or lightning, swinging march or "heavenly doleful" sounds. Without tact don't try to advance in any vocation that calls for contact with other human beings. An education in tact is worth immensely more than one in classics if you expect to get on in the world. There is great need for some sort of a Delsarte culture for the tongue and wits.

"Never saw the like of it!" said a man, admiringly. "It is singular," said another. "And what's more, it's commendable. Here, boy, gi' me a paper. Here's a dime; never mind the change." Before he was half through the restaurant his papers were all sold. Reason? Simple! He didn't holler a bit, but went from table to table in a quiet, gentlemanly, businesslike way, spoke respectfully, *and politely took off his hat.* He was a gentleman in rags, and tact was lining his pockets for the future. "Are you having a pleasant game?" asked a deaconess, coming suddenly upon a group of half a dozen convalescents playing cards in a hospital ward. "Yes, we've got to do something to pass away the time," answered one, rather

sheepishly. "I am sure it must be dull. Wouldn't you like something to read between times?" And producing a handful of tracts, she "shuffled and dealt" with surprising skill, and walked on, leaving tracts and cards all mixed together. As she passed out a little later she noticed that every man was reading and the cards were idle. Tact sets the stars in the crown of saints.

A woman of "uncertain" age fingered a half dozen pieces of dry goods, being very evidently in the throes of deciding some question of becomingness. "Is it for yourself or a *young* lady?" asked Roggs. "Sorry to have troubled you," and the lady walked away, leaving Roggs to his refoldings. At another counter a woman of like age was also in the valley of horrors where she must decide with what colors she should adorn society for the next twelvemonth. "Is it for yourself or an *old* lady?" with innocent urbanity asked Mr. Toggs, and the next moment he was measuring the "all wool and a yard wide." Read the *Twenty Years After* of these young men, and behold! Mr. Toggs is in the office and his name upon the sign, while "old Roggs" is tramping the streets cursing his hard luck. It was only one word, but it made all the difference between success and failure, for the knowing of the right word is tact.

It is but just to say that there is nothing in the world that can be so selfish as tact. It is the skill that enables men to shut the doors of advancement in the faces of their fellows. It is the art that enables the political boss to manipulate affairs to the overthrow of right and the enthronement of the wrong. Rascals nearly without exception possess rare tact. "Address makes opportunities," said Bovee; and a good address and a tactful disposition has enabled many a thief to prosper. "Mamma, I want some raisins." "Take a handful, then, my son." "Won't you take them for me, mamma? Your hand's bigger'n mine." The

trusts will have to look out for themselves when that boy grows. When its own hands are not large enough tact will enlist the hands of others and keep all the profits. All the baneful evils that flow from the trusts, those commercial monstrosities of the present stage of social progress, are the results of the selfish use of a tact that might manumit rather than enslave the race.

Get tact, but consecrate it to the task of your own ennoblement, the good of the race, and the work of the kingdom of God. Take lessons of Jesus. The record of his contact with friends, inquirers, and foes all proves the wonderful perfection of his tact.

Getting Wisdom Under Cover.

Books are strange things. Although untongued and dumb,
Yet with their eloquence they sway the world;
And, powerless and impassive as they seem,
Move o'er the impressive minds and hearts of men
Like fire across a prairie. Mind sparks,
They star the else dark firmament.

"Whom shall we make Lord Treasurer of France?" asked Louis XIV of one of his councilors. "The Librarian of Rheims, your majesty." "Why him?" "He has been all his life in the library and has extracted nothing from it; he would no doubt take as little from your treasury." Ah! there are many such who live all their lives in the very thick of splendor and see nothing of it all; who have wisdom in their hands, but never raise it to their eyes; who live in the world as beasts, munching at their crib, grinding at their toil, content with the day and the scanty fare, and dying with scarce more store in their brain than the horse and the cow that has fed from the same crib. Boys and girls who snarl, "O, I don't like to read!" young men and women who gabble and gambol away their days and declare reading too dry; poor

simpletons, that they are and that they will remain! They can talk only of the day and but ignorantly of that. Their outlook is bounded by the size of their town, and they know no more than has happened since they learned to listen to the gossip of the street. Said one of them to me when I was a lad and talking to him, a man of forty, about the bombardment of Alexandria, "Egypt? Sure an' that ain't in Oirland, is it?" Such a one amount to anything in the world? How could he? Men *get* from the world only because they *give;* what have such people to give? If it is a fact that you do not like to read, that you find no pleasure in reading, that the glory of the past, the secrets of science, the wonders of the world's description, and the studies of humanity found in our better novels have no appeal to you, then hang your head in shame, and know that there is but a step between you and the stark deformity of the idiot whom you neighbor. Hide your dislike, blush if by some chance it is uncovered, for it is a shameful thing to be a self-determined fool. Knowing the alphabet, the whole realm of knowledge is open before you; to know your letters and but little more, as is the case with many, is proof that you are too lazy or indifferent to be anything else than a fool. The world can have no respect for you, and if you knew but a very little more, you would have no respect for yourself.

"Few realize what a great thing it is to learn to read. It is something with which we have become so familiar that we fail to recognize its great value. The difference between one who can read and one who cannot is almost as great as the difference between one who can see and one who cannot. To know how to read is to possess the power of making all other minds tributary to ours. It opens a universe that lies hid from the eyes of those who have not acquired the art. It unseals the past, and makes

its treasures of knowledge easily accessible. It enables us to know the best that has been thought by the best minds of all nations and at all times. It places us in communication with those who are seeking to lead the race to higher planes of life. To learn how to read adds infinite possibilities to life. Carlyle has said that in books lies the soul of the whole past times; the articulate, audible voice of the past, when the body and material substance of it have altogether vanished like a dream. Mighty fleets and armies, harbors and arsenals, vast cities, high-domed, many-engined—they are precious, great; but what do they become? Agamemnon, the many Agamemnons, Pericleses, and their Greece; all is gone now to some ruined fragments, dumb, mournful wrecks and blocks; but the books of Greece! There Greece, to every thinker, still very literally lives; can be called up again into life. All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been is lying in magic preservation in the pages of books. To know how to read is the key to all this." *

But many who know all the words in the dictionary are still fools. Their brains are empty, their conversation flatulent, their wit puerile, their speech unseasoned, because they know nothing of the wisdom that lies all about them between the covers of the books that can be bought for the price of a cigar or a yard of hair ribbon. "Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable boy when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here and audience there when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellow-

* Tyler, *Talks to Young People*.

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ship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be an outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the dead." *

"There is no past so long as books shall live!" exclaimed Lord Lytton. "I go into my library, and, like some great panorama, all history unrolls before me. I breathe the morning air of the world while the scent of Eden's roses yet linger in it, when it was thickened only by the sigh of Eve. I see the Pyramids building. I hear Memnon murmur as the first morning sun touches him. I see the Sphinx when she first began to ask her eternal question. I sit as in a theater; the stage is time, the play is the play of the world. What a spectacle it is! what kingly pomp! what processions pass by! what cities burn to heaven! what crowds of captives are dragged at the wheels of conquerors! I hiss or cry 'Bravo!' when the great actors come on shaking the stage. In my solitude I am only myself at intervals. I am a Roman emperor when I look at a Roman coin. I lift Homer, and I shout with Achilles in the trenches. The silence of the unpeopled Syrian plains, the outcomings and outgoings of the patriarchs Abraham and Ishmael, Isaac in the fields at eventide, Rebekah at the well, Jacob's guile, Esau's face, reddened by desert sun-heat, Joseph's splendid funeral procession—all these things I can find within the boards of my Old Testament. What a silence in these old books! what a green pastoral rest, and yet what indubitable human existence! Across the brawling centuries of blood and war that lie between I can hear the bleating of Abra-

* Ruskin, *Sesame and Lilies*.

ham's sheep, the tinkling of the bells of Rebekah's camels. O, men and women, so far separated, yet so near, so strange, yet so well known, by what miraculous power do I know you all? Books are the true Elysian fields where the spirits of the dead converse, couched on flowers; and to these fields a mortal may venture unappalled. What king's court can boast such company? What school of philosophy such wisdom? All the wit of all the world is glancing and flashing there. There is Pan's pipe, there are the songs of Apollo. Sitting in my library at night, and looking on the silent faces of my books, I am occasionally visited by a strange sense of the supernatural. They are not collections of printed pages, they are ghosts. I take one down, and it immediately speaks with me; it may be in a tongue not now heard on earth, it may be of men and things of which it alone possesses knowledge. I call myself a solitary; but sometimes I think I misapply the term. No man sees more company than I do. I travel with mightier cohorts around me than ever did Tamerlane or Genghis Khan on their fiery marches. I am a sovereign in my library; but it is the dead, not the living, that attend my levees."* Of this company and companionship Macaulay keenly observed, "This placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry. In the dead there is no change. Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. No difference of opinion can alienate Cicero. No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet."† "In my study," observed Sir William Waller, "I am sure to converse with none but wise men; abroad it is impossible for me to avoid the society of fools."

* Æneas Sage. † *Essays.*

Books laugh at time and make an end of space. From my study there is a wireless telegraphy to all lands and with all the past. Having read, memory at my call lights the lamp and turns the scroll of her animotiscope and I behold Eve and Adam fleeing shamefaced from the garden guarded by the flaming sword. To my horror I behold cloud pile on cloud, hear increasing thunders roar, see lightnings chase lightnings through the affrighted heavens, feel the earth beneath me tremble as the fountains of the great deep are opened and join with descending torrents to inundate the world. My heart is palsied as about me the waters rise, and though to the Lebanon's highest peak I flee, still overtake me; and from a drowned world I look to catch the one ray of hope that gleams above this universal catastrophe, the light feebly streaming from the flickering wick in the ark that above the mountains sails. Before me pass the host led by Moses that bear forth from Egypt the bones of Jacob. For them I behold the wall of cloud intervene and the Red Sea divide; my ears resound with the death cries of that Egyptian host who sink to rise no more in the sickening swirl of reuniting waters, and then I am charmed as Miriam and Israel's womanhood strike their timbrels and intone their joy-song. I behold at Joshua's command the sun stand still on Gibeon and the moon halt in her rising over Ajalon. David strikes Philistia's champion dead before me, and then I hear him as his fingers, deftly thrumming harp strings, drive demons from the soul of Saul. For me rises the splendor of Solomon, and mine eyes behold the gorgeous beauty of the temple and the palaces and the city of which the half has never yet been told. I stand beside half-crazy Ahab, and, like Hamlet watching the play of his uncle's features as the players represent the scene of the King of Denmark's murder, I watch the play of hope and fear upon his evil face as the

contest of the gods—Elijah's and the Four Hundred and Fifty's—goes on. All my soul is stirred as at eventide the race of idolatrous prodigals rend their garments and then uplift the cry, "The Lord is God! The Lord, he is the God!" I look within the magnificent palace of Ahasuerus and gaze with loving eyes on the olive-tinted beauty of that girl so brave who, for love of her people, courts life or death from the smile of her king and husband. I behold the Master of the Magicians in the court of Babylon look into the eyes of a king and read the thought that he had forgotten; and am inspired to face the lions of my day with a confident faith in the foe-controlling power of my God, as I behold a lion crouch low to give Daniel a pillow for his head, and other kingly beasts nestle beside him that the night damps chill not him who had become accustomed to the comforts of a prince's bed. Sitting with Belshazzar and a thousand of his lords, I am confounded by the Hand that writes its mystic message on the wall. I am amazed at the power of human eloquence as I behold the multitude swaying like the waving branches of a forest, as Demosthenes thunders out his Philippics against the ambitious ruler of Macedon; and I cheer and shout as champion after champion who has become my friend is crowned the victor in the many amphitheaters of Greece. I march in Alexander's conquering phalanx, and am in that fray when Europe at Arbela smote Asia the blow from which she recovered not for a thousand years. I see Romulus when he breaks ground for the first habitation of the Eternal City, and watch with amazement as the work goes on that crowns those seven hills with splendor and draws the tribute of all the nations to the new city by the Tiber.

For me time seems to roll back and gives me life in that time when of all the past I should like to have lived, the time when Jesus was here among men; and I am awed

and thrilled and inspired by the long spectacle of wonders beginning with an opening heaven, descending angels, and celestial choirs, and ending not until a world in midnight darkness at high noon is riven by a lightning flash that opens graves and rends the temple's veil in twain, and He who died amid that flash a conqueror marches forth from his tomb and all alive with a glorified humanity rises from Olivet into heaven. I gaze into the sky on the eve of a battle's rush and see the flaming symbol that Constantine declares to be a cross; and in the later years hear Julian the Apostate exclaim, as death raps at his heart, "O, Galilean, thou hast conquered!" I am at Tours and behold the heaps of bloody slain that Europe piles up there when her mightiest exertions beat back the Moslem hordes and set bounds past which the Koran shall never hold sway. I tread the deck of the *Santa Maria* with Columbus and as anxiously as he peer toward the whither whence the bird has flown, and shout for joy with him when Rodrigo Triana from the *Pinta's* lookout cries, "Land! Land!" With the Pilgrim Fathers amid winter's stormiest winds I kneel at Plymouth Rock, and with Captain Smith have cause to think that of all the Indian maidens of our history no one can with Pocahontas compare. I am amazed at the cowardice of men as I see Henry IV, king and emperor, stand barefoot in the snow through the hours of that night at Canossa to prove his submission to a pope; yet I can exult the more that that same Germany builds another son who dares to front the papal power, as I behold Luther at Worms sturdily contend for the faith once delivered to the saints. Thus far my eyes have not been lifted from the earth, but now Galileo and Tycho Brahe and Herschel bid me to their windows, and I look through their magic glasses to find the heavens bowing low to meet me. My heart quails as I behold the pride of the pope and his most loyal Spain, the Armada, full sailed and arrogant, draw

nigh to freedom's motherland on direst mischief bent; but, as of old, when Egypt pressed hard on Israel, "the depths covered them; they sank to the bottom as a stone." I am at the Boyne and see Freedom tilted at the points of clashing sabers, and Freedom winning because her chief was brave and her foes deserted by their coward king; that day of which the noble foeman Sarsfield said, "Change kings and fight it over, and changed shall be the laurels." But to have made that change would have been to enthrone ecclesiastical tyranny and ignorance over the march of the English tongue and race. I behold that scene of unsurpassable import when a hundred *traitors* signed the roll that made their names immortal and squarely faced the fact that if they did "not hang together they would separately;" and then sent forth their Washington to give effect to the high declaration they had that day proclaimed; I see, also, the scene that wipes "traitor" from their names as the hero of the horrors of Valley Forge receives the sword of Cornwallis, for "when treason prospers none dare call it treason." I follow Napoleon from his humble post at Toulon through the Terror and Egypt and the consulate to the empire, and marvel as nation after nation crumbles beneath his tiny yet iron hand. I walk, also, the deck trod by the Nemesis of Napoleon, and fathom some measure of the working of that higher Power against whom none are strong enough to cope, as Nelson wins at Aboukir, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. I feel the cooling press of the hand of Florence Nightingale, the one ray of humanity radiating from the shameful folly that made a slaughterhouse of the Crimea. I stand amid the shock of contending heroes as brothers hurl themselves to death against each other at Chickamauga and Gettysburg; and I look over the shoulder of Lincoln as with a tiny pen he inscribes his name on fame's deathless roll, and signs the words that strike the shackles

from millions living and unborn. I behold with almost doubting eyes the breach in the walls of Rome, and then feel compelled to shout as the papal flag falls down from the City of the Seven Hills, and the flag of a united and priest-free Italy rises amid the shouts instead. Before me proud France is humbled, and from petty nothingness the German principalities and mimic kingdoms become an imperial Fatherland. With Livingstone and Speke and Stanley and Taylor I see the heart of the Dark Continent, with Cook I rub the ice of the Antarctic regions, and with Franklin and Kane and Greely and Peary and Nansen travel toward the northern pole.

From time's beginning to the world's present there is not a life or a deed of race-reaching influence that is not mine if I will but give myself to find it. Remember these few events to which I have referred are but epoch markers; there are many more, and between them you will find the spice and joy of life. You may attend the festivals and tournaments and joy-makings of all the nations. For you every hero will play his part, and every clown perform. You may watch kings at their love-making, and queens at their dressmaking; statesmen building empires, and Stephensons building engines; musicians composing oratorios, and merchants making commerce. Poets will sing for you, orators declaim for you, sculptors chisel for you, and painters make canvas speak to you. Scientists will tell you about everything in the earth, and under the earth, and in heaven, and in all the space between. Philosophers will solve ten thousand riddles for you, and propound a million more. Theology will lead you out into the eternities and disquisate interminably upon themes which it is not within the scope of human reason to fathom, but it will have a bright light of unfading hope and enrapturing joy for you at every hard turning of life's weary way. And all this domain of intel-

lectual splendor is yours; here you are in truth monarch of all you survey—with your eyes and retain by the exercise of your memory. It is a kingdom with which to enrich your life. You will not be able to subdue it all in your lifetime, but by daily care to freight each moment with knowledge you will master a surprising store of wisdom in a lifetime.

Nor need you be rich to be wise. The price of one suit of clothes or of one Sunday dress will purchase a wonderful library of the world's masterpieces. Economize everywhere else before you economize your brain. What a shame that men, created in the image of God and endowed with brains as the one means of communing with him, should, out of pure laziness and stinginess, economize in the things that go for the culture of that endowment. Economy in brain manufacture makes the world a universal idiot asylum and gives Satan ready dupes. Redeeming grace will save a born fool, but it is doubtful if there is any power that can morally transfigure a self-kept one. The people who know the least are the most conceited; they know so little that they don't know that they don't know anything, and all you can do when you come in contact with their despicable ignorance is to grit your teeth and make good your escape as quickly as possible. Don't be stingy in feeding in the raw material of brain-making. Put some good books in your home before you carpet the floor or put in a sofa; as for bric-a-brac and pictures where no books are, they but cry, "Within these walls dwells an empty-headed dunce." Economize your stomach and let the back of your coat shine a little, if by so doing you can give your head such a square meal that your whole character will shine with the result. There is immensely more brain starvation in the world to-day than stomach starvation, and it is woeful to realize that so few of the starving know the real name of their craving. A

cure for the mad rush and whirl after pleasure, companionship, comfort, peace of mind, and ennoblement would be found if the restless roamers would give their heads an occasional picnic in some grove of high-class fiction, and now and then take a round-trip excursion through the land of pure, delightful literature.

"What shall I read?" It is a wise question. You will be very largely like what you read. Selection is but the literary form of the inevitable temptation that comes to prove our command of ourselves in every walk of life. Have a care what you read. Voltaire, as a mere lad, got his hands on a skeptical poem; the virus never left his brain, and made him the unholy scoffer at all things true which he became. Lincoln early in life read Paine's *Age of Reason*, and to it he owed those years of terrible groping through the dark that did not completely end until the overwhelming responsibilities of the years of war forced him to his knees. Two mere boys are now in the prisons of New York State for seeking to wreck a train on the New York Central Railroad. They concocted their plans on the lines of the dime novels they were reading. The novels of Marryat have been the chief agent of leading hundreds of boys to sea, and the dime and half-dime Western tales of blood and Indians have peopled the prisons and cemeteries of the West with the wandering boys of Eastern homes. The influence of good books is still more far-reaching. *The Voyages of Captain Cook* made a missionary of William Carey, and quickened the universal march of Christianity to double time. *The Imitation of Christ* and Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying* were stones in the foundation of John Wesley's character, and Luther's *Notes on Romans* did much to shape his theological opinions. Coleridge, in turn, was constantly stirred by his study of Southey's *Life of Wesley*.

That books know no geographical boundaries and can

touch hearts and arouse life across any degree of time or space is evidenced again and again as we read of their influence. Beecher declared that to Ruskin he owed his knowledge of the art of seeing. Emerson's nature studies affected the whole life of Tyndall. Goldsmith with his *Vicar of Wakefield* aroused the poetical genius of Goethe. Erasmus had no friend so dear as Cicero. Napoleon never tired of praising Ossian. Gladstone was in love with Homer, and enjoyed a preheavenly friendship with Butler. John Sharp always said that the Bible and Shakespeare made him Archbishop of York.

Thoreau's rule, when we look through its sheen and note its core, is good: "Read not the Times; read the Eternities." That is, Don't waste your time on the ephemeral. Read for brain-making, character-building, soul-enlarging; not for killing time or the pleasure of the moment. God pity the man who has any time to kill! He had better kill himself; if he lives, it is but to rot.

I know nothing better to read than biography. It is the blood of history. "Know men" and you know the world; let your knowledge of men become as extensive as the life of the race and you know the race. In biography you will find history the most interesting. It will whet your intellectual scythes for the harvest of all the great events of the past. It is easy to make biography personal; you become *en rapport* with the man who makes history, see the world through his eyes, love as he loves, hate as he hates, and your fortunes rise and fall with his. You are a Frenchman when you read Napoleon, a German when you read Frederick the Great, an Englishman when you read Cromwell or Wellington, and an American when you read Washington, Lincoln, or Grant. There is always much romance about a great life, and in the hands of any competent biographer the truth of a life is always far more

stirring than fiction. To climb with the poor boy out of poverty into wealth and fame, or to turn wealth and place to humanity's weal, like Shaftesbury, or Lowell, or Gladstone, or Phillips, this, too, has its romance. Nor will you find biography without the spice of life. That is a poor telling of any life that wins not tears, and if there be tears and the story is true to life, laughter is not far away. There are tears in the life of Wendell Phillips, but when you go with him on board the cars and get into a nest of preachers who are not with him on the slavery question, and this dialogue occurs, you are very apt to smile: "Are you trying to free the Niggers?" "Yes, sir." "Well, why do you preach up this way? Why don't you go down South?" "Pardon me, but are you a preacher?" "I am." "Are you trying to save souls from hell?" "That is my work." "*Well, why don't you go down there?*"

Plutarch's *Lives* have been the making of many men. Read them. But there have been many great "Lives" since his day? True, and I think Dr. John Lord tells their story most charmingly. His *Beacon Lights of History* is Plutarch's *Lives* brought up to date. Get hold of them and feed on them until we hear from you in the world.

What about fiction? Read it, but know what you read. Profit by the experience of older readers, and waste no time on worthless, vice-extenuating stuff, nor on that wishy-washy trash that hasn't sufficient force even to be bad—mere wasters of good paper and unredeemable time. Be careful of your fiction diet both as to quality and quantity. Fiction is but the dessert of literature; to too many it is the first course, and they partake so greedily that they have no room for the substantials. Three dishes of soup leave no room for the turkey. Take a little fiction now and then for thy appetite's sake, but wrest not this kindly injunction to so foul a use as many wrest Paul's advice to Timothy.

Professor A. R. Wells, of the *Golden Rule*, has some wise words to the fiction fiend: "Who gets more enjoyment out of eating, the pampered millionaire, whose tongue is the wearied host of myriads of sugary, creamy, spicy guests, or the little daughter of the laborer, trotting about all the morning with helpful steps, who has come a long two miles with her father's dinner, to eat it with him from a tin pail? And who gets more pleasure out of reading, the satiated fiction glutton, her brain crammed with disordered fragments of countless scenes of adventure, love and tragedy, impatient of the same old situations, the familiar characters, the stale plots—she, or the girl who is fired with a love of history, say, who wants to know all about the grand old, queer old Socrates, and then about his friends, and then about the times in which he lived, and then about the way in which they all lived, then about the Socratic legacy to the ages? Why, will that girl ever be done with the feast? Can you not see, looking down on her joy with a blessing, the very Lord of the banquet, who has ordered all history and ordained that the truth he fashions shall be stranger always than the fiction man contrives? Take the word of a man who has made full trial of both. Solid reading is as much more interesting and attractive than frivolous reading as solid living is more recreative than frivolous living."

Endlessly might we think together on this theme. We have not begun to say what its fruitfulness commands. But let me plead with you in all your reading not to forget or neglect the book of books. To know it is to know the world and man and God. To live by the knowledge it will give you is heaven below and heaven beyond. It is cheering to know that the two greatest novelists of our tongue were lovers of this book. "Bring me the book," said the dying Scott to Lockhart. "What book?" "There is but one—the Bible." Surely it was his "Talisman" at the

portals of the celestial city! Read again that beautiful tribute of Dickens, as he tells of Harriet Carker reading to poor Alice Brown from "the Eternal Book for all the weary and the heavy-laden; for all the wretched, fallen, and neglected of this earth—read the blessed history in which the blind, lame, palsied beggar, the criminal, the woman stained with shame, the shunned of all our dainty clay, has each a portion, that no human pride, indifference, or sophistry, through all the ages that this world shall last, can take away, or by the thousandth atom of a grain reduce—read the ministry of Him who, through the round of human life, and all its hopes and griefs, from birth to death, from infancy to age, had sweet compassion for and interest in its every scene and stage, its every suffering and sorrow."

THE TEMPLE WITHIN THE DOME.

CONSCIENCE is a thousand swords.—*King Richard III.*

CONSCIENCE does make cowards of us all.—*Hamlet.*

MY conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "Budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. —*Merchant of Venice.*

IN the commission of evil, fear no man so much as thyself. Another is but one witness against thee; thou art a thousand. Another thou mayest avoid; thyself thou canst not. Wickedness is its own punishment.—*Francis Quarles*, "Enchiridion."

THERE are organic and instinctive activities of conscience, by which we forebode punishment or anticipate reward. Who denies this? Not Nero, when he stabs himself or causes his servant to hold the sword on which he falls. Not Nero, when he hears groans from the grave of his mother, whom he murdered the other day, at Baiæ. Tacitus says, as I recollect at this moment, that Nero, after he murdered Agrippina, heard *sonitum tubæ planctusque e tumulo*, the sound of a trumpet and groans from her grave. He had had no Christian education. He had not been brought up wrongly, and probably did not feel, as Hume did, that it was necessary to explain his qualms of conscience by a shock he received in his youth. Nero had an education drawn out of a black sky and the blood-soaked sods of old Rome; and yet he anticipated the action of the Furies behind the veil. Who will stand here and affirm that these moral fears which in all ages have expressed themselves in what all religions have taught, as to the Furies and Nemesis and the Avenging Fates, and as to what awaits us in time to come beyond death, are not expressions of an organic and ineradicable instinct in man? If God makes an instinct, there is always something to match it. The instinct of a migrating bird finds a south to match it; an ear, sound to match it; a fin, water to match it. We walk directly out upon this universal organic possession of man, and infer the existence of its correlate. The poor bee throws out its antennæ, and touches things near it; and conscience throws out its antennæ, and touches things behind the veil. Conscience makes cowards of us all, not on account of anything this side of the veil, but of something on the other side. But when conscience makes cowards of us all is it merely of some arrangement of the molecular atoms in the universe, merely of some shiver of the ultimate particles of this inert stuff that we call matter, merely of a Somewhat, or is it a Some One, that conscience makes us afraid? I have yet to find a materialistic philosopher who does not admit that this foreboding organic instinct is human. This is the way conscience is made; and I undertake to say that it is not bunglingly and mendaciously made.—*Joseph Cook*, Boston Monday Lectures, "Conscience."

CHAPTER V.

THE TEMPLE WITHIN THE DOME.

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF CONSTRUCTION.

IN Nuremburg, in a room of a house that faces the Church of St. Ægidius, you may see, supported on an iron tripod, a wooden globe twenty inches in diameter, covered with a dingy old piece of vellum that was once brilliant in red and gold and green. On that globe you will find the earth's divisions sketched according to the conception of the earth held by fifteenth-century geographers. But this globe has something added; at the twenty-fourth degree of latitude, under the sign of Cancer, there is an island indicated and called "Antilia." One day two men stood gazing upon that globe. One was its maker, he who had drawn Antilia, and as he put his finger on the strange-looking spot he said to the other, "There it is." The man who looked was Christopher Columbus; he who said, "There it is" was Martin Behaim. Antilia was America. Of Columbus we have heard much, and I do not say one word too much, but who has heard of Martin Behaim? The world scarce knows he lived, but his work abides.

In the many and masterly works on character-building that the century has produced it seems to me there has been a failure to recognize adequately the Martin Behaim of manhood-making. Conscience is the world discoverer. Conscience is, humanly speaking, the architect of manhood, or, if you prefer it so, conscience is the superintendent of construction appointed by the divine Architect to supervise the execution of the heavenly plans.

Conscience points its finger to the path and says: There is the way ; walk ye in it. There is the sea for you to sail; spread your canvas. There is the task to match thy skill; up with your sleeves and at it. There is your duty; lions are everywhere, famine surrounds, wolves howl, pestilence rages, snakes abound, death is bold, but go! There is thy duty. Thus speaks the conscience. We can build aright only as we recognize it and seek its culture and assure it obedience. Conscience is the thermometer of the moral sense. True, the old illustration, a compass, holds, but in certain relations I deem it the indicator of the temperature rather than the guide of the moral sense. The clearer our apprehension of moral truth the more commanding will be the voice of conscience and the more terrible its rebukes if its commands are not obeyed.

If man is to live in harmony with the moral sense—law of the universe—he must apprehend what that law is. He can live no better than he knows. His conscience will give no more light than it has grasped. A clear perception of the moral law is essential, then, to the development of the personal moral sense. How are such perceptions gained? How can these moral laws be found? The easiest and simplest way is to take fast hold on the truth proclaimed in that revelation which God has made of himself and of man's relation to him, to be found in that wondrous book well called the word of God. Remember in your quest for truth you found God, the Intelligent First Cause of the things that be, and the Immanent Ruler of the Universe. It would be very easy for you now to reason that such a Being would not leave man uninstructed, and so speedily and rationally reason up to the necessity for such a revelation from God to man as the Bible declares itself to be. But having discovered the vast reach and power of your intellectual endowment, you may be somewhat puffed up, and not satisfied to reach the truth so

easily, or you may be so conceited as to refuse to give heed to such a process of reasoning; having a mind, you are determined to test it, and follow only where it leads. Is there any hope that the reason alone will guide you unto the light that streams from the laws of the moral universe? There is, and that the most skeptical may have no occasion to rear the structure of their character on any other than the surest foundation, I would lead your thought along the path of reason unlit by the effulgent radiance of revelation and press from one self-evident truth to another as the steps by which to enter the holy and resplendent temple of the conscience. While the results that follow the first course may be more immediate and that course is never to be deemed less reasonable—indeed, it is to be questioned if it is not the most reasonable—the latter will give, perchance, a more confident ring to your voice whenever you are called on to give a reason for the faith you cherish and by which you shape your life.

Reverently, then, with holy hands, and knowing the priceless value of that to which we shut our eyes, we close the book that has transformed the world through the transformation of millions of its people, and bid our mind lead on. We start with an overwhelming sense of the truth for which the philosophers of all the schools to-day contend, that the Eternal Source from whence all things proceed makes for righteousness. This Spencer and Mill and Arnold and other great non-Christian philosophers affirm as sturdily as those of the Christian schools. We accept, too, and that without space or seeming necessity for argument, that man is immortal, that death does not end all; and with a righteous God and our immortal spirit before our eyes, and an inherent belief that there are present and eternal relations between that righteous God and our immortal spirit, we put foot on the ladder of reason and start in our climb for the realm of moral law.

In seeking to guide you up this ladder of self-evident truth I wish you to understand that I expect to be guided myself very largely by that American philosopher, Joseph Cook. Such quotations as may appear in this part of the discussion not otherwise accounted for will be made from his lecture on "Certainties in Religion."*

The Ladder of Self-evident Truth.

It was the rule of Demosthenes that every speech should begin with an incontrovertible proposition. Let us obey him. We were born; we shall die. Not long ago, though the world was, we were not in it; not long hence, though the world continue to be, we shall be in it no longer. "This is arithmetic. This is the clock." Death is inevitable. We who are here are soon to be here no longer. De Tocqueville declared that it was vain to try to make any man religious who had no thought of dying. The first, then, of the certainties which we may well fix in our mind is this: we shall die. This no man and no science dare question. The London streets that have echoed with the strains of jubilee marches will echo soon with the mournful strains of the funeral dirge as the queen, having gone the way of all the living, is laid with her fathers. And so it shall be wherever a man dwells, there shall man die. Of all the thousand millions on earth when the bells of independence pealed not one lives to-day, and of the fifteen hundred millions now alive scarce a corporal's guard will live to date a letter in the year 2000. We are all to die, and if you got your ears to the lips of each one of these dying millions, you would learn that one and all of them long to die in peace and go hence with the confidence that all is well. This is the universal rule. The Confucianist with his burning incense, the Hindu with his pleadings for Nirvana, the

*My copy is found in *The Complete Preacher*, combined volume.

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Mohammedan with his greed for sensual delights, the infidel with his eyes to the wall, the atheist with his grit teeth and stare at the blank, the sinner with his writhing agonies of despair, and the Christian with the shout of redemption triumph on his lips—ask them one and all, and their universal outcry is, "We want to go hence in peace."

Can they? That certainly is conditional. If the moral law is universal in its reign (as, until it is proved otherwise, we are warranted in believing), we shall not escape from it by passing hence; therefore it is idle to expect that we shall go hence in peace if we have not so conformed to that law while living here as to be at peace with it in the present. We cannot go hence in peace unless we live here in peace, and we can live in peace here only by keeping in harmony with our environment. What is that? "Our environment is made up of God, of the plan of our own natures, and of our record in the past; and therefore we must be harmonized with God in conscience and our record, or, in the very nature of things, there cannot be peace for us." With this environment we must either be in harmony or out of harmony. If we are in harmony with it—that is, if we are in harmony with God, our conscience, and our record, we will have peace; if we are out of harmony with it—there can be no peace for us here or anywhere where the same law prevails.

Shall we breathe a little here? Yet so pause as to "bring for a moment a solemn hush, such as will exist in our souls when eternity breathes on our cheeks. You say that it is a very commonplace proposition that we are going hence; but did you ever calculate how many mature working hours there are in an ordinary lifetime? Very few men begin labor for themselves earlier than at twenty-five years of age. Very few continue such labor beyond the seventieth year. Now, between the twenty-fifth year of

life and the seventieth there are forty-five years, and if you throw away in each year fifty-two days for Sundays and thirteen for vacations and illness and other interruptions, you have three hundred working days a year. That is to say, in forty-five years you have 13,500 working days. Now, suppose that you labor ten hours a day, a very large average, to be continued through forty-five years, you will therefore have in the forty-five mature years of your life 135,000 working hours. At the end of that very short stretch of time you will go hence. Some of you have about a hundred thousand working hours left. Some of you have not sixty thousand; some of you not thirty thousand. Really there is no doubt about the proposition that at the end of 135,000 working hours any man's life which has already had twenty-five years in it will be over." This is a certainty. These hours will soon pass, and you will pass hence with their record. The world may stand, but you will pass beyond. The trees will continue to shake their leafed and unleafed branches at the storm, but their leaves will fall upon a mound where your dust has been laid to rest. Men will continue to tread this globe with conquering steps, but your place in the ranks another will fill. God will press on from conquest to conquest, and on the great harp of eternity thrum many a psalm of redemptive victory. Increasing millions of the redeemed will continue to praise him, but you and I will listen to the wondrous music from the eternal mounts and not from these temporal valleys. Aye, soon we shall be at the parting of the ways. Life's bell will ring our guardian angels to their evensong. Eyes with tears made dim will look upon the clay tabernacle which we now tenant, and in the hush of that moment, when our soul feels the breath of the unseen, and our heart falters with awe, and we vainly shrink from the messenger who has come, who is there that dare whisper: "The dying care not how they die?

Speculation to them is as comforting as certainty, folly as priceless as wisdom, wrath as welcome as peace?" You know that none but a fiend would intrude such thoughts upon the dying, for no matter how they have lived, their hearts cry out, "O, that I might go hence in peace."

We desire when we go hence to pass to a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," do we not? Is not this the universal longing? Well, let me put you face to face with a great question: Would it be possible to live happily in that house unless we are at peace with its Builder and Master—loving what he loves, in harmony with his purposes, and in obedience to his rule? Could we live at peace in that eternal mansion if we have not built our life according to the pattern that the Builder of the mansion has given for all who would dwell eternally therein? Surely it is folly to think so. Give a pauper a palace, and he would be at home only in a corner of the cellar. The drawing-room would be a horror to him. He would dust his purple robe before daring to sit down lest he soil the throne. The costly bric-a-brac he would not dare to touch lest he crush it in his clumsy fingers. A man must be built a king to live a king. So a man must be built for the eternal mansions if he is to dwell at peace in them. It is impossible for a man so to build himself unless he is in harmony with his environment; so we are forced back again to our proposition that a man must be at peace with himself and God here or he cannot expect to pass hence in peace.

Among the certainties of moral import which we are called upon to face these three rank first: We cannot escape from our own conscience; we cannot escape from our own record; we cannot escape from God. In that terrific contest when the *Monitor* put an end to the conquering course of the *Merrimac* the *Cumberland** went

* The illustration is Mr. Cook's.

down in water so shallow that her topgallant flags still showed above the waves. When the ship went down a surgeon attending the wounded below was nearly strangled by the inrushing waters, but managed to gain the deck, then worked aloft into the rigging, from which he was picked off nearly dead. "Now, the insidious and almost unseen persuasion of human nature is that when we go down in the sea of death and eternity we shall leave ourselves behind ourselves at the bottom of the sea, and escape through the engulfing torrents from ourselves, and be taken into a lifeboat on the surface of the eternal ocean and saved. Now, the trouble with that precious theory, my friends, is in the nature of things. We are the *Cumberland*, and the *Cumberland* cannot swim out of the *Cumberland*, can it? While you exist you will have to keep company with yourself, will you not? Is there any doubt about that?" So long as our existence continues it will be necessary for us to keep company with the plan of our own nature. We cannot flee from ourselves. Divorce is common these days; it is one of the Oklahoma booms, but there is no court in the universe that can divorce a man from himself, his conscience, and his record. We must stay with ourselves. When we go hence our full individuality goes. The *Cumberland* cannot swim out of the *Cumberland*. More, the *Cumberland* cannot escape from the water in which it floats. A shallow bottom will always bring it to a standstill, for it cannot ride on sand. Though the *Merrimac* chase it with iron hail, the *Cumberland* cannot flee from itself, and once in the sand, cannot flee further from the *Merrimac*. So man cannot flee from the Omniscient and the Omnipotent. It is impossible to flee from One who is everywhere; as the Latin proverb puts it, "If you wish to flee from God, flee to God." You cannot escape from God; his omnipresence bursts upon you everywhere. As I write I look from my study

windows to find the Empire State's loftiest mountain peaks enswathed in cloud ; Marcy, McIntyre, and Colden have each a coronal of splendor, and I doubt not that, if I could see old Whiteface, it would also glory in a crown, for the setting sun is throwing out its long rays, and every tiniest particle of the uplifted water entraps a sunbeam, and all the gathered clouds are shot through with glory. So is the whole wide world shot through with the omniscience of the Eternal, and men, as the water particles, may prove themselves traps to catch its splendor and so glorify humanity that the entire race will appear glistering and transfigured with the majestic presence of the Supreme. "There is no sedge in the seething white and green below the terrible majesty of Niagara, that is so boiled full of water as we all shall be and are with God's presence, whether we feel it or not. Undoubtedly the dull surge in the foam knows little of the sublimity of Niagara, and so we, tossed to and fro in natural law, know little of the awesome depth and height below us and above us; but the day will come when we shall know, for we are to be filled, as never was a floating seaweed with the ocean, with God." He is and will be our environment as certainly as our own nature shall be its own environment. "Faculties touch faculties, and, as I may say when I clasp my hands, one hand is the environment of the other. So I may say, when my faculties interact, that one faculty is an environment of the faculty that stands next to it. So I call our own individualities a part of our own environment."

Now we may advance a step. The past is unchangeable. There are some things that are impossible to Omnipotence. Having been born, it is impossible, even, to omnipotence to make it true that I was born in New England if I was born in New York. Your past is full of things that chill you with their horror. Omnipotence can-

not make it true that those things have never been done. In the nature of things it must be forever true that a thing once done has been done. You may cut off the head of Charles I, but Omnipotence cannot make it true that Charles I was never a king. Napoleon may be exiled to St. Helena, but Allied Europe or Omnipotence cannot wipe out the events of the Hundred Days. In the nature of things this must be so, and the nature of things is but another name for God's nature. Whatever our past has been our past remains; our conscience must face it, God must face it, and with it we must face God.

Some may be trembling lest we are using our brains beyond their limit when we assert that we cannot escape from our own nature, or from our record, or from God. You will grant that this is true in this life, but you may fear that we have no right to assert that the same will hold true in the life beyond. Let us halt, then, a little to prove that this is not conjecture, but truth gained by the use of the most approved scientific methods.

Law is universal. This many thinkers have declared to be the greatest discovery of our age. But what do we mean when we say that law is universal? We mean that when we have found out what a law of nature is here we have found a law of nature that is binding everywhere else in this stellar universe. If you know the truth about gravitation here, you know the truth about gravitation in the sun or moon and in all the suns of the universe. If your text-book is good here, it is good among the sons of Ursa Major or among those of the Little Dipper, for which you hunt so often. Professor Barnard, who has increased our wonder concerning the Milky Way by his statement that it includes more than five hundred million suns, having learned here the laws of light, could pass to any one of those hundred million flaming orbs and find his knowledge commanding there. Dana, the great scientist of New

Haven, well-nigh overwhelmed with the sublimity of this thought, declared that "our earth, although an atom in immensity, is immensity itself in its revelations of truth." If light here is the opposite of darkness, if it moves in straight lines, these attributes are just as true of light on the North Star or in the Pleiades. If certain rays of light can be made to penetrate solid substances and photograph things encased in that substance here on earth, light can do the same in all the worlds that fill the jeweled belt of Orion. Aye, we need not be amazed if among the surprises that await us beyond the grave we find photographs in Sirius, or Aldebaran, or Argol of scenes in which we now participate, taken by rays of light that penetrate the endless ether. If I can ascertain what is law here, I have a right to march out on its broad curve and declare that in all other worlds that same law prevails. What is true of physical law we have a right to regard as equally true of the equally tangible moral law, for moral law is as much a natural law as the law of gravitation. If we learn the sweep of a moral law here, we can march to its music up to all the worlds in this sun-clustered universe and declare that the same law holds there. Just this was the sublime audacity the Son of Mary exhibited in the parables which earned him the praise of speaking as never man spake before. From the sheepfold, lily pond, seed-sowing, cake-baking, bottle-mending, "he drew illustrations of moral principles the range of which he swept through the universe, and by which he explained not only our present existence, but the world that is to come. He assumed everywhere the unity of the moral law."

Therefore we do not go too far when we assert that no man can have peace here unless he is at peace with his environment—that is, his conscience, his past record, and God. We find, also, that because law is universal, and moral law as much so as physical law, we have warrant for

believing that as a text-book on light that is worth something here is worth something in the million suns of the Milky Way, so a text-book on moral law that is worth something here is worth something everywhere else in the moral universe, heaven included. Therefore, if a man cannot be at peace with himself here unless he is in harmony with his conscience, his past record, and God, he could not be at peace in the sun, or in Orion, or in Mazzaroth, or in the Pleiades, or in heaven unless he is in harmony with these.

Now we are prepared to push our way up another round of reason's ladder. By the use of the scientific method it is now possible to affirm that harmonization with conscience, our past record, and God are the unalterable natural conditions by which we may gain peace of soul. This may startle some of you. Natural conditions for salvation? Aye, just that, and as indubitable as those revealed in the Christian's Bible. This is what makes life so serious a thing, for even in the very nature of things there are presented to us the conditions of salvation. If you are at war with salvation, you are at war with the nature of things. Now, how shall you gain peace? Shall you conform to the nature of things, and thus end the war and make peace, or do you imagine that the nature of things will conform to you? Do you not see that it is you who must change? God cannot be present to warm with his love without being present, also, as a consuming fire. Philosophy has a few strings to its harp like these; there cannot be an upper without there being an under; there cannot be a before without there being an after; there cannot be a right without there being a left; there cannot be a here without there being a there. These propositions are incontrovertible, but "they have applications to interests of ours deeper than the immensities and more enduring than the eternities. If the nature of things is

against us, God is against us. The nature of things is only another name for the total outcome of the Divine perfections. He cannot deny himself. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. And the nature of things is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. It has no variableness or shadow of turning. With him is no variableness or shadow of turning. It is he." Are you in harmony with him? Are you in harmony with the nature of things? If in the presence of the nature of things you realize that you need a change, so you must realize that you need a change when you face the presence of God.

Here, had we not earlier called your attention to proofs for the existence of a personal God, we might halt to do so. Now we have only to step on with this truth full in our eyes to face the meaning of the expression, God cannot deny himself. He cannot, for your benefit or mine, turn his back on the universal laws by which he rules, nor dare he wink at their violation. He cannot erase the difference between right and wrong, or make wrong right. Grasp, now, squarely the truth of Mr. Cook's great affirmation, that "God is the nature of things," and you must at once grant that the nature of things is perfect. You dare not deny that, and you feel that if you are to have peace, you must be in harmony with the nature of things. How is such harmony possible? Only by submission. The nature of things offers no elective methods for the gaining of peace. Its one note is submission. Here is the natural altar at which you must bow for salvation. What is salvation? "Permanent deliverance from both the love and the guilt of sin. The love of sin? Why, I ought not to be at peace if I have that. The guilt of sin? If I have that, I ought not to be at peace with the universe. But 'ought' has God in it. Until a man gets rid of both the love of sin and the guilt of sin he cannot be at peace with the

nature of things. Without perfect freedom from the love of sin and perfect freedom from the guilt of it a man cannot be at peace in a universe managed as it ought to be, and this universe is managed as it ought to be, and it will be for some time hence."

The plan of any mechanism may be ascertained by discovering how it can be operated with the least friction. This rule holds true of the soul. If we can find a way of soul operation—living—that is frictionless or nearly so, that gives peace with its joys and comforts and glad welcoming of the future, we have found the plan according to which the soul should operate—live. I stand on my feet and, bending forward, touch my fingers to my toes. I do it with ease. But if I attempt to bend backward and touch my fingers to my heels, I do so at the price of a broken back. Now, having tried these two methods of using my back and knowing their results, I need no treatises, either in anatomy or philosophy, to prove to me that my back was not planned to bend backward, but to bend forward, and if any such treatise should attempt to prove to me the contrary, I would throw it aside as senseless, for it is not reasonable to suppose that my backbone was made in such a manner that its natural action would work its destruction.

Now, this is just the rule that we may apply to find the natural action of the soul. Here is a loom. I know nothing about its plan or working, but I determine to know. Yet as I strive to work it I crush a wheel here and a bearing there, and to end my destructive effort a servant of the maker, who is in love with the machine, comes to tell me that he has written a book telling how to operate the machine to best advantage. But I answer I will not have the book. He is a partisan. I want none of his wisdom. I will hoe my own row. And slowly and clumsily I toil on, and at last the loom moves a little

more smoothly, and I get a bolt of cloth from it that I dare put before the eyes of other men, and by continuing my mastery of the loom I command the markets of the world. I have found out how it works, and am profited thereby. Just so I may learn the frictionless way to operate a human soul. I could learn more easily and with less blunting of many of its fine powers if I would take the Book which the servant of the Maker of the soul brings to me for my instruction, but if I am so short-sighted as to consider him a partisan, and so obdurate as to refuse to give attention to the Maker's counsel, I may still toil on, and by the slower and somewhat destructive method of induction learn the secret of its frictionless operation. But if you follow this latter method, you must not shut your eyes to the fact that your method is somewhat destructive of the very knowledge which you desire to gain. If you destroy a wheel here and jog off a cog there, stretch a spring and loosen a bolt, or many of them, you have no right to suppose that the product you get from a machine that has been partially ruined by your own experiments is a fair sample of what that machine would have produced in its perfection. Even so, as we now seek to learn what constitutes the frictionless action of the human soul, we have a right to study the soul at its best, and not one partially destroyed. As the loom that has been partially ruined by experiments cannot produce a fair sample of what a loom can do, so a man who has crushed many of the finer instincts of his nature cannot be considered a fair sample of human nature.

"It is unreasonable and unscientific to judge of the possibilities of man by the one-sided, half-hearted, wild-willed, unsacrificing individuals about us or that we know ourselves to be. 'There is,' said Coleridge, 'some beast and some devil in man. So is there some angel and some God in man.' If you would know the coming man who will

do the will of God and work the works of God, you must picture the man in whom the angel has conquered the beast, God cast out the devil, and who stands full-orbed to all the winds of hell and heaven majestic in his Christliness. Would you put in the cabinet of your faith a man? Then you must construct him as a scientist does the specimen of perfect flower, grain, or beast; he builds for entrance to his cabinet of nature at her best. He will not accept as the full measure of the splendor of the rose the beauty of this one or that; but by utmost diligence to get the best from many gardens, and accepting only the gems of each, he will construct the best of them all into the perfect rose which each might have become. So would we build our ideal man, mindful that in him good and evil lie very close together, virtues and vices alternating for control, but that even in the worst some good remains, as the sensitiveness to poetry and music in the heart of Nero and the worshiping love of flowers in the breasts of human-sacrifice-offering Tlascalans; yet in the good the expulsive power of their love of holiness drives evil from its throne, and its remains are brought under the subjection of the mind that is stayed on Christ.

"Then let us build a man; for material, those who, for good or ill, have been the greatest of the race. From Greece take Aristides; from England, Hampden; from America, Washington; and from all lands those most like them, to give our creation a lofty attribute of justice. Enter into him the minds of such as Aristotle, Bacon, Kant, Hamilton, McCosh, and Cook, that his brain lack not for logic. Build in him Isaiah and Ezekiel, Fénelon and Bossuet, Bunyan and Milton, Dante and Beecher, that his imagination may ride at ease in earth or hell or heaven. Give him the commanding genius and strategic grasp of the Grants and Napoleons and Hannibals and Cæsars and Alexanders. Let Peabody of New England and Bright of

old England be found in him as representatives of business ability and commercial integrity. Let Beethoven and Bach, Haydn and Handel, Mozart and Mendelssohn, fill his soul with melody; David and Homer, Whittier and Tennyson, the Brownings and the Careys, store his mind with poetry; the Baptist and Bushnell, Paul and Punshon, Stephen and Simpson, fire his tongue with eloquence; the Maccabees and William of Orange, the Pilgrims and Patrick Henry, master him for freedom. Let the blood of Gordon and Livingstone, of Chrysostom and Polycarp, of Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale, throb in his heart the full tide of sacrificing love. Give him the tenderness of Lincoln and Spurgeon, of John the Divine and the mothers of the race, crowning all with the conscience of the martyrs and prophets and apostles. Now we have the upper zones of our full-orbed man well formed, but he is not complete. There are lower zones, and we will fill them. Having put into the highest zones all these noblest traits of character that the race affords, we dare to enter in the lower zones the greatest growths of human wickedness that the race has produced. Resurrect the Pharaohs and Herods, the Neros and De Medicis of the human family, and put them in this ideal man. They will but give exercise for the strength and skill of the powers within his upper zones. By the taming and training of them he will prove himself. A man can stand grit in his boots if he has God in his soul. He can master the tempests of passion if he possesses the Niagara of grace." *

Now let this full-orbed man stand before you. Look at him well. Think you such a man would stoop to the gutter? Would such a man contentedly grovel in the slime of self? Could such a man be at peace with himself while defiantly crying, "I will not," to the still, small voice as constantly whispering, "I ought?" Could such

* Lemmon, *Better Things for Sons of God.*

a man harmonize himself with his conscience unless his conscience—educated and refined—spake so that the stars could hear, "All is well; thou needst not longer blush," unless his past record phonographed its story to his listening ears, and repeatedly proclaimed, "All is well; the page is clean—no thought nor word nor look nor deed nor thing undone remains recorded here but what is well?" Could such a man have peace unless from out the eternal splendors there came a voice, resonant with accents of divinity, exclaiming, while listening millions heard, "It is well; thou art my son, in whom I am well pleased?" You know he would not; and the way you find that such a full-orbed soul would live is the way that every soul would live. You have found a sample of decent human nature, and learned its frictionless way of operation.

One of the laws of our republic is that no State has the right to go to war without the consent of all the States. In the republic of our faculties this same law prevails. Vice is a declaration of war, a secession by some one or more of the faculties of our nature. But vice will never win the vote of reason and conscience. The republic of the faculties will never vote to legalize vice or legitimize secession—so that vice in man's nature forever remains a secessionist. Vice is treachery to the soul, and as such the soul of man must fight it, and can never enjoy peace until the traitor is conquered and meets a traitor's doom. If the republic is to have peace, the faculties must operate in harmony—they must act aright; and when they act aright they act without friction; and the frictionless way of acting is the best way, and as in this case the acting is the living, it is thus scientifically proved that there is a best way to live, and if there is a best way to live, it certainly must be best to live the best way.

Some of you have perhaps thought if you threw away your Bible, all religion would go with it. That you had only

to get rid of the book, and you would be rid of God and the requirements of the moral law. But you cannot get away from yourself and your environment with a kick and a jibe at that blessed old book. I am writing from the heart of the Adirondack wilderness. Its hundred lakes and thousand purling streams and massive, towering peaks stretched themselves beneath my feet two weeks ago as I stood on Whiteface's rugged top. Would this vast sanitarium of Nature's kind provision cease to be if all the maps of it were lost or burned? You may throw away all your guide-books, but these mountains cannot be thrown away. So you may throw away your Bible, but the religion of the nature of things will remain so long as law is universal and so long as it can be proved that the frictionless action of the human faculties is the only natural action, thus proclaiming it to be the best way to live. Revelation, young thinker, is only the rising of the sun upon the landscape that brings out more vividly its beauties and grandeur. It simply reveals, uncovers; it does not create. The truth was before it was revealed. There was religion in the nature of things before Moses or the author of Job took up pen to proclaim to us God's idea and purpose in the nature of things.

One of the troublesome questions that face every young life, and, indeed, many older ones, is that concerning the value of morality. It may justly receive attention here. If your faculties act as they are meant to act, they will give you no pain or torment. Undoubtedly it is at first painful for a man to constrain himself to virtuous action, but fundamentally the religious man is a happy man because his faculties are acting right out of his love for the right. He does the right because he is in love with the right and not for fear of the consequences that might follow wrongdoing, or because of the respectability that right living gives him.

"Your man of morality is the person who sails past the Isle of the Sirens and does not land, but he rather wants to do so. You remember that the ancients had a story about the Golden Fleece, and that once Ulysses went in search of the costly object, and on his voyage passed the Isle of the Sirens. They sang to him, and in order to keep his crew from being enchanted he filled their ears with wax and bound himself to the mast with knotted thongs; in that way he went by safely. But he rather wanted to land, and so was not at peace. Of course, if a man wants to land, and will not let himself land, there is a conflict in his nature, and mere cold prudence does not give him harmonization with his environment. The ancients said that when Orpheus went by that island he, being, as you remember, a great musician, set up better music than that of the sirens and so enchanted his crew that they went by disdaining the sorcerers' shore. They not only passed safely, but victoriously and at peace. Now, the man of morality is Ulysses, bound to the mast with knotted thongs and his ears stopped with wax, cold prudence taking him by; but he rather wants to land. Orpheus is the man of religion. He has heard a better music which has outsung the sirens, and he goes by not only with safety, but with disdain. That is the distinction between harmonization with our environment and forced action in some sort of prudential conformity to moral law. No morality can give us peace. When you define morality as Ulysses, with his ears filled with wax and his arms bound to the masts, and yet some desire existing in his heart, to land, that desire must be taken away from his heart or he cannot be at peace. When he desires to do what he cannot do there is a collision among his faculties, and he is not harmonized with the environment of faculty upon faculty. That is as evident as that a thing cannot be here and there at the same time and in the same sense,

We therefore know scientifically that no mere morality, in this sense of prudential self-control—mere cool selfishness—is enough to give peace, but that religion, in the sense of love of what God loves and hate of what God hates, is necessary to our harmonization with our environment. Why, I confess that when I think of these matters in the solitude of my chamber there is nothing in mathematics clearer to me than that while I love what God hates and hate what God loves it is ill with me, and will continue to be ill until the dissonance ceases. In the very nature of things I must love what he loves and hate what he hates, and not merely conform outwardly to him. Religion is the obedience of delight and not the obedience of slavishness. I must give my heart to the nature of things or it and I are at war; and it is He."

Mr. Cook tells us that one day he stood in the basement of the Louvre, enraptured in the contemplation of the superb Venus de Milo and Angelo's marble creation of the sleeping Grecian slave. While he stood there he asked a young man who had been scorched by some of the temptations of Paris life if that woman and that man now before them in marble were dressed in the wardrobe of modern fashion and sent out to go the round of the world, would they come back dissipated. "They would come back without the smell of fire on their garments." "How do you know?" "Look at them!" he cried, "they are too great to be tempted." "But," said Mr. Cook, "they are to go around the world; they are to be free from family police, and they are to be subjected to all the temptations of modern luxury and poverty?" "They would come back without a thread of their wardrobe singed." "How do you know?" "Why, look at them, they are too great to stoop!"

That is the power of the full-orbed man. He is too great to stoop! The whole make-up of such a man resents the gutter and refuses to grovel in it. "I affirm that any

man who will not make a flat-headed Indian of himself, who will not bind upon his upper faculties some plank of evil habits and press down the better instincts of his nature year after year, and who will cultivate all the moral part of his nature as sedulously as he does his intellectual or executive faculties, or his social or his animal, and who will let all parts of his nature grow north, south, east, and west—I affirm that such a man, when the breezes of the holy Somewhat and Some One who is in nature breathed through him, will utter a resonance not like the hiss of the reptile, not like the bellowing of the hollow-voiced calf, or the notes of the silly-throated goose; there will be in that man, when God moves through his full growth, a sacred and commanding resonance like that of the forests of oaks on your prairies yonder, like that of your * forests combining their tones with the roar of your Niagara yonder, like that of both those anthems conjoined with the eternal song of the sea, a hallelujah to the glory of organizing and redemptive moral law; and it is He."

You will remember that there is a passage in that Bible which we have closed which declares that "man must be born from above;" that "the natural mind is at enmity with God; is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be." Now, I do not quote this Scripture to draw an argument therefrom, but to let you see that what is there declared by revelation is just what we have found to be necessary in the nature of things. Man must be so changed as that he shall love what God loves and hate what God hates, and he can have no peace until this change is accomplished in his life. This is the way the nature of things takes to declare that "Ye must be born again." Ah, you see, that old book has a marvelous bit of sense in it after all.

The way the full-orbed man would live we admit to be

* Mr. Cook was lecturing at Chautauqua.

the best way to live, and we determine that so we will live ourselves. What, then—are we at peace? No. The tongues of ten thousand past words and thoughts and deeds and omissions ring the answer in our ears. Even though we have acquired similarity of feeling with God, so that with all the power of the republic of our faculties we do love what God loves and hate what God hates, the unchangeable record of our past remains to taunt us with its nightly dreams of horrors. We realize amid these terrors that, if we are to have peace, we must be saved not only from the love of sin, but that we must be saved, also, from the guilt of sin, for that guilt hangs on our souls as his many murders on the soul of Richard. "Conscience is a thousand swords!" cried he, and right well we know he voiced the truth. Conscience, in the absence of expiation, forebodes punishment, and where there is fear there is no peace; therefore, if we are to enjoy the peace which our acquired similarity of feeling with God brings to us, something more is necessary than our reformation and continued right living. Some provision must be made by which in the nature of things we can be so harmonized with our past record that we shall dare look it in the face, and as God, who is the nature of things, has provided all else necessary for our full-orbed life, it becomes reasonably inferable that he will provide this. More, if as we stand thus at the top of our ladder of self-evident truth we find that for lack of this provision we are to land nowhere—like the stairway that starts from the marble roof of Milan Cathedral and ends in vacancy without a landing—if after all our climbing, in which we have been approaching nearer and nearer to an eternal full-orbed life, we are to remain forever out of harmony with the nature of things, in dissonance with God, and without peace with ourselves, no matter how deeply we are desirous of harmony with this environment, it becomes scientifically inferable that

such provision will be made as shall harmonize us with our whole environment, which includes our conscience and our past record. Thus we find that even as the nature of things leads us to the necessity of the new birth, so it scientifically leads us to the necessity of the atonement.

In this matter of our past record we are dealing with something very tangible. The facts of this record have a stare that no stubbornness will outlook. These facts speak so clearly that we cannot fail to hear, and as the record is read out our conscience rings its "Right" or "Wrong" with such sharpness that we tremble. Reason has no difficulty here in discovering the truth. We cannot cudgel it into believing that when we have reformed we have got rid of the past. Its unchangeable record remains. The past cannot be reformed. Though I have learned to hate my sin, still my sin remains. I may cry with my Lady Macbeth, "Out, damned spot! out, I say!" but it will not out, and while it is there in all its hideousness I feel sure that I ought not to treat it as if it were not there. A soldier has deserted. On the eve of a battle he has skulked away, but his comrade stayed and faced the foe. By and by the deserter returns, and is ready to re-enlist. Ought he to be treated just like that soldier who stood to his duty and looked death in the eyes? No present or future courage or devotion can change the fact that that soldier did desert, can it? I am a deserter. I have failed again and again to answer the roll when God and my conscience called me to duty, and no act of reenlistment can change the record. In a universe governed as it ought to be governed I know that I should be treated differently than Gabriel and the angels, who have never deserted. This my reason and my conscience firmly grasp. Just as firmly, too, do I realize that this universe is governed as it ought to be governed, and because it is so I quake and tremble. My soul knows no rest, even after I have reformed. There

is my record; it is red, and because it is red my soul has no peace. This is no new thought. All the ages have been dolorous with its woe. When we ask the saints and sages as well as the fiends and furies of all past history, their answer is the same; in the face of their past record in the absence of expiation they have so foreboded punishment as to destroy all their peace. When the Greek philosophy was at its height Socrates declared this in words that may be shortened thus, "It may be that God may forgive willful sin; I do not see how he can, for I do not see that he ought to." That conviction of punishment due to the past record was the cause of all those sacrificial holocausts by which the heathen tribes sought to gain peace of soul. Conscience is the same in all ages. It is nature's goad to-day; it has been nature's goad in all the ages past. Face to face with the past record conscience has always stung the soul into unrest and horror.

There is Richard, frenzied on Bosworth field, as ghost on ghost of his murdered dead rises to sit heavy on his soul. There is Denmark's king, vainly seeking to bow his poltroon knees, but Hamlet's father does not resume his crown. The murdered become not unmurdered, and though the murderer's knees refuse to bend, his conscience ceases not to sting. There is Clarence, "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," on whom the fiends of dreams do seize, and so rack and rend him with their torments that when at their imagined hideous cries he wakes he cannot for a season believe but that he has been in hell. There is Valjean—Hugo's master limning—whose conscience gives him rest day nor night until he makes that great confession that can scarce be believed, and that sends him from benevolent opulence back to galley ships, with the iron chains about his feet.

Ah! but you say that is poetry; that is fiction. Well, let us look history in the eye. John Randolph fought

a duel with Henry Clay. Later, when death was loosing the silver cord, he staggered in his weakness to his seat in the Senate chamber. Clay rises to speak. For many months these men have not addressed each other. "Lift me up," said Randolph, loud enough for Clay to hear; "I must listen to that voice once more." He was lifted up. He heard; and as Clay finished the two statesmen shook hands and parted friends. Soon Randolph was on his dying bed, and he asked his physician to show him the word "remorse" in the dictionary. "There is no dictionary in the room," said the physician. "Very well; here is a card. The name of John Randolph is on one side of it; write on the other the word which best symbolizes his soul. Write 'remorse' in large letters; underscore the word!" After that was done Randolph held up the card before his eyes, and repeated again and again that word, "Remorse, remorse, remorse!" "What shall we do with the card?" asked the physician. "Put it in your pocket, and when I am dead look at it." This man was not insane. It was after this incident that he dictated his will, manumitting his slaves. He proved the clearness of his brain at that hour by dictating a document that was technically perfect. Later he said: "You know nothing of remorse. I hope I have looked to Almighty God as a Saviour, and obtained some relief; but when I am dead look at the word which utters the inmost of my soul, and you will understand of what human nature is capable."

Look at Charles IX of France. He listened to the voice of his mother, and consented to the horror of St. Bartholomew. The souls of those thousands slain sit heavy on his soul. At twenty-four years of age he is stretched upon his dying bed. The blood of that massacred host forms a sea on which his conscience forever sails him. He cannot escape it. In vain he chases his mother from his side. In vain he curses her for giving

him birth, and then curses himself for having listened to her fiendish plans. In the horrible agonies of his terrors the blood starts through the pores of his skin. It pours from his nostrils and from the corners of his eyes and from his ears, and bursts from the corrugated veins. This is history, substantiated by documentary evidence. There is no poetry in it. It is Richard and Clarence and Valjean and Macbeth in the real. His conscience stung and stung, and wrung from his lips the cry: "How many murders! What rivers of blood!" Here is just such a one as fits the picture drawn by Byron:

> The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
> Is like the scorpion girt by fire:
> In circle, narrowing as it glows,
> That flames around their captive close;
> Till, inly scorched by thousand throes,
> And inly maddened in her ire,
> One and sole relief she knows—
> The sting she nourished for her foes,
> Whose venom never yet was vain,
> Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
> She darts into her desperate brain.
> So do the dark in soul expire,
> Or live like scorpion girt by fire.
> So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
> Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven;
> Darkness above, despair beneath,
> Around it flame, within it death.

Charles did not dare to commit suicide. He had shed blood enough without adding thereto his own. So in the dark his life passed out. Priests might soak him in the oil of extreme unction, praying cardinals might kneel beside his writhing form, popes might send pontifical absolutions and benedictions, but the past would not out. Its horror grew as he drew nearer to the unseen. There is nothing that can be demonstrated from the facts of our life if it is not demonstrated by the universal experience of the race that the past is a destroyer of peace when we look at it from ourselves, with no expiational provision between us

and its appalling record. Unless God in some way which only omnipotent wisdom could devise lets down a screen between me and my past, so that as I look on it I see even its fires spelling a hope-inspiring FEAR NOT, I am lost and undone eternally.

That such a provision has been made reason cannot prove. It can only prove the necessity for it. If such provision has been made, another voice than that of reason—namely, revelation—must declare it; reason again coming in to consider its adequacy. Has such a revelation been made? It is the question that rings up from my inmost soul with yearnings that are indescribable. I find myself all conscience-tortured like these whose names I have called. I find myself awake at night with horrors on me such as crazed the mind of Lady Macbeth. She repented of her connivance at the murder of Duncan. Yet her repentance brought no peace. The murder stood, and conscience stung. Night after night she rose and paced the floor of her chamber vainly rubbing at her hands. At the bowl she washed and washed, yet was compelled to cry as the blood stains to her eyes remained: "Yet here's the spot. What! will these hands never be clean again?" She lifts them to her nostrils, and seems stifled by the smell of the imagined blood, and, horrified, exclaims, "Here's the smell of blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand!"

Yonder in another room is her husband. His hands are also red. His conscience, also, has a thousand tongues to condemn him with its outcries. Every noise appalls him. Every night is a horror. His hands pluck out his eyes in the hideousness of their red terror, and, imagining himself seeking to cleanse them in the wide reaches of the sea, he realizes that even it is not bowl enough to contain the cleansing fluid, and in his anguish cries:

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red."

I am not a murderer, but the guilt of sin is on my soul. The past has its terrors for me that make it easy to understand such creatures as these whom the great portrayer of the conscience delineated. As much as they I need some fount in which to cleanse my red right hand. So with Lady Macbeth on one arm and Lord Macbeth on the other I with them travel every whither, and with uplifted hands cry out to all the world, "Who will cleanse our red right hands?" Religion should give an answer, or religion is a mockery; so to the religions of the world I go and put my question.

In the Temple of the Sun I ask Confucius and his *Analects* and all who at his altars pay their vows if they can cleanse our three red right hands. But the *Analects* are mute, and what the priests find not there they tell me they cannot proclaim, and unlighted and unhelped I must make exit from the Temple of the Sun. At Benares I enter the Temple of the Hundred Names of God, and all those hundred eyes that above the names do flame look on me to increase my terror. To Brahman and Buddhist and to their Vedas and Brahmanas and Upanishads and Shastras I put my query over again, "Can you cleanse our red right hands?" But the books are silent, and so are the priests who read them, and the wealth of Ind has no power to buy me release or purchase the cleansing of my hands. At Mecca I press my way through reeking filth and stench, and even put my lips to the black stone worn smooth by the caresses of unnumbered millions of pilgrims, and there at the Kaaba I lift my voice above the voices of the priests who call to prayer, and to them I put my question: "Can you, with your Mecca and your Cairo, your Constantino-

ple and your St. Sophia, your Koran and your Mohammed, can you cleanse our three red right hands?" Their lips are mute, but they lift their hands, and I have my answer, for blood in streams flows from them. Fair tresses from the heads of gentle women, soft, shining curls from little children, and the dark locks of sturdy men, now all soaked in blood, wind about their fingers in sickening spectacle, and I know that those who thus gloat in bathing their own hands in human blood have no cleansing for my sin-stains.

Is there, then, no cure? In all this world is there no wash that shall make clean these hands of ours? Must we live and die and live again at war with ourselves and at war with God, even when from our inmost soul we long for peace, and stand ready to pay any price to gain it? The whole wide world, outside the book of God and the Gospel it proclaims, hears me in silence, and has naught but mocking silence for its answer. Come now, O Christian, with your book. What does it say? Open it here where all the lights of time and the thousand fires of my maddening conscience may light its page. Open it. I will hear it now if it has any message that can still these furious tongues, if it has any word that will point my way to hope.

And then I read, and stand on Calvary's mount to read, of a wondrous sacrificial death, and as beneath that cross I stand with crimsoned hands upraised in mute appeal, with no voice to ask my question now, nor need to ask it either, the hands themselves making more importunate plea, lo! there falls from the wounded head and hands and feet and riven side of him who dies upon that cross a flow of mingled water and of blood upon my sin-stained hands, and with an alchemy all divine my hands are cleansed; my past remains, but longer stings me not; my soul revives; and a peace, in its majesty akin to Him who

so majestically faces death, proves that at length I am at peace with God and with myself.

The expiation which the nature of things demanded should be provided I have found. It is Christ's atoning life and death. Only the Christ which the nature of things demands could cleanse my red right hand.

The Great Affirmation.

Now, having traveled the long way up this ladder of self-evident truth, we are ready to look in the eyes of a great affirmation that will be in keeping with the plan of the preceding chapters of this book. We have found that man has a moral sense—better, a moral nature—but that that nature is perverted and needs a cure if man is to live the life of a full-orbed soul. We have pressed on until that cure was found—a cure for both the love of sin and the guilt of sin, such cure being in a new birth and in the expiation provided in Jesus Christ. Therefore we may affirm that even as we found a wondrous provision for the body of man, and for the social nature of man, and for the intellectual nature of man, so we have now found a wondrous provision for the moral nature of man. *The redemption provided in Jesus Christ is the provision of God for the cure and re-creation of the perverted moral nature of man.*

What follows? You cannot be a man in the full sense of that word, you cannot build a character "four-square to all the winds that blow," you cannot make of yourself what the Eternal would have you, and therefore what you have a right to become and what it should be your ambition to become, unless you make use of this provision of God for your good. Religion is not optional to manhood. There can be no complete manhood without union with Jesus Christ. Unless your character is upreared in obedience to these self-evident laws of your moral nature, you

are building failure and not success. You are building on the sand and not upon the rock. Again, you see self-evident truth is but a clumsier way of expressing the tersely put teachings of the Holy Book. Read again the story of the house built on the sand and of the one built upon the rock. That story is true to the nature of things. If you have passed it unheeded in your reading, do not do so now, as the same message rings out to you from the study of the laws of your own being. Without the religion of Jesus Christ you cannot fashion yourself aright. Accept, then, this great provision of the thought and favor of the Eternal for and to you, work it into your life, and stand full-orbed and masterful before your God and before your fellow-men.

> It takes a soul
> To move a body; it takes a high-souled man
> To move the masses . . . even to a cleaner sty;
> It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breadth off
> The dust of the actual. Ah, your Fouriers failed,
> Because not poets enough to understand
> That life develops from within.

The Nature and Culture of the Monitor.

It seems but just, as I have said so much concerning the operation and office of conscience, that I should say something more distinctly concerning its nature and culture. I confess that I shrink from entering where so many have entered but to befog themselves and others, especially as what is said must be so much compressed and much that might well be said be left unsaid.

In the minds of many the idea of conscience, reason, and the judgment are terribly mixed. Very many seem to consider them but different names for the same thing, or succeed in getting them sadly blended when they speak of their operations. Now, if we can straighten things out a bit here, we will be better prepared to march on successfully. Conscience is not the reason; it is not the judg-

ment, but an original faculty, that, being such, of course has a function peculiarly its own. But this does not debar it from drawing or putting the other faculties to service. Taste, sight, hearing, are each original faculties, but they call to their service many or all of the other faculties. Just so conscience, while it is an original faculty, as the power to reason is an original faculty, puts the other faculties to its service.

In what relation to each other do the faculties stand? Let us seek answer to our query. I will try to set before you the picture of the operation of the mental and moral faculties that has appeared to me. It is a court scene. A case in equity is to be tried. There on the bench is the judge. His name is Conscience. There is a lawyer in his robes. His name is Reason. There is a pettifogger. He wears so many different robes and changes his name as often as his robe that I scarce know to-day whether he is to be called Desire, or Appetite, or Avarice, or Lust, or Compromise. He is not much respected in the court, but no frown will keep him out of sight. He will be heard, no matter how ranting his speech. On the desk in front of the judge and on the table in front of the lawyer are books. The pettifogger has some sadly mutilated copies, also, under his arm. They are the law. Judge and lawyer and pettifogger each accepts them as such, though each may have a different conception of their import. Yonder are the litigants. They represent the case now to be tried. The trial begins. Remember there is no jury. In the republic of the faculties trial by jury is not allowed. In the rendering of a decision the judge is supreme.

The trial proceeds. Reason states the case, with many deferential apologies for calling the attention of his honor to the well-known provisions of the law as well as to fair deductions from his honor's former decisions. Reason

is in love with consistency. The judge is very likely cognizant of the bearing of every law or decision quoted before it is quoted, for it is seldom here, as in the court from which we borrow our method of illustration, that the lawyer knows more than the judge. But the lawyer has his office and its duties. The whole case must be thoroughly discussed, that the judge may be in possession of all the facts and his memory jogged as to the bearings of the law on the particular point at issue. Then comes the pettifogger. He makes his argument. From the same facts he may draw quite a different story, and from the same law and decisions support the justness of his contention. Oftentimes he dare not lift his eyes, for even he is ashamed of his case. Sometimes there is a churlish smirk upon his face, for he realizes himself the flimsiness of his plea. But at other times he straightens up, dares to look judge and lawyer in the eyes, and, waxing eloquent, he puts a case that makes judge and lawyer wonder what this fellow is coming to and if at last he has a case that is to win a decision in his favor. The cross-fire of question and reply, the incisive queries of the judge, the quick and interested rulings on objections, all tell that a battle of tremendous interest is on. The lawyer is crowded from corner to corner; now with a brilliant sally he routs the pettifogger but to find that on the latter's objection his honor rules the sally out of court. Now it is the pettifogger who has offered evidence against which the lawyer raises objection, and his honor is compelled to hesitate, and scratch his head, and scan his notes, and read the law a dozen times before he has confidence to rule that the objection holds. It is a case where right and wrong seem to have got into each other's clothes, and the court has looked and decided by the clothes so long that it is hard to recognize now by faces. At length the lawyer and the pettifogger rest their case. They have exhausted all

the resources at their command, and sit now in silence, all their eyes on the judge. And he? Usually he speaks as quick as the case is rested, but now it is not so. He is silent. His eyes are closed, and he seems to be telling on his fingers the tally of the laws, and as fingers are opened and closed the watchers wonder which side of the silent tally is theirs. Then he rises, and paces back and forth, thumbing a book here or pouring long over one there. Then he sits down again. The light comes into his eyes. His lips press each other, and his fingers drum rapidly on his desk. Then it comes. What? Why, the *judgment.* That is how Judgment comes. Conscience itself, knowing the law, listens to the opinions and pleadings of Reason and Desire, who also know the law, and when they have spoken and Conscience has itself considered all the bearings of the question, perhaps entering into its consideration principles that have been entirely overlooked both by Reason and Desire, it as judge delivers the decision, and the decision is the judgment on or of the case.

I trust that by this illustration, faulty as analogies ever are, I have made somewhat more clear to you the processes by which we by reason through conscience arrive at judgment. And as conscience in this process occupies so responsible a position, you will, I trust, not fail to realize how diligent and thorough you should be in its development and culture.

But has conscience no feeling? Certainly the *judge* has feeling. Judge Conscience never decides questions upon technicalities, but always perceiving the rightness and wrongness of certain actions or choices, he also feels that right ought and that wrong ought not to be carried out by the will, and the Will, to continue our court illustration, is the sheriff who executes the judgment.

We have now introduced another word which will, if we grasp its meaning, do much to clarify our conception of

the nature and office of conscience, as well as advance our definition of conscience a step higher. It is a word of a single syllable. It is the word "*ought.*" But that word "ought," as Mr. Cook keenly observes, "has God in it." He has found the weight of that word. Let us watch his scales:

"Take the single syllable 'ought' and weigh it, and do so according to the sternest rules of the scientific method. How are we to ascertain what this word weighs unless it be by experiment? What experiment shall we try with it if it be not that of weighing over against it something very heavy? What shall we weigh against that one word 'ought?' Here is a soldier with an empty sleeve. There was a day when the question arose whether he ought to go to the front in the war. He had to maintain father and mother; and the word 'home' is supposed to be a very weighty one. Heavier than the word father or mother is the word 'wife.' He weighed that word and others with it against the one word 'ought;' and father and mother and wife went up in the scale, and 'ought' went down, and he went to the front. Is 'ought' scientifically known to weigh anything? Here is another soldier who had father and mother, wife and children to weigh against that insignificant syllable; and he weighed them in the mornings and the noons—in both the sacred twilights, as they say in India—and in the midnights. Father, mother, wife, and children were words to which he allowed their full weight. He was the only support of his family, but the one word 'ought' again and again carried up the weight of these weightiest contradicting syllables. What if this soldier and that could have put into the left-hand scale all that men value in wealth and honor or reputation? I will not suppose the word honor to have any other meaning than reputation, for I cannot weigh 'ought' against 'ought;' and a man ought to maintain his honor. We must

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not be so unscientific as to weigh a thing against itself. But we put in here, outward standing among men, and wealth and life. If you please, sum up the globes as so much silver and the suns as so much gold, and cast the hosts of heaven, as diamonds on a necklace, into one scale, and if there is not in it any part of the word 'ought'—if 'ought' is absent in the one scale and present in the other—up will go the scale laden with a universe, as a crackling paper scroll is carried aloft in a conflagration ascending toward the stars. Is it not both a curious and appalling fact, this weight of the word 'ought'—and yet a fact absolutely undeniable? Where is the materialist or the pantheist who dares assert that I am making this syllable too heavy? You may weigh against that word everything but God, and it will outweigh all but himself. I cannot imagine God weighed against 'ought.' Precisely here is the explanation of a mystery. God is in the word 'ought,' and therefore it outweighs all but God." *

Remember, it is conscience that says "ought;" conscience, therefore, has God in it. Conscience is God speaking in a man. I like Dr. Trench's study of the word. Conscience means not merely that which I know, but that which I know with some other. That other knower whom the word implies is God. The law that is known to conscience is known, also, to God, and conscience knows that it is known to God, and performs its duties with the awing sense of that knowledge ever present. That child whose teacher asked her, "What is conscience?" and who replied, "*It is Jesus whispering in our hearts*," was not far wrong. There may be such a strife of passions and desires that conscience shall be well-nigh deafened, yet still its voice is there, and its voice is the voice of the Eternal Truth.

"Conscience is the true Jacob's ladder, set in the heart

* Boston Monday Lectures, *Conscience.*

of the individual and reaching unto heaven, and upon it the angels of self-reproach and self-reproval ascend and descend. The capacity for righteousness is the conscious possession of the normal man, and the discrimination between right and wrong, good and evil, is but the working within the spirit of the Infinite Christ. The power of the historic Christ to quicken the conscience depends upon the essential relation of that organ of the soul to the Eternal Christ. The consciousness that there is an ethical meaning to man's choices and acts; that his career is the subject of moral judgment; that the significance of his thought and behavior reaches beyond time and space; that his being is bound up with the Infinite, is the profoundest import of conscience, and it is the whisper within him of the word of God." *

Now, I think, we are prepared for a thought which I desired to express when writing of the rendering of a judgment by the conscience. Conscience, not only knowing the law, but it being the whisper of the Lawmaker in the soul, the voice of truth among, yet above, the other mental and moral faculties, it, to revive our method of illustration, in rendering its decision may enunciate principles that are entirely new to the reason and the desires, and decide the case by the application of a rule which neither has heard before, yet a rule which, now hearing, reason at once apprehends to be entirely reasonable and authoritative, and the desires at once understand to be just and right. Law is eternal, unchangeable, but the apprehension of the import of that law by the conscience is, and of right out to be, progressive. The eternal laws change not, but they do unfold, and conscience must keep abreast of that unfolding. Yesterday's apprehension by the conscience of the import of the eternal law will not solve the problems that arise to-day, nor will what serves to-day

* Gordon, *The Christ of To-Day.*

meet to-morrow's needs, because before to-morrow comes the race shall have marched on to the stadium, where the eternal law may unfold its vaster sweep and wider application. The conscience of the patriarchs would not have met the needs of the apostles, for the latter had by the exercise of their conscience to decide the rightness and wrongness of thoughts and deeds for which neither the patriarchs nor their age were ready, and concerning which, therefore, the law had not as yet declared its application. Nor would the conscience of an apostle, entered just so into the life of a man to-day, solve for him all the problems that face us. As the progress of the race puts many a problem before the civil courts for the solution of which no precedents or statutory enactments come to the aid or rescue of the judge, so the progress of the race puts many a problem to the conscience for which past apprehension of the import or application of the law will not suffice; and just then that "other One who knows"—the God in the word "ought"—whispers or thunders, and the conscience proclaims the new-found principle for the guidance of the life. But every such enunciation will be so reasonable that it will stir up no opposition from the reason, and though the desires may not conform to the new rule, they will none the less grant its justness. Remember, God is in the word "ought." It is he who whispers or thunders through the conscience, and he is always reasonable.

Thus you find that the conscience is a growing thing, and it grows only as it hearkens to the voice within and secures from all the other faculties obedience to that voice. Here we approach another of the difficult problems of this discussion. We have called the will the sheriff who executes the judgments pronounced by the conscience. But the demonstration of many a life is that the will refuses to execute such judgments. Conscience has no power of choice. Its function is to declare what should be chosen.

The power of choice resides in the will. It may or it may not choose as conscience decides to be the right. It may or it may not elect to execute the judgment pronounced. It may choose to lock arms with the pettifogger even after he has lost his case, and, snapping its fingers at the lawyer, defy the judge, and instead of compelling the litigants to obey the law, lead them in their riotous rebellion. This is not as it ought to be, but it is as things are in a sad number of instances, and, if Mr. Cleveland will allow, it is the condition of things, as well as the ought-to-be, that we must face.

When the will refuses obedience to the conscience what can the conscience do? I confess that this is one of the most terribly perplexing questions that I have ever turned over in my mind. No answer satisfies. The nearest approach to such an answer is one that involves a comparison of God's treatment of a man who refuses to obey him, and the more this is pondered the more it seems evident that this contest to which we turned simply for purposes of comparison is the actual representation of the situation described in our question. The rebellion of the will against the conscience is only another way of treating and beholding the rebellion of man against God. In conscience God speaks, and by the will man chooses; if, then, the will refuses to obey the conscience, the man refuses to obey God. If this statement of the situation is just, the question becomes, If man refuses to obey God, what can God do? I dare not attempt to frame a reply that would be so audacious as to place bounds to the limits of Omnipotence. Our answer, if one is to be found, must come from observing what God does do in such instances; and observation proves that God leaves the man to his choice, but never fails to mark his way with warnings that his choice is wrong. The pleasures to which the man turns may satiate, but they never satisfy. His appetites lead

him but to shame and physical ill. His passions curse and rot him bodily. His intellect may expand, but only increases the shame of a Byron and a Burns and a Poe, groveling in the slime. Right and left all things prove false, and the more he lets the mind that differentiates him from the surrounding beasts declare itself the more he realizes that all this is just, and terrors take hold upon him. He promises himself to reform, but puts off the hour of fulfilling his promise with full knowledge, and with the sting that such knowledge entails, that his life may end before he has reformed. Outwardly to the eyes of many it may seem that God pays no attention to him, but the man knows otherwise. The rebel always knows he is a rebel, and the rebel against God knows that the day of his arrest and arraignment before the eternal bar is inevitable. So, though he shouts and revels and makes light of his course, front him suddenly with death, stretch him quickly upon his bed, and he will quake and tremble at the speedy prospect of judgment. Though for years his ears have been so full of the songs of the siren, and his eyes so glutted with visions of vice, and his brain so dizzy with fancies infernal that he has well-nigh forgotten the fact of his rebellion, it takes only death to stare him in the eyes to bring him back to the fact; and, with logic that is irresistible, though hell be the conclusion of its premise, he sees that all the vice that intervenes is but the fruit of that initial error, long past, but still pregnant, when he as a man set himself against the knowledge of his duty that he had received from God. Thus we see how God treats the man who refuses to obey him. He sends no legions of angels to force him against his will to the discharge of his duty, nor does he take his office from him and put him in chains. He lets the rebel live and revel in his errors. He lets him continue to choose evil until evil becomes almost second nature. He lets the man

go the length of his life, *and then the judgment.* And man knows the judgment is coming as well as God, and this is his continuing terror.

Is not this but another way of partially describing what the conscience does when the will refuses to obey it? It leaves the will to its own waywardness, but ever continues its warnings, and again and again holds up pictures of the end of all such evil choosing. Here, of course, our comparison ends, for conscience is not all divine, and the refusal of the will to conform to the course prescribed by the conscience must work havoc to the human side of the conscience. When the will, taking lessons of Satan, overthrows the supreme court of the faculties and establishes itself as dictator the doors of the conscience are walled up, as the dictatorial mob of 1789 walled up the doors of the churches of France. For this is the universal observation: the will never rebels or overthrows the conscience in the interests of right. Conscience always declares for the right. If the will rebels and mounts to the dictatorship, it is in the interests of wrong, and all that is right must suffer so long as the rule of the wrong may last. It is possible that a rebellious will may not pervert the conscience, but it cannot fail to stifle and weaken it with its contentions and disorders. So for conscience to grow—and it can only grow by the rightful exercise of its functions—it is necessary that it command the instant and complete obedience of the will and all the other faculties. No life is directed right that is not directed by conscience, and if the directions of the conscience are disobeyed, no ingenuity of the reason or stubbornness of will can save the life from moral shipwreck; and so long as conscience can make itself heard above the din of the storm of the heedless revelry that threatens the wreck of the ship of life it will warn of danger and direct to the right.

But you pin me now with the old conundrums: Will

conscience always lead us right? Is it an infallible guide? These are the woeful puzzles of moral philosophy. But if you will think a while, I believe you will come to see that they are such puzzles to us because, so far as we are concerned, they have so little true relation. The answer that may be given to these questions when considered with relation to their import to the heathen millions is without controversy tremendous, but I cannot help thinking that it is wild beating of the air for you and me, who make up the rank and file of Christendom, to become perplexed over them. Our birthright is inestimable, but the inheritance of this birth has its consequences. We were born to the light. From the hour of our birth the light has streamed on us with increasing energy as our intelligence has developed. Unconsciously, as well as consciously, we have gained a consciousness of right and wrong as measured by the ideal of right everywhere present in the thoughts and life of those about us, so that it becomes undeniably true that so far as you and I are concerned who are born in Christian lands our conscience will and does always direct *toward* the right. I have no expectation that any man's conscience, no matter how zealously cultivated, will become absolutely infallible in this life, but I as firmly believe that the conscience of every human being of sound mind who grows up amid the surroundings of our so-called Christian lands will prove sufficiently near being infallible to lead him up the heights to the Infallible and Ineffable One, with whom he may reside eternally.

It is idle to philosophize ourselves into a muddle. We must not perplex ourselves so much about what God is going to do for and with the heathen as to overlook what God has done for us, and so fail to make the use we should of his provision for us, even to the extent, possibly, of finding out what he wants to do for the heathen through

us. We are born to light. So long as our brains remain clear we cannot mistake its illumination. Do not mistake a disordered mind for an untrue conscience. Conscience must use the mind for its processes and to express itself; of course, if that mind is disordered, conscience cannot possibly ring true. But where the mind remains clear, there conscience will speak for the right, and it is not a disordered compass, but a rebellious will, that is responsible for a man going far from the path of right in these days in Christian lands. The light is all about him; he cannot fail to see it unless he shuts his eyes, and his eyes will stay open if he wills them to stay open. The light is in some measure in him, and it will lead him unless he refuses to be led, and he cannot refuse to be led without the operation of his will. Well-nigh the first direction of the light about us and in us is to get more light. It requires us not only to follow what light we possess, but to follow all we can obtain, and makes known to us that we are responsible for all we can obtain, and if, in obedience to these promptings, we keep our life abreast of the light which in our conscience we have apprehended, our conscience will not fail very soon to be illuminated with the full radiance of God.

I cannot see the fitness of the stock illustration of the compass and its getting out of order to the facts of the case in a land that is bright with Gospel light. Using this illustration, it is asked, What of a man lost in the woods whose compass unknown to him has got out of order—can it lead him right? Certainly not; but even should it dawn on him that it is out of order, it being the best thing at hand for his guidance because it does point somewhere, it had best be followed until, getting out somewhere, he may right it. He is not responsible for getting lost, but he is responsible for staying lost if use of life and wit would have brought him from the woods in safety. If a

man is lost in the woods without a compass, and meets a woodsman who is also lost, but who knows something about traveling through the woods, he will be better in the lost woodsman's tow than in going it alone. So the man with the disordered compass—he had better follow it, though it will not bring him out right. But the trouble with this illustration in my mind, when I put it to the test of practical life, *is to find the woods wherein the conscience may get lost.* In these days of crowded seas the ship whose magnetic needle points wrong is by reason of that very deflection from the usual course the more apt to run counter to ships whose needles point true, and so soon given opportunity to correct her reckoning. So with the conscience; the Christian world is so full of consciences that point right that if your conscience or mine become deranged, we will so soon cross course with others that the light we have will prove us wrong and conscience will be quick to correct the reckoning. There seems to be no woods, scarcely any brush, for one determined to find and be guided by the light. Having lived for thirty years in the lap of a Christian land, and begotten a conscience in measure with its conscience, would residence among the most degraded tribe of Darkest Africa, with readiness to live like one of them, or priesthood in the highest rank of Brahmans, or hermitage in the desert wastes of Patagonia, prove a *woods* to my conscience? I cannot see it so. I admit the dwarfing and dimming that would undoubtedly follow, but I believe, in every moment of solitude, whenever alone under the stars, or in monk's cell, or in hermit's cave, my conscience would still speak and, though stifled back, would yet ring true. I cannot turn my back on these thirty years by any exercise of my conscience; I can by the exercise of my will, and for that exercise of my will in opposition to the judgment of my conscience my conscience would everywhere and forever brand me as a rebel.

Do not hug yourself, then, young thinker, with the delusion that you can do wrong and plead for mercy on the theory of being lost in the woods. Born to the light, nursing it with your mother's milk, even though she be not a consecrated child of God, intuitively hiding the apple you have taken because you know such taking is theft, hearing of the right way from teacher and passer-by, even if you never journeyed to the Sunday school or listened to a sermon, the church bells have rung in your ears from the time that you began to ask, What's that? you have had reply after reply that has made known to you for what the Church stands; with all this light about you, with this surging, jostling throng rubbing your elbows daily on the street, and by the contact of life declaring right and wrong, you cannot get lost, your conscience will not get out of order unless with your will you strike it such a blow as occasions its disorder by knocking it from its pivot. And if you will strike this blow, you will know that your rebellious will is responsible for your lost condition. This light that streams about you conscience steadily calls on you to get and by it guide your life. It always rings in our ears that it is wrong to suppress light. Day by day, though the eye may never have rested on John's gospel, it declares "that this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light." Our conscience, with the education of birth and Christian environment, very quickly grasps the fact that "the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" has appeared, and that to follow that Light becomes man's supreme duty, for that Light "in the beginning was with God, and was God."

I can understand how the man of Africa or Asia who has never heard the story of the redemptive provision for man's fallen moral nature may be considered as one lost in the woods. It is not for me to say that he is respon-

sible for being lost. If he is following the best his conscience directs, I cannot but think that the call of his conscience that impels him to prostrate himself before the wheels of Juggernaut to be crushed in the body may be as praiseworthy as the call of mine that impels me to prostrate myself before the altar of my Christ. The trouble is not so much with his conscience as with the religious knowledge to which he was born and which surrounds him, and which is thus far all the knowledge his conscience has been able to apprehend. If he follows all the light he has, we may well leave the results of his case with the Lord. But as we see him blindly with pain and torment almost vainly seeking after light, we may well question within ourselves what weighty judgments await us who, having the light, refuse it unto him. Missions are not half so much for him as for ourselves, though the change wrought in him be so glorious. We must rush to him in the woods, for we know that he is lost there, and lead him forth, or the penalty of his death shall be upon us. Again, you see, we are forced to read with new meaning the words of the Holy One, "Go ye." You must heed these words. Conscience commands obedience, for conscience is the continuing whisper of Jesus in your life. Conscience demands missions, for conscience realizes that the possession of light makes one responsible for the radiation of that light. Missions are not to be considered mere creations of sentiment, but the love-constrained and conscience-impelled running of those whose consciences point true to Christ after those known to be lost in the woods of sin-cursed human nature.

But if the life of him who is lost in the woods goes out while he is struggling blindly through the thick darkness and foul morass, if his last utterance be a wail and a groan as his eyes strive to pierce the blackness of an appalling future, rather than beholding a brightness that gleams

from the radiant way by heaven revealed, causing a song and a smile to come to his lip and face, what then? We must leave him to a juster Judge than man. If he who has ended his days in the morass has known nothing all his life but the woods and this blind stumbling, the issue must be different with him than with that man who stood in a world where paths ran straight and compasses were true, yet refused to right his own or walk by it when righted.

Perhaps it will be well to say a few words homiletically concerning conscience before we close this division. Get light, get light, and live by the light. Never for a moment forget that you are a sinner, a rebel, even though you have the blessed assurance that you are a sinner saved by grace, a rebel pardoned. The sin for which you have found a Saviour, the rebellion for which you have found forgiveness, has left its mark upon your conscience. The fierceness of its contest with your rebellious passions and desires has strained it. Sin is destructive of the sensibility of this heavenly monitor; some measure of its virtue has unquestionably gone from it. Get it back or as nearly so as you can. How? When the magnetized bar has lost its sensitiveness and no longer points as accurately and unhesitatingly as it should they bind it up for a while with a stronger and correctly pointing magnet until its lost power is restored. Here is your conscience cure. Let your conscience be bound up with that of Christ's, and its lost sensitiveness to all the currents of right and virtue will surely be restored. The safety of a ship depends upon the needle's sensitivity, and so does our moral health depend upon the sensitivity of our conscience. Keep it, then, in sure relation to Christ. Bind yourself to him. If you seem to be wandering from him, your life all vacillating, get thee to his word. The Bible is a mighty magnetizer, and the conscience that is magnetized by it you

should always obey. "Get conscience well informed by the word, as you set your watch by the sun—and then be ruled by it. Do nothing against conscience. If conscience saith, Do such a thing, though never so unpleasing, set upon the duty. When conscience saith, Take heed of such a thing, come not nigh the forbidden fruit. Conscience is God's deputy, or proxy, in the soul. The voice of conscience is the voice of God. Do not stifle any checks of conscience, lest God suffer thee to harden in sin."* Another has put this thought in these still timely words: "Never pass by or palter with the clear voice of conscience, with the plain command of duty; never let it be doubtful to your own soul whether you belong to the right side or wrong—whether you are a true soldier or a false traitor. Never deliberate about what is clearly wrong and try to persuade yourself that it is not. Never trifle with the verdict of your own soul and make excuses for your sin to yourself, or try to palliate and forget what you ought to forsake with hearty contrition. For remember that the voice within is the very voice of God, and if you play false with that, you are a traitor to the Master."†

In many it almost seems that conscience has been not destroyed, but resigned. Dulled and dimmed by failure to live in the light, or worn and racked by long contest with the other faculties, conscience has just resigned and lets the passions rule. Do not thus dethrone yourself. Even though the will rebels, still cry out. Do not lament that your conscience is dead; it may be terribly silent, but it will not die until you die. Stick a needle in a corpse, and it will give no sign; stick a needle in a live man, even though a phlegmatic one, and there will be movement. It is so with conscience; it may have seemed dead, so completely has its voice been hushed, but stick the needle of

* J. Watson. † John Foster.

some great moral question into it, and you will find it very much alive. Keep it alive; and to keep it alive you must exercise it and feed it. Again and again set it to the holy task of perceiving the right, cultivate its fineness of perception, and show yourself alive to its slightest promptings. An Eastern legend very beautifully describes the office of conscience. A great magician gave a prince a ring—priceless not because of its gold and jewels, but by reason of a rare and mystic property in the metal, by which, though it rested quietly on the wearer's finger in ordinary circumstances, it would contract suddenly and pain him whenever he harbored a bad thought or wish or concocted an evil plan. The ring of the fable is the conscience of truth. Heed its warnings. More correctly, possibly, is the conscience illustrated by those delicate instruments of modern science whose equilibrium the tiniest hair will disturb. Just so delicate is the conscience. Guard it well. Protect it in all possible ways, and know that its best protection is found within the shadow of the cross. It is said that at Gibraltar there is a sentinel whose duty it is to stand with torch in hand at the entrance to the tunnel that leads out to the "neutral ground." In case of an insurrection within the garrison his duty is to apply the torch to the trail of powder, and cause an explosion that would destroy the tunnel, and so cut off all exit. Conscience is just such a sentinel. It is God's guard in the soul. For it to go to sleep, to wax cold or indifferent, to forsake its post, is to surrender the life to the foulest course. But, unlike the sentinel at Gibraltar, this guard is not alone. We mount guard not only for God, but with God—for God the Holy Ghost will stand here within us as constant companion; and so long as we mount guard with him our lives will be so conscientiously guarded as that they cannot fail of being glorious.

The Problem of Temptation.

Here, though it may not connect at all corners with the general outline of this chapter, seems the best place to consider a problem which must be faced if real, lasting character is to be upreared. It is a problem as old and as universal as the race; it is the problem of temptation. A Frenchman once boasted that in all the world there was but one thing which he could not withstand. His claim, of course, was considered remarkable, if not untruthful, but all surprise vanished when he declared that that one thing was *temptation.* There is a certain cowardliness about this confession that is not to my liking, for no man with the breath of God in him should stand up and declare his continuous defeat because of his inability to withstand temptation, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that those who win the most victories in the lifelong contest with Satan, those who do often triumph gloriously, do also at times suffer the most shameful and humiliating defeats. Temptation came to them and tried them beyond their strength to endure; smote them between the joints of their armor, and saints though they were, they were vanquished for a time. Thus we find that no man escapes temptation. Every one of us must have one or more personal interviews with the devil when alone in the wilderness of life. Like Jesus alone in the wilderness, we must tread the wine press and win or loose in the face-to-face encounter with the prince of darkness. Without temptation met and conquered there is no manhood. The God in the man will not march on to glorious achievement until it has routed or at least put under subjection the devil in the man.

But you say there isn't any devil any more. The theology that has a devil in it is worn out. It is a back number. There is no place for it in the thought of the age.

We have got beyond such an uncouth idea as that of a demon with horns and tail. There is no place for such a monster in the universe fashioned by the Eternal Good. We don't believe in any such old bogy.

Don't you! One almost feels like commiserating you in the language of an old English preacher whom a couple of smart "Alecks" thought to tantalize, and meeting him on the street one morning, they cried, with a woe-begone expression on their faces, "O, Mr. Preacher, we're so sorry, so sorry; whatever will you do now?" "Why?" queried the preacher. "Haven't you heard the news?" "No." "The devil is dead." "O, you poor, fatherless children, how lonesome you must be!" And it is a fact, if the devil is dead, there must be some terribly lonesome folks in the world, so much so that they are manifestly very devilish in their loneliness, for I am willing to make affidavit that within twenty-fours I have seen and heard things that were wonderfully like to the kind of things we used to charge to the devil. Perhaps with you it is otherwise. Perhaps you have never told a lie in your life, or, even more wonderful, perhaps no one has ever lied about you, or slandered you, or gossiped of you. Perhaps you have always behaved yourself in secret and in public in a way that you would rejoice to have published from the housetops; in a way that gives you ecstatic contentment as you plait a chaplet with which to crown yourself. Perhaps in the world in which you live everybody is so good, so honest, so chaste, so true, so helpful; all about you the air is so morally pure, and the atmosphere so fragrant with the odors of holiness, that it is absolutely impossible for you to conceive of anything evil in the universe. Perhaps, though, it may be otherwise. There may be a maddening quantity of all that is the opposite of these good things present in yourself and in the world about you; if so, how are you to account for it? For account for things you

must if you are to wisely walk the path of life. Ponder the wisdom hid in the humor of this poem and see if with your no-devil theory you can answer these searching questions:

Men don't believe in a devil now as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the doors of the broadest creed to let his majesty through;
There isn't a print of his cloven foot or a fiery dart from his bow
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.
They say he doesn't go round about as a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard in home and Church and State to the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil, by unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?
Who is it mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year with a hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the devil isn't, and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?
Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the fields of Time wherever God sows his wheat?
The devil was voted not to be, and, of course, the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the devil used to do?
Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make his bow and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.
The devil was fairly voted out, and, of course, the devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

—*Alfred J. Hough.*

You see, you cannot make away with the devil until you have made away with devilishness. Clean up the world by ridding it of its multitude of infernal rubbish heaps; get rid of all that is Satanic in the daily intercourse of men with men, and you may have some hope of making them believe that there is no personal spirit of evil. But until you do that the tremendous mass of evil everywhere abounding will cry aloud the existence of a personal devil as its cause. Remember neither the Bible nor religion says anything about horns and tail. The devil of the cartoonist is not the devil of revelation, and must not be mistaken for him. It is a far cry from the stub-horned, always-tailed, sly-faced, dark-visaged devil of the cartoonist to that spirit of wondrous power, daring impudence, marvel-

ous effrontery, terrible malignity, comprehensive intelligence, and surpassing subtlety who faced the Son of man in the wilderness, and dared to contend with him for the mastery of the world. Though we turn from the devil of *The Ram's Horn* and the vulgar, grotesque creation of Tasso to Milton's majestic Satan, we shall not be bettered any. A Satan that almost seems sinned against, one who fronts celestial hosts with so proud a mien and imperturbable a manner, is scarcely the true measure of a being whose rebellion is a continuous offense to God and constant curse to man. It is idle for us to attempt to picture him; it is wise for us to try to realize the terrible import of his existence, and learn those measures of his character given us in the Holy Book.

He is a spirit, a fallen angel; he is the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience. Rebel he, rebels he would make of all. Realize that he is a spirit, and you may better realize the celerity of his movements. When Milton's Satan moved it was with toil and time. How much more sublime, yet awful, is the scriptural representation of one who as a spirit passes almost instantly from end to end of the earth ! Ponder, also, his terrible malignity. As the author of the ruin of the human race he may well be termed the murderer of the whole family of man. To this day, though death has been robbed of its horrors, he still sways the scepter of the kingdom of the grave; he is, in this relation, the last enemy of man to be destroyed. Study his malignity in the cruelties, murders, wars, poverty, sickness, and suffering that have followed his seduction of our first parents. Men, even when most possessed by Satan, always seem to have some pity left, but he has none. Men by reason of fear, malice, envy, jealousy, hatred, perform their villainies; but Satan seems actuated only by his insatiable malignity. Dives even in hell was anxious about his kindred ; the vilest men, when looking

in the eyes of death, warn from following in their evil steps; but Satan is pitiless. He laughs at suffering. He lays blow on blow upon Job, gloating as each messenger, allowed by fiendish craft to escape, runs with his story of destruction to the patriarch; and then, when the man wails in his woe, he sets a second Eve upon him, and, failing there, blisters and burns him with putrefying leprosies, and without abatement of his rancor exults as his victim writhes in excruciating tortures. Nor is he more kind to his own. Mark his cruelty to those who do his bidding. Behold them all about you. Mind-destroying terrors, loathsome diseases, terrible sufferings, unappeasable appetites, shattered reputations—these the goads with which he stings and scourges the lacerated and putrid flesh of his own. Death helps them not. If Satan thus delights to manifest his diabolical malignity upon them here, what shall be their lot when they pass to the shades where he is more completely master, and where we may justly believe the restraining hand of God will not be exercised for their protection?

Consider his power. Look at him again in his affliction of Job. The intellectual subtlety of his plan for Job's undoing is only equaled by the power manifested in the execution of that plan. Mark, he works through men and nature. At the time that suited him he worked the avarice of the Sabeans to a pitch that they dared to fall upon the servants of the mighty Job and make away with his property. All their former fear of arousing the enmity of the greatest man of his age fled when Satan possessed them. Nature's lightning had often played above the flocks of the patriarch, but now, by power which Satan possesses under the sufferance of God, he plays upon this terrible artillery as an imp upon a keyboard, and the fires dart in and out among the frenzied sheep until they and their shepherds, all but one, are consumed. Behold here the

contrast between Satan the poetic and Satan the real. Milton's Satan tosses angels on his spear; Job's Satan hurls thunderbolts and sets the curve to the zigzag lightnings that make them strike just where he wills. His power knows no tribal or national boundaries. Do the Sabeans serve him? so shall the Chaldeans, for Satan, proving himself the god of this world, shapes their minds to his purpose, and with the skill of the strategist, who has no doubt imparted of his ingenuity to the master-murders since, he brought up the divided plunderers to their work, and again the servants, all save one, are slain, and the camels are carried away. Then again he turns to nature. The winds that obeyed the voice of the Christ and hushed now obey him and roar, and tearing bellowing across the plain, smite the house wherein the young are frolicking, and, demolishing it, buries them in its débris. Yet even here Satan extricates one to run with his terrible news to the pauperized prince.

What a terrible picture of power is this set before us in these six vivid verses! Who can stand before such a demon? With such a master of malignity at work against us, is it not a continuous miracle that we are spared at all? How speedily he could make the whole earth a charnel house were he not restrained! Not the might of all the world's armies nor the skill of all our scientific destroyers could withstand him for a day. Aye, we have only to read the story of the past to learn that his easiest way of destroying men has been to set them at each other's throats. This is the Satan of Scripture. A giant—not in size, but in iniquity! Terrible in unrighteousness, marvelous in diabolism, horrifying in cruelty, matchless in ferocity! Before him we may well tremble—yet this fiend is not master; he is only a servant. So far he may go, but no farther. "Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand." And then when Job had

stood that test and sinned not with his mouth, and Satan returned to taunt God with purchased service, the word was spoken, Behold, he is in thy hand; but touch not his life.

Powerful though the fiend be, there is One who has power to chain him. "Aye, Satan is mighty," cried Martin Luther, "but he can never be Almighty, as my Lord and Saviour is." This is our hope, and this is our confidence. With this powerful, terrible prince of evil we must contend; we can hope for victory in the contest only as we allow the Almighty to manifest his conquering might through us.

As to why Satan is in the world it is idle for us to speculate. It is enough to know that he is here, and that with him we are compelled to contend. This much we are assured: Satan is a gigantic failure, yet the wisdom of God puts even failures to service; and this gigantic failure being in the world, he is used of God to test and try us that we may prove whether we are failures or successes. Temptation—testing—is a law of life everywhere evident. The world is a testing place. All testing involves the possibility of failure, and this is what makes the fact of temptation so terrible. If we were sure of conquering whenever tempted, if God would always *lead us through temptation* (this seems to be the meaning of the petition in the Lord's Prayer), if we were sure to come forth from all temptation like Joseph from Potiphar's house and the Hebrew children from the fiery furnace, then we would rejoice. But when temptation means defeat, ruin, and even eternal doom to some, then we tremble in the presence of our daily facing of this problem. Yet, though we tremble, tested we must be. Looking the possibility of our defeat and eternal ruin in the eyes, we must go forward to prove ourselves a son of God or a slave of hell.

The advertisement of a popular bicycle pictures a braced

wheel on which a plank has been laid, and a horse teeters on the plank. Another shows a gang of fifteen or twenty men upon the plank. What is the meaning of these pictures? They depict the testing of a wheel—the temptation of the steel. If the wheel stands the test, the makers can send it out guaranteed to withstand the wear of the ruts and the cobbles of unkept roads. In testing many wheels much steel must be thrown away. They are failures; but only by testing, with its attendent loss, can the maker gain and maintain his reputation and the lives of the riders be preserved. So in these days of microbes. Disease germs are tested. It means death to many animals (and not a few of them are human animals—the testing physicians) that the experiments go forward, but the result is race-blessing in its disease destroying or mastering, and life-preserving results. Guns and swords must be put to the test before they are put in the hands of soldiers. A certain proportion always fail to stand the test—they crack or bend or break or burst, and must go to the refuse heap—but only by the testing can the army be assured, as they face the foe, that they have arms that will not fail them in the crucial hour.

It is thus everywhere and with everything. To get anything that we dare trust we are compelled to test, and it is because we realize that every test involves the possibility of destruction, and that that which stands the test seems to have overcome that possibility, that we trust it.

This law is not one merely of mechanics; it is one of nature. Look in your garden. Observe the testing there. There are a thousand buds, but scarce a hundred flowers. Look upon the orchard. Whole acres of radiant, fragrant blossoms, but the rain pelts them, the wind tears them, the sun scorches them, and the insects devour them, and their attempt at fruit-forming proves a failure; the full-grown fruit being not one in scores to the fruit begun.

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—*Lowell.*

Look in the air. It is a vast slaughterhouse. Every bird is a murderer, and there is scarce an insect on which they feed that is not also a murderer. Millions of animate forms try to get on in this aerial world, but do so only by putting to death a host of those less powerful.

It is so with the sea. Each fish is a cemetery. From the tiny fin flashing in the flying foam to the monstrous growths of the lowest levels the sea is peopled with those who live by destroying others who attempt to live. And what are we? What sepulchers are our bellies. Within them the preserved, well-oiled, pickled, seasoned mummies of all climes find a resting place. For us the sea, the air, and the fields must give of their attempts at life.

Thus you see that everywhere everything is put on trial. Some fail, some succeed. But so far you will notice that there has been no malignancy in the testing. The sun did not hate the flower it withered; the winds did not hate the tree it tore up by the roots; the cod did not hate the mackerel it swallowed; you did not hate the steer that gave you your beef nor the hog that sputtered in your oven. So far from malignancy entering here, it is known that many a farm mother has shed tears when plucking the feathers from the old rooster that was to be served for the family dinner.

Thus far the whole contest has been a battle for the belly. There has been no morality or lack of it in the struggle, and there has been no malignancy, and why? Because, barring our reference to man, there has been no mind in the contest. In the struggle upward of the animal world only the animal qualities are tried, hence there was no moral test; but when we come to man we find that in the man that is not present in the lower animals. Man has a mind. It discovers that there are two paths through the world, two ways to fill the stomach, two ways to gratify

the appetites and the passions, two ways to rise to place and power—a right way and a wrong way—and there at once begins the struggle—the temptation within him as to which of these ways he will walk. If there is any truth in the doctrine of the survival of the fittest—the more euphonious way of saying the survival of those most able to resist—the biologist has hitched his wagon to but a segment of the truth. The rule applies to moral growth as well. The world is a school for moral training, growing, and we grow only by our power of resisting, overcoming, the evil everywhere at work to overcome us. We are to be *Overcomers;* it is for overcomers that the heavenly mansions are prepared. It is the overcomer who is born of God, who shall be clothed in white, who shall eat of the tree of life, who shall hear his name confessed by the Lamb in heaven, who shall be a pillar in the temple of God, and who shall sit with Jesus on his throne. The world is our testing place; the world is to be overcome, or we prove ourselves unfit for a better world. Temptation is inevitable. Every individual is put face to face with ruin, and must accept the possibility of eternal failure. Malignity enters here; we contend not with scorching sun, uprooting winds, voracious appetites, life-sucking parasites, but with the devil, the god of this world, the prince of this world, the prince of darkness, the rebellious fiend who seeks to mount the throne God has erected in each one of us. With him we must contend; happy we, if we show ourselves such masters of ourselves that he "leaveth us for a season," rather than by putting our hand in his begin an unending companionship with the author of vice and the cultivator of corruption.

Adam was not tempted for all the race. He but typified the awful fact that every man is led up in his Eden or his wilderness to be tempted, tested, tried, assaulted, by innumerable demons—stretched, racked, tormented,

until every fiber of his being declares itself. Why? That he may be revealed to himself. Temptation is the contest that gives us our revelation of ourselves, and until we have had that we know not what manner of creature we are. Self-revelation is necessary if we are ever to so set ourselves to battle against the evil within us and about us that we shall prove ourselves fit for eternal residence with God. It is very difficult for us to see ourselves as we really are. We are prone to think more highly of ourselves than we have any right to think. To consider ourselves better than other folks. We catch this man in his lie, or that woman in her slandering, that one in her shame, and this one in his blood-letting, and we exclaim, "*I* would not do that!" but placed where they were placed, and just as black would be the infamy and as red the murder committed by us. You start aghast as the club descends upon the head of Abel, and uplift your hands in holy horror, yet when the fires of hate take hold on you, though your hands remain as fair and sweet as a virgin's, the brand of Cain leaps to your forehead at the touch of God. You hiss at Jacob for his sly treacheries and wily thefts, and count yourself his better, but like chances coming to you in your day, you rob the poor, defraud customers or creditors, and make your community a-hissing with your villainies. For Delilah you have naught but scorn and loud-mouthed denunciation, but shaven, shorn, strengthless young men walk the streets to-day as the monuments of your infamy. Speak of Judas, and you shudder; one would think the halter from which he fell to burst asunder was about your neck. You loathe him, you revile his name, and execrate his memory. His hideous treachery in putting his false lips to those of the Nazarene never fails to arouse your hot denunciations and most scathing vituperation, yet, even while the heat of such moods stirs you, you put your own lips to those of the Christ in consecrations that would

transform your life and your community, did you not turn from them to sell your Lord for a paltry bribe of pleasure or gain or place or favor, and blaspheme his name by sinning high-handedly against such light as Judas never knew. The tribe of Ananias and Sapphira, of Brutus and Arnold, are still multitudinous in the world. Lies and treacheries are still the greatest hinderers of the progress of the kingdom of God, the greatest destroyers of personal worth and character. But we will never admit this; we will never grasp our own measure until routed or racked by temptation we are revealed to ourselves and find that it is not somebody else's heart but our own that is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. You must discover yourself, and temptation is the Columbus of selfhood.

We are the sons of God, but we are untrained. The world is our training ground. Face to face with temptation we are trained. Even as Christ learned obedience by the things which he suffered, so must we. The training is not a holiday affair. It is the most serious business of our lives, for our training is not to gain fitness for time, but for eternity. The drill we are subjected to is to prepare us for eternal service. We know there is no training physically that does not involve the possibility of destruction, and with the utmost awe we are compelled to believe that in the spiritual world the same rule holds good; all spiritual training involves the possibility of destruction.

Look at the temptation, trial, risk, in all physical and intellectual training. There is the boy in your home. You want to make a man of him. But such he will never become if you keep him rolled in cotton and rocked in the cradle. This may save him from broken bones, burns, and knockdowns, but will end in imbecility. If he is to be a man, he must face the world with all its smiles and

frowns. He must sweat in summer and freeze in winter, run the gauntlet of all diseases from the colic and the mumps to the more dread destroyers of mature life. All the care in the world will not destroy the risk. The pride of the palace sometimes dies of diphtheria—a disease largely confined to the poor—while the pet of the hovel fades away from some overloading of sweetmeats. You would have your boy a rough and ready chap; so when he desires you let him climb a tree. To be sure, he may come down from its branches more suddenly than desired with a broken arm, or even a broken neck, but you take the risk. You want him to swim; so you are too wise to hum to him, "Hang your clothes on a hickory bush, but don't go near the water." Into the water he plunges; it may be to his death, but you take the risk. You would have him fill his brain; so you send him to school. That means contact with all the riff-raff and scum of humanity. He will hear things that have, perhaps, been overlong kept from him by the pure lips of his own. He will come home with oaths and obscenity driveling from his lips. He will come home, too, with a black eye, or a bloody nose, or a cut lip, and his conceit knocked out of him, but for the sake of his head-filling you take all the risk. It is all necessary to the making of a man. By and by your boy is ready for college. Thus far he has stood the test with honor. He is pure, clean, upright, noble, but will he remain so? Four years at college are a severe test to one fresh from the restraints and protection of the home nest. Among a thousand congregated youngsters are some who are pretty sure to establish a little earthly hell; happy are you if your boy, like Dante, can walk all its depths unscathed. Somebody's boy will fall there. Physical and moral wrecks will totter away from those halls with no diploma save the one written by Satan in their rotten, diseased forms. Some will carry a great and noble name to the college only to

load it with shame and bow down the gray heads of noble sires in sorrow to the grave. Will you hold your boy back from his studies because you know this to be so? No. Though your neighbor has just put the wreck of his boy beneath the sod, you will clinch your teeth, stay a little longer on your knees with mother and the boy some morning, plead with more fervor for God's blessing on your pride, and then, facing all the risk, send him forth to conquer or be conquered by the temptations that await him. Without temptation there is no education.

So, if you would give your boy a trade, possible destruction frowns on him from every side. The farmer has been cut in pieces by his own mower, the mechanic been maimed and crushed by his own machine, the soldier been blown to atoms in time of peace by a bursting target gun, a sailor is washed from the deck to his death every day in the year, the miner been buried beneath the fallen mass of the caved mine or suffocated by the noxious damp, the carpenter has tripped from the scaffold into his grave, the mason been crushed by slipping granite block or falling wall, the brakeman been mangled between the cars he has coupled, and the engineer destroyed with his hand on the throttle. Yet all these callings lack not for men to work them. Men facing the risk spring forward to fill all the gaps. They know that every calling has its risks, and they press in for their bread.

It is the same in business; only here the failure of one works a wider destruction. Every man who enters business risks failure. There are a certain number of failures every year, and neither skill, honesty, nor trickery can always prevent them. These failures are destructive not only to the immediate parties, but to many others; the greater the business the more far-reaching the destructive influence, yet men must continue to do business in face of all the risk. Banks fail, cashiers will abscond, and presi-

dents embezzle, but we must continue to face the risk and bank, or the commerce of the world will come to a standstill. Without temptation there is no business.

But you say this is not temptation; it is only *risk*. You are wrong. There is risk simply because there is temptation. If there were no temptation to dishonesty, trickery, and carelessness, there would be no risk in business. There are few failures in the business world that cannot be traced to a yielding to the temptation to buy too much, or on false pretenses, or to sell on long credits or to doubtful parties. Take the deaths we have noticed in the trades. By far the larger part are occasioned by the temptation to heedlessness in the performance of their work resulting from familiarity with it. The farmer has mowed so many acres that he thinks he can mow with his eyes shut; he at*tempts*, only to open his eyes in another world. The carpenter has trotted along so many scaffolds that he becomes careless of his steps, and one unthoughtful one hurls him to his death. The old machine or engine or boiler had worked so long, even after being condemned, that it will work *just one day more*, but it finishes the day in pieces and slays its engineer. Temptation yielded to is the great commercial, industrial, and intellectual destroyer, as well as the great moral destroyer.

What shall we do, then? Stand on our sonship to Almighty God and resist temptations until they flee from us. Resistance is the beginning of conquering. Study Christ in the wilderness. He fought there not only for himself, but as an ensample for us all. He conquered in the wilderness as a man. Satan insinuated, "*If* thou be the Son of God?" Christ in his answer denied not his divinity, but did affirm his humanity, "*Man* shall not live by bread alone." He was the Son of God. With all adoration we bow before him; but if we are to grasp the vast purport and comfort and inspiration of the temptation in the wil-

derness, we must realize that in that contest Jesus did not stand upon his divinity, but upon his humanity. As a man, yet a man who, like each of us, is also a Son of God, he faced the prince of darkness, and starving, racked, famished, tortured, mocked, he resorted to no power to gain the victory but that which was his by right of his human sonship toward God, power which only awaits exercise by us to give us victory as glorious as came to him. Great is the mystery, but we gain nothing by trying to whittle its wonders away. The temptation of Jesus was a real temptation. He did not enter the wilderness assured of triumph. It was possible for him to fall. It was possible that when the Son of Mary joined combat with the prince of this world that the victory should run to Satan. Jesus was tempted—really, completely—in all points like as we are. Possible defeat shook its batlike wings in his face and sought to unman him, but he stood firm. He fought the fight, and as a man won back what Adam lost—the power to make Satan take "No" for an answer. In the wilderness Jesus was revealed to himself. From that moment he knew himself in the grandeur of his conquering character. There he learned that he was master of sin, and again and again when foes pressed hard he could, with a boldness that is startling to us, fall back upon the continuing sinlessness of his life and overwhelm them with the question, "Which of you convinceth *me* of sin?"

Temptation reveals character. It shows the stuff of which we are made. The more terrible the temptations the swifter their arrows fly, and the more fierce their assaults the more commandingly glorious the character appears that comes out of them all victorious. But more, a man cannot master temptation and remain just as he was before. You cannot strike Satan between the eyes a dozen times without becoming better able to strike him a second dozen blows. Spiritual muscle develops by exercise

fully as much as physical muscle. Temptations met and mastered, wrong resisted, hell worsted, do more than reveal character; they create character. A man is more a man when he has conquered the devil within him than he ever was before. He may come out of the contest all scarred and maimed, but no man who ever fought and bled in freedom's cause has half the right to glory in his wounds as that man who has fought for his eternal life and eternal good name with him who has power to destroy both for time and eternity. Fight—God fights with you. Triumph—it is possible. Christ has revealed the way.

There is no place for you in the world until you have proved yourself. The Innocents Abroad are ever ludicrous; their innocence is weakness, not strength. We justly trust no man's morality until we have tested it. The man who has never betrayed a trust because he has never had a trust to betray is seldom advanced in life. This is not "treating every man as a scoundrel until he has proved himself upright," but it is recognizing the world-wide fact that man is liable to fall when he is tempted, and we trust none until through the crucible of repeated temptations they prove their ability and power to resist temptation and reveal the stalwart strength of their character.

How shall you resist temptation? First, keep away from it. Lots of people are their own worst tempter. They blame the devil for what they do themselves. Ruskin says, "No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has honestly and firmly determined to keep out of it." "To pray against temptations and yet rush into occasions is to thrust your fingers into the fire and then pray that they may not be burnt. . . . If you hold the stirrup, no wonder if Satan gets into the saddle."* "To go purposely one inch within a million miles of temptation is to go 999,999 miles, 5,279 feet,

*Secker, *Non-Such Professor.*

and 11 inches too near to it. When I see some of you, dearly beloved, flirting with sin I realize that the undertakers have not yet buried all the fools."* Don't flirt with sin. Keep away from it. If, as you will many times, you run upon sin unexpectedly, fight by the old Parthian method—run away. "He left his garment in her hand, and fled, and got him out." That was the way Joseph conquered. That was the way he maintained his purity. He fled the tempter, ran from the siren, when his will mastered his heels, and when they had borne him away it had mastered the whole man. Flight is often the best kind of a fight. There was a little boy who could not run because he was sick in his bed, but he did the next best thing—he made others run. His mother, as he realized for his good, forbade him to eat cake. His sister came into the room eating some. It looked good. His mouth watered. He longed for some, but he had grit and wit, and cried, "Jennie, you must run right away out of this room with that cake, and *I'll keep my eyes shut* while you go, so I sha'n't want any." That's conquering.

"The ancient naturalists wrote much of basilisks, whose eyes fascinated their victims and rendered them an easy prey; so the mere gaze of wickedness puts us in solemn danger. He who would be safe from acts of evil must haste away from the occasions of it. A covenant must be made with our eyes not even to look upon the cause of temptation; for such sins only need a spark to begin with and a blaze follows in an instant. Who would wantonly enter the leper's prison and sleep amid its horrid corruption? He only who desires to be leprous himself thus courts contagion. If the mariner knew how to avoid the storm, he would do anything rather than run the risk of weathering it. Cautious pilots have no desire to try how near the quicksand they can sail, or how often they may touch a

* Peter Peculiar, in *New York Observer.*

rock without springing a leak. Their aim is to keep as near as possible in the middle of the channel."* A half-witted fellow quit drinking, and whenever after that he had to pass the saloon where he had formerly been entrapped he crossed the road and went by on the other side. That fellow used grandly the half of wit he possessed. Pattern after him, whether you are half, three quarters, or full-witted. An Englishman spelled "saloon" with a "hess" and a "hay" and a "hell" and two "hoes" and a "hen." He got it right. There is hell in the saloon, and lots of men have hell in their lives because they run there after it.

"A companion of fools shall be destroyed." Run with Satan, camp on the edges of sin, and you will be destroyed. A recent explosion along the Hudson River was caused by a workman who attempted to light his pipe while sitting on a powder keg. He and two others were blown into eternity. Just such is the folly and fate of many who play hide and seek with Beelzebub. To expose yourself recklessly to the fire of hell is not courageous, but suicidal. In the line of duty we should be ready to face any peril, but in mere bravado or recklessness to put our head in the lion's mouth is to merit the life-ending snap of his jaws. At the siege of Namur William of Orange was surprised and angered to see Godfrey, a deputy governor of the Bank of England, among his staff exposed to the fierce fire of the battle. Having business at the camp, Godfrey had allowed his curiosity to see real war to lead him to his present perilous position. "What are you doing here?" demanded William. "You have no business here and have no right to run these hazards." "But, your majesty, I run no more risk than yourself." "Not so, I am where my duty calls me, and without presumption may commit my life to the care of God; but you—" A cannon ball

*Spurgeon.

that moment closed the ears of Godfrey and laid him dead at the feet of the king's horse.

"Depend upon it, brethren, there is densely concentrated wisdom in that brief but telling legend, 'Don't monkey with a buzz saw.' Once upon a time a man with an inquiring turn of mind sallied forth to visit a factory. The machinery fascinated him. He saw the buzz saw. Some one called his attention to the legend aforementioned. But so silently, so swiftly, so almost imperceptibly did the buzz saw make its revolutions, putting all the Central American republics out of sight, that the man could not believe that there was motion there. He put his foot against the buzz saw to see if it was running. It was, but he will run no more. His investigation cost him some of the best toes he ever possessed. There were motion and emotion and commotion then, brethren, and now he painfully recognizes the wit of the old saw, 'Don't monkey with a buzz saw.' Let us rise and sing:

"We are prone every one to temptation;
It is human to err and to stray;
'Tis a fact that may lack explanation,
But 'tis one that you cannot gainsay.

"So my text is a wise one for mortals
When they're nearing the doorway of sin;
It is better to keep from its portals,
And to quit it before you begin.

"Sure, the Gospel tries hard to impress it;
'Tis a story oft told in the law,
And I'm sure it is easy to guess it,
O, beware of the circular saw." *

If you would resist temptation, shun the beginnings of evil. Evil is an endless chain; once the sprocket of your life enters a link, it is difficult to withdraw it. One lie calls for another. If the hand goes into the till, it will go again. False entries are never made singly; evil is ever a thing of double entry. Every drunkard began with a

* Peter Peculiar.

single glass. The harlot was first a flirt. Card-playing is seldom learned in the gambling den. You don't learn to waltz in the ballroom. The first steps in evil are nearly always quiet ones taken in secret places. Alone with ourselves we debase ourselves. We mean to stop, but we cannot. Like the sled of the coaster, we start slowly and timidly, but with every advance there is increase of velocity, and it is destruction to throw ourselves off fully as much as to ride to the bottom. To begin sinning is to continue sinning. Naught but the grace of God can snatch us from the toboggan in time to save our souls, and not even the grace of God can snatch us away in time to save our bodies.

Remember, every hook will be baited. You will never see the horns of the devil. If you saw them, you would not let him in, but when he comes to you like a gentleman and with the suavity of a diplomat, you dust the easy chair for him. Then he has you. All your strength will never get him out of the door. In vain is the empty snare laid for the bird. It must be cunningly hid and well larded with seed. A black, unbaited hook never caught a fish. Satan never trapped a man by giving him a vision of hell. As every theater has a beautiful outer curtain to cover the sham in its rear, so Satan ever holds up a tinseled drapery to lure on his dupes. "When Satan assaults any poor soul he suffers nothing to appear to the eye but pleasure, profit, a sweet satisfaction of our desires, and a phantasm of happiness. There are also wrath, and judgment, and torment, and sting of conscience belonging to it; these must be, but these shall not be seen. All the way is white snow; that hides the pit. Green grass tempts us to walk; the serpent is unseen. If temptations, like plaids, could be turned on both sides, the kingdom of darkness would not be so populous. If David could have foreseen the grief of his broken bones

ere he fell upon Bath-sheba, those aspersions of blood and lust had not befallen him. If Achan could have foreseen the stones about his ears before he filched those accursed things, he would never have fingered them. But, as it was said of Adam and Eve after their fall, 'Then their eyes were opened;' then, not before. Judas was blind till he had done the deed; then his eyes were opened, and he saw it in its true horror." *

Don't bank on your strength. There is no man but has his weak spots, and be sure the devil will find them. The weakness may be an inheritance from the past. Hereditary transmission of weakness unfought has slain many. The one whose parents have died with consumption had better not serve as caretaker of tuberculosis; no more should the offspring of the drunkard believe that he can hold his nose over the beer mug or wine cup with impunity. These inheritances may not slay you, but the devil has a field plowed for his sowing whenever he finds such a one. Happy are you if you get in your sowing of good in time to choke the tares. Wherein your parents or grandparents failed to measure up to the highest ideal of what you want to be, watch you that their weakness or failure is not repeated in your career. Among the many resolutions that Jonathan Edwards put down for his own guidance was this: "Resolved, never to do anything which, if I should see it in another, I should count a just occasion to despise him for or to think any more meanly of him." Try your forbears by the same rule. If they did things that lower them in your estimation, fight against your blood duplicating those things in your life.

But our weak points are not all inherited. Many are of our own making. We develop habits that are all the devils necessary to our destruction. Fight your habits until the evil ones are dead and the right ones disciplined

* Adams.

for instant service. When you have trained your eyes to close against the lewd picture or scene, your ears to become deaf to the tales of the scandal monger, and your mouth to shut in the hot or false sentence and shut out the unclean thing, as swiftly as your eye will close against the flying cinder or your hand withdraw itself from the fire—then you are in a fair way to be a man, a woman, and can begin to think yourself the master of yourself.

You will never learn the mastery of temptation by watching somebody else, but by watching yourself. Your weakness is not mine; mine is not yours; but the devil knows us both, and he, the mighty strategist, smites when and where he knows we are most vulnerable. Napoleon won many of his victories because he had studied the character of the opposing commander as much as his army. He knew just about what he would do under certain circumstances, and he used that knowledge to destroy him. So with Satan; he has studied us until he knows us better than we know ourselves, and thus he snares us. It is time we reverse the process and study the methods by which Satan approaches us, until again and again as he comes to us we can say, "No you don't, my eyes are open; you must devise a new plan, or you will never catch me." The early frontiersmen soon learned to play it on the Indians and turn their craft into foolishness. The favorite hour for attack by the Indians was just before daylight, when it is supposed man sleeps soundest; so the pioneer slept soundly and with few guards through the first hours of the night, but were awake and well prepared to resist when the Indians sought to surprise them. Study the tactics of Satan, and you will often be able to beat him at his own game.

Don't make a fool of yourself by massing all your guns around your strong quarters, and bragging about your never-captured flags that fly there. By so doing you only

expose yourself to more speedy and humiliating defeat. Dr. Tyler very strongly paints the picture of such people. "It is so much more pleasant to consider the things in which we excel, the elements in which we are strong, and the things in which we are victorious, that we hide, even from our own view, our vulnerable points. It thus often comes to pass that we give most attention to the points least needing attention. Take that man who has no temptation for strong drink, and he is likely to pride himself on the fact that he is a total abstainer, and to have little sympathy for the man who has fallen easy prey to the demon of drink. But that same man, strong and safe at this point, may have some other weakness even worse. He may cherish malice. All manner of malign feelings may find a welcome in his heart. He may be the slave of avarice. Look at that born spendthrift, in whose hand money seems as live coals. He prides himself on his generosity; that is his strong point. But he has nothing to say, even to himself, about his weak points. He may be the slave of appetite, of carnal passion, of degrading lust. There is another man, with a tongue so slow that he rarely speaks, and with a temper so phlegmatic that it is rarely ruffled, and he finds his favorite text in the thirty-ninth Psalm: "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue; I will keep my mouth with a bridle." He places the guard at the wrong point, for he is in little danger of hasty speech. That resolution is in order where the temper is quick and the tongue swift to speak. The mistake of these persons is the same as that of the general who places his guard at the strong point, and leaves the weak one unprotected. The enemy has little trouble in capturing forts guarded in that way."*

The best earthly way to master temptation is to keep yourself well employed. "Johnnie, what are you doing?"

* *Talks to Young People.*

cried a mother. "Nuthin'." "What! don't you know that Satan always finds something for idle hands to do? Here, pare these apples." That mother had the thought right, if she did make a slip in the application that stirs our mirth. Idleness is a curse. Laziness is a vice. To do nothing is to sin. Stagnation means corruption every time. "An idle brain is the devil's workshop," and idle feet and hands are the tools he works with. An empty house is always dirty, and so is an empty life. It is not enough that the old tenents are put out; new ones must enter. The Christian is not an empty man, though sin has been cast out of him. He is a God-filled, tenanted man. He is safe because he is inhabited by a mighty tenant. In the parable of Jesus the empty, untenanted house was an invitation to the cast-out evil spirit to return. He accepted the invitation, but in returning brought seven other demons more wicked than himself with him, and the last state of the human habitation was worse than the first. Occupy yourself unto all holiness, or the devil will occupy you to your destruction. The Christian who steadily goes about his Father's business is seldom torn with doubts, and the man who fills his hours with steady labor will be too busy hoeing his own row to do much for the devil. The lazy farmer grows the most tares.

Napoleon said, "Conquer by supplanting." Shrewdness says, "Get ahead of the other fellow." Wisdom says, "Get ahead of the devil, and stay ahead." David practiced these rules when he nipped in the bud the rebellion of Adonijah. The would-be usurper planned neatly. Besides many of the princes, Joab, the great soldier, and Abiathar, the great priest, cast in their lot with him. Then came the feast of En-rogel, where the conspirators made merry in anticipation of the crowns and fat offices that were soon to be theirs. At the conclusion of the feast they were going to proclaim Adonijah king, but while they

were feasting David, apprised of their plot, acted. He sent no army upon them to trouble them. He knew he could no longer lead his fighting men, for he was old and stricken with death. There was a more wise and expeditious way to end the dreams of Adonijah. The royal mule was brought from the stables; Solomon, the son of Bathsheba, who had been pledged the throne, was mounted upon it. The coronation procession was quickly formed; Nathan the prophet and Zadok the priest led the van. To the music of Davidic marches the young man was led forth to the Spring of Gihon. The people gather; from the horn of oil taken from the tabernacle Zadok anoints the young man king. Then the trumpets blew and the torches flamed, and all the people cried, "God save King Solomon!" They had a mighty time. "The people piped with pipes, and rejoiced with great joy, so that the earth rent with the sound of them." They were having a glorious time at Gihon, for they had taken time by the forelock. When the earth shakes even gluttons cease smacking their lips. Adonijah and his guests heard the shouts just "as they had made an *end of eating*." They were not long in getting scared. The old king had not forgotten his cunning. With King Solomon, cheered by the people, while King David was living to give him his blessing, there was no room for King Adonijah. The feasting place was quickly deserted. Adonijah, instead of clasping a crown, runs fast to clasp the horns of the altar, nor dares to let them go until King Solomon gives him his pledge of pardon.

That is the one way to get the better of the tempter. Put the good in possession of the throne. While the devil feasts do you pray. When he conspires let your righteous acts be swift to outwit him. If you would prevent Satan, crown Christ.

The best heavenly way to master temptation is to culti-

vate the consciousness of the presence of God. Live in the Spirit. Lean hard on the arm of God. Know that his eye is ever on you, and where rests his eye there rests his love. He will not leave thee nor forsake thee. Divine aid will come to you as truly to-day as in any past time if you are in need. Remember you are God's. You have no right to sin. If you sin, you disgrace your Father. If you sin, you wound afresh your Elder Brother. If you sin, you insult the Holy Spirit, that, as a tender mother, has watched over you and guarded you. You cannot sin without making light of the teachings of that Spirit and refusing to use the power of his indwelling presence. Prove yourself a God's man. That is the last meaning of temptation. You know it not, I know it not, but if the history of Job has any meaning for us, it is this: When we know it not Satan taunts God concerning us, and God, ready to have us prove the power and grandeur of a God-like life, suffers us to be tempted by the devil. We are in the world as God's proof-men. To stand the test and glorify our Father in heaven, who is never without sons, holy and triumphant, among the sons of men. Let the noble utterance of Joseph, in the presence of his beautiful tempter, ever ring its inspiration in your ears, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" It was to more than adultery that he was invited. It was to rejection and disgracing of God. He was not his own. He was not in Egypt for his own pleasure. He was alive to live for God, and in Egypt to play the man who stood true to the God of his fathers. Though he had suffered him to be sold, God had not withdrawn his presence from the pride of Jacob, and Joseph would not, for all the beauties in Pharaoh's court, disgrace the Holy One he served. The Lord was with him, consciously, preciously, and against him he would not sin, and with such a resolution formed, all the powers of God within him surged and

swelled to keep him true to the mastery of himself. Thus resolve, pilgrim of the twentieth century, and the God who was the helper of Joseph in the olden time will prove himself just the same to-day.

"There are times in our experience when the only thing we can do is to cast ourselves entirely upon Him. We read of travelers whose route across the higher Alps leads them along perilous paths no broader than a mule's foothold, skirting dizzy precipices, from which the foaming river below appears as a silver thread. They may come to places where the safest thing they can do is to take their hands from the bridle, fold their arms, and close their eyes. And there are times when to be saved from falling we must take our hands from the guiding reins, fold our arms, close our eyes, and commit ourselves to God. He will bring us through all our perils in safety. Whatever may be said of the weakness of human nature unhelped, there is no need for even the weakest to despair. We have a divine Helper who has passed through the thickest of the strife unharmed, and he is able to succor all them who are tempted. Even the weakest may pass by his help through the sorest strife. The victorious song sung by the redeemed hosts of heaven ascribes their victory to the Lamb."*

"*Behold, angels came and ministered unto Him.*" This is ever the aftermath of temptation. He was not taken out of the world, but here in the world heaven came down to cheer and brighten. As it was with Christ, so it is with Christ's. After the temptation and the victory, though we lie stretched pale and trembling from the contest, the angels come, and great cheer and an indescribable sense of self-mastery and the unspeakable joy of the conqueror stir in our souls. So soon as we have learned to say, and say so as to be obeyed, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" our

*Tyler, *Talks to Young People*.

life grows luminous with the benedictions of God. The Father smiles on us, for of us as conquering sons he is well pleased. All heaven comes down our souls to fill, for we are now in the battalions that will soon be ordered to the heights to greet the Commander. In the moments of our victory we receive our vision of Christ, and the earth after that can never be the same. When we triumph we know it is not by the might or power of a man, but by the Spirit that worketh in us and through us, and thenceforth through our life we walk with the Spirit with conquering tread, for with him we have daily fellowship, and with our hand in his we know that, though we stumble, we shall not fall.

THE WONDERFUL TENANT OF THE BUILDING.

MAN is the highest product of his own history. The discoverer finds nothing so grand or so tall as himself, nothing so valuable to him. The greatest star is that at the little end of the telescope—the star that is looking; not looked after, nor looked at.—*Theodore Parker.*

THE cry of the human soul after God, and its restlessness until it finds him, is because of its intrinsic oneness with him. God is the counterpart and complement of humanity. Man is like a discordant musical instrument until he comes into recognized unison with his Maker.—*Henry Wood*, "God's Image in Man."

CHARACTER—individual, social, or political—without Christ is a vain and destructive imagination. There is no genuine morality that is not the outfruit of the inflowing Christ-life. *Self-righteousness is atheism*—in the soul, in the market, in the Church, in the State. Whatsoever part of our lives, whatsoever sphere of human activity, is not vitalized with the Christ, and baptized with his redemptive purpose, belongs to the waste of the universe, to be consumed in the quenchless flame of God's passionate purity.—*George D. Herron*, "The Larger Christ."

THERE is a generous unrest in youth, a grand discontent, ever pressing it on to higher things; which regards nothing as too high, which despises obstacles, and which is inspirited more than discouraged by difficult undertakings. This self-assurance, this fiery courage, is given for a good purpose—for the bold, great deeds of the world are done by young men. Beautiful indeed is this soul daring; and yet, high as is the inspiration of youth, Christian faith comes in early as an attempering power, as a calm voice from above, speaking truth to the soul, guiding its efforts by a higher wisdom and love, telling it where its real force lies, bidding it not be disheartened by failure, softening its impetuous fire, touching with a firmer strength its ardent courage, revealing to it the eternal principles of right and duty, making it know what success is, making it know that, while Christ calls for all its energies, the highest activities may coexist with a quiet and gentle spirit.—*James M. Hoppin*, "Sermons, on Faith, Hope, and Love."

CHAPTER VI.

THE WONDERFUL TENANT OF THE BUILDING.

THE WHENCE AND WHITHER OF THE TENANT.

MAN is more than a body. Man is more than a surprising intelligence. Even the moral nature is not the crown of his powers. Man is a spirit. His spiritual powers are the crown of his being. The spiritual man is the real man. The spiritual man is the eternal man.

Every other power, faculty, sense, endowment, is his, but as servants to this higher form of his existence. His body is but to temple his spirit. The provision of God for his body is but to maintain that temple in complete repair. His social structure or nature is but to afford windows and doors through which his spirit may shed forth its radiance in cheering and blessing every passer-by. God's provision for the development and equipment of the social nature of man is his provision that all the righteous pleasurable desires of man shall be made to serve the higher and eternal interests of the spirit. The mind of the man is but to serve as the vehicle by which the spirit may receive and transmit its wondrous revelations and visions of eternal truth and righteousness. The provision of God for the mind is his provision for the perfecting and equipment of the necessary apparatus for the perception and understanding of himself and his purpose and will. The chief purpose of mind is the discovery of God and of the will of God, and this not for its own sake, but that the spirit which it serves may be in constant communion with God. God discovered, it then becomes the mission of mind to serve the spirit as it seeks to proclaim to other spirits the won-

ders of its discoveries. The moral nature of man is the bodyguard of the spirit in the world. It is a servant that has power to bless or to curse. The life of its master is in its hands. God's provision for the moral nature is a provision for the cure of all its perverted powers; that cured, it may serve the spirit unto all holiness of daily living, and keep bright before the eyes of the spirit the assurance of eternal existence in righteousness.

When we speak of the spiritual nature of man we do not mean by that a mere part of the man, a faculty or a sense, as we do when we speak of the physical, social, intellectual, or moral nature of man, but we mean his real, essential life. Man is a spirit. He is more than clay. He is more than mind. You cannot get the measure of a man by any measurements of his body, or his sociability, or his intelligence, or his uprightness, or lack of it. There is a spirit in man, and that spirit is the real, the essential man; for that spirit all the faculties and powers of the man exist. His they are and him they serve, for the spirit has a mighty mission in the world, and these faculties and powers are the servants through which the spirit expresses itself and performs its task.

We have spent so much of our strength and wit in the past in the consideration of man's body that we have at this late day of the world's history but begun to take account of the spirit. When we speak of the spirit most folks think of a ghost, but there is nothing ghostly about the spirit that indwells in man. The reign of the spirit is not a thing for the heavenly life alone; the reign, the mastery of the spirit must be made manifest in the life that now is, or we will never enter into future blessedness. Man is a spirit now; he does not await death to become such. Spirituality, life by the spirit in the Spirit, is not a thing that can be thrust upon us at death; it is the essence and the fullness of the only true life here in this world.

The real man is invisible to human sight. The old philosopher at Athens who trudged through the streets with a lighted candle at noonday in quest of a man was just fool enough to go on a goose chase, for men are not thus to be discovered. You have never seen a man in your life; neither have I. I have seen many of the houses in which men dwell. I knew they were at home by the light that came through their eye-windows. I knew whether they were glad, sad, mad, grieved, anxious, hopeful or hopeless, in fear or in pain, by the mysterious reflections which these mental processes throw upon the mirror of the face. They have opened the doors of their lips and let their thoughts pass out, and I, by opening the side doors of my dwelling, have received their thought. Thus we have talked and questioned and communed together, and it was ourselves that held communion, yet never have we seen each other. Never once have I doubted that they really did exist, though I saw them not, and they have not the least doubt that I exist. I know by my own consciousness that I am, and in some measure what I am; so by observation I know that they are, and by reflection I grasp that we are, essentially alike. Thus I come to know myself and to know them. I am not long in discovering that my dwelling is more than a dwelling; it is a machine as well—one wondrously adapted to perform the numberless duties that my existence makes necessary, as well as to gratify my longings for enjoyment. "I command it to take me about the world and show me things. I want to see Europe, or Asia, or Africa, and I cannot go without being carried. And if I could go without being carried, it would do me no good, for I have been so adjusted that I need the machine not simply to transport me from place to place, but to enable me to see and communicate with objects about me. I must always, while I live in this world, have it with me, and, fortunately, cannot leave it behind

(or forget it). I command it, and it moves, walks, runs to do my bidding, wears itself out for me. To save it weariness I invent coaches, sleighs, steamships, railroads, and other modes of conveyance, and set it to work to make them carry it about, and bring me with more speed and ease on my journeys. It is my slave—sometimes an expensive servant indeed, for I have to take care of it and keep it in order. It cannot think for itself; I must keep watch for it, clothe, feed, coddle, and doctor it, or it will speedily run to ruin. I want some delicate work executed—a deft piece of art, an exact piece of mechanism, writing, painting, sculpture, wheels pivoted in diamonds, a mill, or a steamship—anything. I command the machine, and it obeys me—enters upon the work, and prosecutes it to the end. But it will not move except as I move it any more than a file or chisel. In fact, it cannot stir without my command. I watch it, and put power into it, and when it comes to the delicate touch, if it shakes or trembles, I say, 'Be steady; do it nicely.' Am I not conscious that I am different from the instrument I am commanding and using? Do I not know that I am not the flesh and blood that I am controlling?"*

There is a spirit in man, and it is distinct from the body. Its fashion, its weight, its color, no man can tell, but to doubt its existence is madness. Walk the street on a winter day, and you know you breathe because your breath in a faint vapor precedes you; do you doubt you breathe on a summer day because as you walk you have not this visible manifestation of the fact? Did you ever behold, or have you ever been able to picture, the fashion, weight, or color of thought, memory, fear, faith, love, or hope? Yet you believe in the actuality of all these, do you not? You know that they do exist, yet no man has ever framed a definition that will explain them. Thus when we define

* Bishop Foster, *Beyond the Grave.*

the spirit as a thinking, feeling, willing something we know our definition has not explained, but we know, too, it has grasped the edges of a reality that is within us. More, we have but to observe the workings of this spirit for a little while to understand that it is supreme. The spirit allows no faculty, sense, or power to sit beside it upon the throne of the life. While it is kindly in its commands and considerate in its care, it ever keeps the scepter in its own hand.

The fact has now become patent to all thinkers that there are two universes, or that, like the world, the universe is divided into two hemispheres. One hemisphere is material, powerless, inert, and unconscious, though massive and magnificent in form and color; the other hemisphere is spiritual, majestic, and commanding, the realm of life, power, and consciousness. It is also a fact that in a certain sense each man is of dual structure. There is a material man, commanding in figure, beautiful in appearance, a majestic animal, a companionable brute, a superb machine, but he is of the earth, earthy. This is "the flesh that profiteth nothing." This is the baser self that is built for no other purpose than for service. There is a spiritual man, unseen yet masterful. He is not the material man glorified. He is not the "old man" made over. He is not the animal re-created. He is God manifest in the flesh, using the flesh to tabernacle an image of himself. It is in the spiritual man we find the image of God. Surely we have got beyond the idea that the image of God which Revelation as well as aspiration teaches us to find in man is to be found in his material structure; that this image of God is a matter of two-leggedness, or vertebral structure, or facial expression, or height, or weight, or color, or even mind power. The kingdom of God is within you; so is the image of God; it is in your spiritual manhood. The spiritual man is the divine within us that recognizes its

sonship to God and lives in the conscious plenitude of power which such recognition affords. The material man you may slay, but the spiritual man is eternal. Thus it is that man lives in two worlds; an under world of bodies—the material; an upper world of spirits—the spiritual. The one, prone to become earthly, sensual, devilish; the other, granting opportunity to become heavenly, chaste, God-like. Man is like a steamship, in the depths of which a dozen blazing furnaces roar and hiss. Before their fiery open mouths half-naked men are busy feeding them, while noise and confusion attend the generation of heat and power. Now, if there were nothing but furnaces and engines, stokers and engineers, what would the outcome be? Let those furnaces continue to roar and those mighty engines put forth their strength, let stokers continue to crowd in the coal and the engineers continue to seek the utmost speed, yet leave the ship entirely to the stokers and the engineers, and how long would it be before the good ship was wrecked? Something more is needed. Yonder on the bridge is a man. He knows the paths of the sea; if a doubt crosses his mind as to the completeness of his knowledge or the reliability of his memory, there beneath his finger is the chart and there the compass. That man rules the ship. By the press of a button or the touch of a bell he commands increased or slackened speed, bright or banked fires, starboard or port of the helm, and in obedience to his command every stoker in the hold, every engineer in the engine rooms, every sailor on the deck, sets himself to work to make every crank, shaft, wheel, and mighty screw do the bidding of the silent yet commanding officer on the bridge. Such is man; his material nature are the stokers, engineers, and sailors, without whom progress through this life cannot be made, but the spirit is the captain on the bridge, commanding all and speeding the life whithersoever he will. The material is essential

now for the development of the spiritual, even as in the growing of wheat there is a stage when the chaff is useful, aye, indispensable; yet, as with the wheat, there comes a time when the chaff has served its purpose, and it is then burned or blown away, so we may well believe there will come a time when the material man, having served well the spiritual, will be folded away as no longer necessary, and the spiritual man with intensified powers will stretch itself to fuller and more perfect life.

The spiritual man chafes under the limitations of the material. All his aspirations lift him to things beyond the flesh. Every trial of his spiritual strength assures him that he was builded for better things than those that merely enhance his material well-being. Every appeal that stirs him to noblest effort, to love and hope and pray, springs not from his material self, but from his spiritual self. Forever and forever his spirit cries with David, "O that I had wings!" "An irrepressible and wide-reaching something in the spirit of each man seems to impel him to triumph over space and time and change. In the accumulation of property he would own the whole world. A very small portion of land would be adequate to his physical needs. But he would add acre to acre till his private domain compassed the surface of the whole earth. Alexander weeping because there was not another world he could get to conquer advertises the immensity and illimitability of the human spirit. By the aid of instruments by which man has augmented and lengthened his power of vision he has come upon stars rolling in the immensity of space to the circle of the thirteenth magnitude. He has not been content to look upon the stars in the vast depths of space, but he has photographed them, so as to behold their faces in his study. Back beyond the dim dawn of time, commensurate with the appearance of human life on earth, he has gone, to return with the

chemical, physical, and stratigraphical history of the globe. By the aid of steam he has made himself a cosmopolite, and through the application of electricity he has made himself ubiquitous. Must we not posit a spirit correlated to the universal to account for this disposition to compass all things, to know all things, and to be everywhere? The tendency of the human spirit to compass and possess universality is seen, too, by its capacity to create language, in which it embodies all things, and through which it expresses its thought of all things. If there had to be separate words for all individual things, any but the most limited knowledge would be impossible, and such knowledge alone there would be if man were shut up to atomic sensations for the data of knowledge. But the mind, by its creative, combining power and its active, spontaneous insight, forms words which represent not only individual things, but classes and species of things. Man devises the word *oak*, and lets it stand for all the oaks in the world. He creates the word *humanity*, and puts into it the whole human race. He coins the word *vegetable*, and uses it to define the whole kingdom of plants. Thus he not only goes over the world and sees it directly, but he produces language manifold and complicated and elastic enough to accommodate and contain the world with all that is in it. This makes it possible for him to go round the world and see all its wonders without leaving the place of his birth.

"He not only builds for himself the universe in language, so that he can contemplate its moons and measure its suns and sail its oceans and climb its mountains in the silent precincts of his study, but he avails himself of sound and light, also, to give expression to universal ideas. He takes a few notes, and so combines and mixes them as to be able to touch all the chords of the universal human

heart in one song. Michael Angelo put all the theology of all the books into the 'Last Judgment.'" *

Thus the spirit in man is forever and in all ways reaching out of its material dwelling, and reaching away from the things of this material world to satisfy and employ itself. The earth it bounds, and does so with such ease that it knows it has not begun to draw upon its power. It compasses the material universe, and on the rim of the stellar splendors puts the query to the outer circle of flaming orbs: "Is this all? Is this the end of my march?" then grows exultant as, catching the music of the stars as they sing together, intimations of unexplored reaches of splendor still beyond, burst upon it in enrapturing satisfaction.

The spirit feels its material dwelling to be a cage, a prison, and it longs to be free. There is ever a contest between the spirit and the body, between the master and the servant. The material self delights itself in animal joys; it keeps its eye on the ground, and is content if evening shades find its stomach full; the spirit fixes its gaze on the stars and tries to peer beyond them to fathom the secrets of worlds unknown, and vaguely feels that its fullest life is somehow linked with that beyond. The material self is of the world and lives in and with and largely for the world; the spirit with strange yearnings and aspirations reaches forth for some larger life where it may test to the full the mighty powers with which it feels itself endowed. Now and then before the spirit strange visions flit, as memories of lost grandeurs or wondrous possibilities. "The soul is like a bird caged from the nest, that yet remembers something of its fellows in the forest of green leaves, and in summer days hears snatches of song from far-off fields, and yearns, with all its little life, for that liberty which it has never proved, for that companionship which it so early missed, and for those songs which

* Lee, *The Making of a Man.*

it never learned to utter, though it strives in broken notes for them." *

The spirit finds nothing in or about the cage to satisfy itself. Bread builds a glorious body, but it does not satisfy the spirit. Companions cheer, but always fail, and the spirit longs for a companionship that will endure. Truth feeds gloriously, but when the World Builder is found the spirit yearns to become acquainted with him, to know him and be known of him. The moral nature rightened longs for more than reformation and re-creation; it would prove its gratitude by service. The spirit yearns; it is hungry, it is thirsty; food it must have; where will it be found? What is there that will satisfy the hunger of the soul, the thirst of the spirit? We have found that for every hunger of the material man, divine provision, wondrous and inexhaustible, has been made. Surely, then, there shall be divine provision for the satisfaction of the yearnings of the spirit. But where shall it be found?

One day as some adventurous hunters crawled along an Alpine ledge they discovered an eagle's nest, and robbed it of an eaglet. Reaching home, they gave the nestling from the crags over to the care of a motherly hen to be reared among the fowls. As the young eagle grew he would separate himself from the blatant cocks upon the dunghill, and with silent dignity walk his way alone. As his wings grew they clipped them. One day a hawk circled over the barnyard and sent every frightened fowl cowering to shelter, but the eagle feared him not; his eye flashed with fire as he screamed back a defiant cry, and reared himself to fly to battle. But, alas, he could not fly. Then he fell sick. He longed to die. He was forgotten. His wings grew strong. All the eagle in him longed to soar. Why not? the sky was his. All the vast reach of the exhilarating air, whose paths his fathers

* Beecher.

knew, stretched before him. How he nursed the strength of his wings! Then came a summer day when all the fowls, like their master, dozed, but the eagle was awake; high in the heavens, so high that it appeared as but a speck, that only an eagle's eye could discern, there soared something that sent forth a cry; it was faint, not a fowl heard it; the master did not hear it, but the young eagle heard, and sprang erect and stretched its wings, and then with all its life beating wildly in its breast it flew. Away from the barnyard, away from the fowls, away from the master, up and up and up it mounted, over fields and hill and mountain and forest, until, with all the powers of its wings full used, it found its kind and its liberty right under the sun!

It is thus with the spirit. From out the unseen realm where God the Eternal Spirit dwells there comes a voice. It speaks one word to every language known, "*Come!*" and the spirit, jubilant and strong, recognizing a wondrous kinship between itself and the Spirit, whose voice it hears, mounts up as on the wings of eagles, and finds its satisfaction and peace and life in God. God in all his fullness is the provision for the spiritual nature of man. God is a Spirit, and in him our spirit lives and moves and has its being. God is the absolute Spirit; man is the relative spirit, and man comes to himself in God. As the lungs are for the reception of the oxygen and ozone from the atmosphere for the maintenance and invigoration of the physical life, so the spirit is for the reception of that flood of the divine presence and power that makes it possible for a man to keep the command of his Father, and live a life that will imitate the perfectness of the life of his Father who is in heaven. God is the answer to the hunger of the soul. God is the fountain in which the spirit quenches its thirst. In God the eternal man is satisfied.

The Hunger of the Tenant for Love.

If we now look more closely at the hunger of the spirit, we shall find that it expresses itself in two great longings. The first of these is a longing for love. For love the spirit yearns as a babe for its mother. In the divine provision for the redemption and re-creation of the moral nature of man, man discovers, also, the supply of God for this yearning of his spirit for love. Only love could have provided such a sacrifice. Only love could stoop so low to lift man so high. Only love could give itself in such measure as the cross declared. But the moral nature of man is not capable of understanding the terrible need of its own cleansing, nor of comprehending the measure of the atonement. It was the spirit that cried out for the cure of the moral nature; it was the spirit that out of the depths of its hunger cried aloud for sympathy, forgiveness, reconciliation, and peace; and when in the sacrificial life and death of Jesus all these were provided it was the spirit that, hearing one word through all those agonies—Love—soared into the bosom of God to find rest unto itself.

You should also grasp the fact that the incarnation of Jesus Christ was necessary to our understanding of the nature of God, even though that incarnation was not to be followed by the cross. In the thought of the Hebrews their God was more a Cæsar than a Father, and it is to be feared that in many minds such a conception of the Eternal still remains. After centuries of symbolic teaching, God as Love was little understood by the Hebrew priests, much less by the Hebrew people, and it is much to be doubted that our own conception of God would have advanced very far beyond theirs had the symbolism been continued to this day. A demonstration of the character of God was the supreme lesson needed by the race. Love must be personified in life, or man would never understand

it. The drops of blood that trickled from the wounded palms and feet and side of Christ did what the literal rivers of blood that ran from the Jewish altars for centuries had failed to do. When Jesus said, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," no man understood him, but when he stretched himself upon the cross and the world grew dark, then men began to comprehend that Love had dwelt among them.

In all ages earnest seekers have from the depths of their spirit repeated the cry of Moses and Elijah, "Let me behold Thee." In Jesus the petition was answered. In him God expressed himself. In him man beheld the Deity, and, lo! he was full of grace and truth. To him man pressed with his questions, and for him he named himself the Way, the Truth, the Life, the Light of the world; but he had not to name himself with the title of the attribute that expresses the perfection of God; he had not to say, "*I am Love*," for men had only to look upon him, to behold his work, and listen to his words to know that Love, supreme Love, faultless and immeasurable, stood among them. And when into the ears of the weary children of men he who was Love whispered, Come, and bring your burdens, and I will bear them; come, ye maimed, and I will heal thee; come, ye halt, and thou shalt walk; come, ye blind, and thou shalt see; come, ye deaf, and thou shalt hear; come, ye dumb, and thou shall praise; come, ye withered, and thou shalt grow young; come, ye sick, and thou shalt be made well; come, ye demoniac, and thy devils shall be expelled; come, ye dead, and thou shalt live—and, coming, it was done unto them even as he had said—they knew that at last they had found a lover of their bodies. But when he spoke to them as never other man spoke to men, and proclaimed the constitution of a wonderful spiritual kingdom he came to found, and besought

them to enter it, they knew that they had found not only a lover of their bodies, but that he, the Wonderful, was the lover of their souls!

In Jesus Christ love expressed itself in fullest measure. His life furnishes the biography of love. His is the only absolutely unselfish life that has been lived among men. In him love without measure is seen. When after his ascension the apostles declared that God is Love men could understand them as for four millenniums men had not understood. God is Love; Love is God; Love works as Christ worked; God is as Christ was, for Christ was and is God. Thus the infinite yearning of the spirit of man to understand God was answered. Love stood forth, and men beheld not the stern, almost forbidding aspect of a Cæsar, but the intense, sympathetic desire of a Father. The Eternal, the high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity, the Creator of worlds and the Maker of all men, he was just and righteous and true, but he was also Love, and love tempered all his dealings with his children. When men looked into the heart of Christ and beheld his love for them, and then heard him declare that even as he loved them so the Father loved them, their idea of God grew fast, and the hungry spirit fed on manna more satisfying than angel's food. And so it has been through the ages. The spirit of man yearning for love has found that for which he longed in God, not only in Christ, but in Christ as the revealer of the Father, for the Son came not to do his own will, but the will of the Father, who through the sacrifice of his best Beloved would bring all his wandering children back to his heart and his home. Let us not forget in our rejoicing for the love of Christ to us that the Father loveth us, aye, that the love of the Father is expressed to us in Christ Jesus our Lord. The love of the Father for us was not caused by the sacrifice of Christ, but caused it. Through the opened arteries of the heart of Christ God

poured out upon us in conquering fullness the love for us which he had treasured from all eternity. It is not the full truth to say that God the Son loved us and gave himself for us; the full measure of the truth is that God the Triune loved us, and in Christ suffered for our redemption, and this love of the Triune for us is the answer to the hunger of our spirit. The love which matches and supplies the hunger of our spirit was embodied in Christ for our easier comprehension. This love cannot be measured, but, blessed fact, it can be enjoyed. To the Beloved as the reservoir in whom the great love of the Triune is stored for us we can go, and there our hunger is appeased, our thirst quenched, our soul revives, and we find that in God there is fullness of joy for evermore.

Remember, this love which is the answer to the hunger of the spirit is not an *it;* you cannot get *it.* This love is God, and if you would possess and enjoy love, you must possess *him.* When you analyze the hunger of the spirit its yearnings prove to be yearnings for God. God is a spirit, and he is the author of our spirit; our essential life is linked with the life of God, and our hunger is the craving of the spirit to supply its need at the source of its existence. Hence, though you seek every whither, you will not find satisfaction until you seek God. Your spirit is built for God as your body is built for the fruit of the field. Your spirit is built to exercise itself in God as the wing of the bird is built to exercise itself in the air and the fin of the fish built to exercise itself in the sea. Without God you can do nothing—so declares the holy word; without finding God you cannot live your best self—so declares the hunger of your spirit. Without God you cannot have peace, joy, nor satisfying life; without him you cannot be a full-grown man nor live a full-orbed life. The man who tries to live without God tries to live without exercising the best part of himself, and only hideous failure can

result. To live well you must live in God; you must live in love; aye, to live well you must live as God lives. We are made in the image of God. The wonder of this surprises us, but the meaning of it must surely be that our spiritual nature is builded after the plan of the nature of God; that in our spirit there is an identity of quality, though not of quantity with our Creator; and to live well is to let this identity of our life with that of God shine forth in increasing splendor through the completeness of our union with God.

Seek not for love expecting to find it in man or earth or heaven; you will find love only in God, for it is he. Yet, even as love became incarnate in Jesus Christ for the good of men, so love would become incarnate in you for the same purpose. The yearning of our spirit for love proves not only that we are capable of being loved, but that we are capable of loving. God desires our love; he yearns for it as we do for his; aye, infinitely more; and when we do give him our love he realizes that it is hard for us, tabernacled in the flesh, to express our love in such a way as will satisfy our own hearts that we are proving to him the measure of our love for him; so in his infinite wisdom he has devised a way by which we can prove our love to him by serving as the messengers of his love to others. By this service the identity in quality of our spirit with God is emphasized, for love leads us to sacrifice, as love led God in Christ to sacrifice. The cross revealed the pent-up love of God, and when we are ready to take up our cross and pour ourselves out for others we reveal our likeness to God. The measure of our self-sacrifice will measure our identity with God. As we give we live; self-dethroned is God enthroned, and God enthroned is love going forth to conquer, even though the way to the victory leads through a garden to a cross and a tomb. The world yearns for a present-day revelation of love, and God would through us

answer that yearning. When we who have found God, and in him live and move and have our being, go forth God goes forth; by our self-surrender to God we are enabled to go forth and give him, not ourselves, to the world. When we go forth love goes forth, for love dwells in us for this holy purpose; if, then, as we go forth no cross confronts us, we may well question the reality of our discovery of God or of our surrender to him. While sin and want abound grace must prove its presence by its abounding sacrifice and self-giving, for the continuing wonder of the plan of salvation—God's provision for the building of eternal men—is that no other way is provided for grace to manifest itself in soul-saving interest than through the lives of consecrated men and women. God there is, but it is only when men let the light that dwells within them shine forth that other men behold the glory of God and are drawn to serve him. Christ there is, but it is only as he is lifted up by his enthronement within a man that he can draw all men unto him, and, throwing his arms about the lost ones, whisper his cheer in their ears. Holy Spirit there is, but it is only when he dwells within the temple of a man, and through that man, as one endued with might by the Spirit in his inner man, works, that he wins his wondrous victories. God to-day, as in Christ's day, reveals himself through a man. Love to-day, as in Christ's day, manifests itself in sacrifice, for such the world still needs. If you are not ready to take up your cross and follow Christ even unto death, you are none of his; union with God you can never enjoy; life in and with God is not yours; and the lengths and breadths and heights and depths of love you will never know. To stretch yourself with Christ on the cross of self-sacrifice for the good of man is the supreme privilege that God accords to you, that you may prove the measure of your love to him in return for his boundless love to you. To suffer together with Christ is

the glorious proof of one's likeness to Christ that God allows a man to manifest that the image of himself in him may be patent to the gaze of men. To love as Christ loved, to love when we are shamed and hissed for loving, to love the foul until they become pure, to love our foes until they become the friends of God, to love until we die for loving, and die for those who reject our love—this is to become Christlike. This is what it is to be transformed from an earthly into a heavenly man by the indwelling of God. This is how we are changed into the same image from glory to glory as that borne by the Lord our Saviour.

To live such a life is the desire of God for every one of us. For such a life he has builded us. Of such sacrifice our spirit is capable when it has found the supply of its own yearnings in God. To attain unto the stature of the fullness of Christ is the glorious possibility that is within our reach. This is the prize that is set before us. Strive, man, strive; this prize is worth your utmost effort. Behold the measure God gives of man, and fail not in striving to meet his expectation of yourself. Christ is God's ideal of a man, and such a man it is his desire to make of you by your surrender to his indwelling. The God-indwelt man is the only Christlike man, and the Christlike man is the only perfect man. You must find God if you would find your best self; you must live in God if you would live well; you must be for God and for humanity a Christ continued in the world, or you miss the high purpose of God concerning you. You are deficient in manhood until you become sufficiently transformed by the indwelling of love to image God to the world.

The Power of Love.

Behold the power of love! A carpenter dies. The world sees no honor in his death, but the shame of it is in

all their eyes, for he dies in the accursed way upon a cross, crucified between thieves. While the few friends of his life forsake him a multitude of his foes gather to jeer and howl their derision and contempt. While they jeer his life goes out, and the desire to care for the body of one they loved brings a few of his friends once more together. They talk about his wondrous life and words. They spread abroad his strange doctrines. True to the commission he gave them, they preach forgiveness of sin through faith in his name. Though the sword is lifted against them, they cease not in their testimony. From one end of the little world of that age to the other they hasten with their message. It is a message for which the hearts of men are hungry. Disciples, most of them like the great Teacher, coming from a humble home, are won. The work spreads. The fire runs. Saints arise. Saints die, but their death only increases the number of the saints. Stephen, steadfastly looking unto heaven as the pile of stones that pelt him to his death increases about him, is transfigured before his persecutors, and sends Saul away with a sting in his heart that leaves it never. James gives his head that he may prove his devotion to his brother's cause. Paul surrenders his mighty intellect to the hated One, and outleads all others in the intensity of his devotion and the intrepidity and zeal of his service. These early disciples, nearly every one, suffer terrible deaths as the seal of their fidelity, but ere they die they write down the truth for which they are willing to die, and the ages are blessed with the great inheritance. Forward marches the progress of the movement so strangely begun in shame. The culture of Greece and the power of Rome pale before it, and the day comes when the cross of the Despised and Rejected of men becomes the one hope of a great emperor for his triumph, and the eagles of Rome bow to the Lamb that was slain. From that day the

cross has never been absent from the council chamber of the greatest nations of the world.

But persecution has never sheathed its sword. From the catacombs of Rome, where early heroes lived and died; from the fastnesses of the Italian Alps, where Waldensian martyrs maintained the faith delivered to the saints; from the fertile fields of Bohemia, where the friends of Hus gave themselves with him to the flames; from the dungeons of Spain, where the Inquisition wrought its horrors and made forever execrable the name of the papacy; from the dykes of Holland, where the Beghards stood for God and the defenders of Leyden immortalized themselves; from the moors of England, where Bloody Mary kindled the fire that consumed the noblest of her bishops and the truest of her peasants; from the firths of Scotland, where the rising tides were made to engulf the daughters of the heather; from the peat bogs of Ulster, where yawning graves inclosed living mothers and their babes; from the hillsides around Ararat, where Armenian martyrs now rot unburied where Turkish butchers stretched them; from the rude huts of Madagascar, where new converts fall beneath the land-hungry sword of the French —from the history of every nation and isle of the sea the same story comes. For love of Christ we die. There is no earthly compulsion leading to such death; the world offers them its best to renounce and live, but love constraineth them, and for him whom having not seen they love they are ready to lay them down and die. The kingdom that was begun in the earth by the crucifixion of its King makes progress only by the same path. The blood of the martyrs fertilizes the soil of the world for the growth of the kingdom of God. That kingdom has grown until to-day its power is felt unto the uttermost parts of the earth. Isles of the sea waited for its coming, and when it came rejoiced and were glorified. The kingdoms

of the world are more and more becoming the kingdoms of him who was slain, and unto him has that gathering of the people begun that is the earnest of the time when unto him every knee shall bow, and the voice of the people of every kindred and tribe and nation shall be heard proclaiming him to be the King of kings and Lord of lords.

Behold the power of love! The Despised has become the Glorified of all men; the Rejected has become the Corner-stone and Capstone of the kingdom that is to endure eternally. The world boasts of conquerors—Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, Tamerlane, Charlemagne, Frederick, Napoleon; the last and greatest of these himself paid the tribute of all the world conquerors to him of the cross when he exclaimed: "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I myself have founded great empires; but upon what did these creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Where are they to-day? Gone; and only their memory survives them. Jesus alone founded his empire upon love, and to this day millions would die for him."

The kingdom of God itself bears the roll of many illustrious, glorious names of those who have wrought for its uprearing. There is John the divine, Peter the thunderer, Paul the peerless, Apollos the silver-tongued, Chrysostom the heroic, Polycarp the ready, á Kempis the mystic, Wyclif the disturber, Hus the dauntless, Luther the reformer, Melanchthon the creed builder, Calvin the theologian, Knox the nation shaker, Bunyan the seer, Butler the subtle, Baxter the saint, Whitefield the revivalist, Wesley the singer and Wesley the reorganizer, Edwards the awakener, Finley the evangelist, and Spurgeon the soul saver; but all these, with the host of unnamed leaders for whom they stand, lay all their trophies down before the Christ whose service made them great. They are naught, and he is all. Erect stands Chrysostom before the Cæsars when they

persecute, but on his knees he falls to look on Christ. Luther faces diets and councils and bows not before any of earth, but tenders all the homage of his devotion to the majesty of the Unseen. Knox brings kings and queens and courtiers trembling to their knees before him, but does so only after he has himself been on his knees before this wondrous One. Wesley transforms England and gives a new impetus to holy living, but unto this Lowly One become the Exalted renders all the praise.

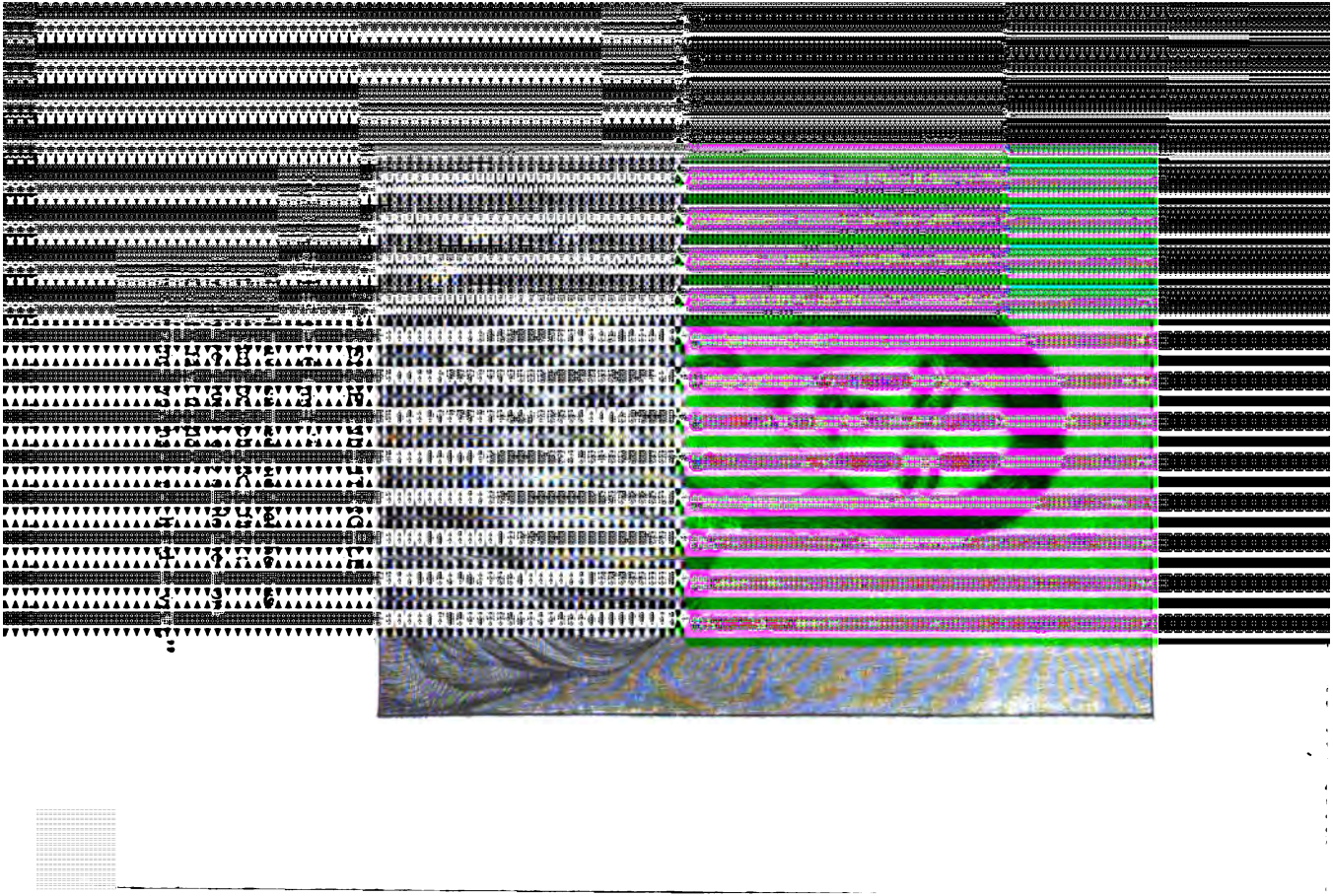
This is the surprise of love. The men who have wrought most successfully for the well-being of the nations declare before men and angels that not unto them, but unto the Christ who bought them with his own blood and to whose service they gave themselves under the mighty constraint of love, unto him and unto him alone belongeth all the praise for the wonders accomplished. For rights and honors among themselves they might contend, but unto him whom they serve because of the blessed consciousness that he loved them and gave himself for them they give all honor. The most truly great of the world's history for nineteen hundred years, its chief benefactors, reformers, and liberators, have all traced the motive that prompted them to their endeavor to that cross on which the hissed at and spit upon gave up his life. His love for them nerved him for his death; their love for him nerved them for their lives of labor.

The likeness of men to God is seen in the likeness of the effects when such love as Christ poured out for men is poured out by his followers for their fellows. The brightest chapter of the world's story is the chapter that records the conquests of love. These are mightier by far than those of the sword. If you do not know them, set yourself to work to study them; they are the evangels of the good time that hastens on. The love that Paul poured into the heart of Onesimus made the slave a saint. The love of

Augustine of Canterbury made possible a God-serving English race. The love of Patrick made the former days of Erin more fragrant than her latter days. The love of Brainard and Elliot proved long before the "century of dishonor" opened that the good Indian was the Christ-saved Indian. The love of Cox and Livingstone and Moffat and Crowther and Comber and Hannington has brought the dawn of the Light of the world to Darkest Africa. The love of Morrison and Griffith and Gilmour and a host of worthy successors has inaugurated a movement that shall not end until the countless millions of the Celestial Empire shall own the Celestial King as the adored of all their hearts. The love of Carey and Lynch and Duff and Heber and Butler continued to be poured out by those who have been ready to take up their arduous tasks, has opened the heart of India's millions to the truth as it is in Jesus, and brought the learning and skill and philanthropy of Christendom to the succor of the caste-cursed land. The love of Judson ushered in a new age of the world for Burmah; the love of Neesima awoke the enthusiasm of the new Japan; the love of Martyn was as ointment poured forth in Persia; the love of Calvert made men of the beasts of Tonga and the Fiji; the love of Williams writes the twenty-ninth chapter of the Acts of the apostles in the hearts of the dwellers in Polynesia; the love of Patteson breaks down all opposition and works wonders in Melanesia; the love of Bingham and Thurston wins the Hawaiians from darkness into light, and the love of the still living Paton transforms the New Hebrides from the abode of cannibals to the habitation of saints. The love of Fox and Benezet and Sharp and Wilberforce and Garrison and Phillips and Brown and Douglass and Harriet Stowe and Julia Howe and Abraham Lincoln gave a race their freedom. The love of Howard and Buxton and Jebb and Elizabeth Fry revolutionized the treatment of prisoners,

and gave them opportunity to come forth from imprisonment with at least sound bodies. The love of Octavia Hill and George Peabody brought hope into the crowded tenement districts of London and thence to all great cities. The love of Florence Nightingale and Mother Bickerdyke and their sisters in Christlike ministering brought the vision of angels to thousands of sick and dying soldiers. The love of Catherine Booth and Lord Shaftesbury led many a sin-stained wanderer from the slums to purity and a home. The love of Gough and Finch and Dow led many from the slavery of the cup to the power and cleanness of abstinence.

But space would fail to tell of those in all walks of life who have poured themselves out for the good of the race and the alleviation of the ills of humanity: Physicians who have calmly looked death in the eyes, and with pencil in hand traced down to the next to the last pulsation the symptoms of dissolution, that they might hand down, for the cure of men, a correct diagnosis of disease; or who have stood at their post when pestilence wasted at noonday and at midnight; scientists who have suffered blinding, deafening, maiming, and even crossed the river of death, in pursuit of knowledge that, transmitted, might prove the blessing of all future ages; philosophers who have spent their strength and wasted their flesh and their substance in the well-nigh thankless task which yet enriched the intelligence of the world with priceless discoveries in the realm of pure thought; statesmen who, forsaking the pleasures of home and intellectual treasure-gathering, or turning their backs upon enticing lures from the business world, have yet given themselves to the conduct of the world affairs so much shirked by their fellow-men; warriors who, like Horatio at the bridge, Winkelried at Sempach, Somers at Tripoli, the forlorn hope at Petersburg, Hobson at Santiago, rush into the arms of death, that the sacrifice of one might work the saving of many.



Love ever has and ever will find a way to express itself, and love is the carver of the truest fame. If you would be remembered, carve your name deep in the life of your age, write it bold on the hearts of your fellow-men, and you will live in the esteem of the noblest when Egyptian pyramids and obelisks, no matter whither transported, are forgotten. "There is no sight so sublime, no beauty so enthralling, no influence so subtle in operation and measureless in results, no power so resistless, as that of a human life wholly consecrated to God. The most splendid and authoritative institutions of men are toys compared to the pure-hearted child of God who has seen the divine meanings of things, and yielded all his powers to the absolute sway of the eternal realities. He who is great enough to put the kingdoms of the world and all their glory behind him rather than forfeit one tittle of his birthright as a son of God; who falters not in the face of the darkest mysteries of life, and drinks deep of its sorrows, that he may have fellowship with God; who dares to be led from day to day by his divine instincts without anxiety for the morrow; whose communion with God is so close and unbroken that prayer is his soul's atmosphere; whose religious knowledge is not the traditions of men, but the word of God in his inmost being; who speaks what he hears God speak, and does the works he sees God doing—such a man, soever humble though he be, is the real maker of civilizations, the divine reformer of nations, the eternal worker of righteousness. God has provided and man has discovered no greater force to work out the redemption of the race than that of the wholly unselfish life that seeketh not its own. It is not with institutions and formulas so much as with men that God unfolds his own life in the development of humanity—men in whom he can have his own loving and righteous way, men with a faith as insuppressible as light,

men who are incarnations of his drawing sacrificial love." *

For such men the world groans; for such men God waits; through such men he would still the groaning of a love-hungry race by such a wondrous giving of himself through his consecrated children as would supply all their need and make the earth to blossom and bloom with all the fruits and joys of righteousness. Think not that such a life is one of abiding gloom, tears, and woe. These are here, but not in their merely earthly meaning. These are not all there is in such a life, by any means. The spirit that is at peace with God and is used of God to express the divine love to men, like the Master himself, has meat to eat that the world knows not of. Such living is the one true and satisfying method of living. It is the conquering way to live. Such living makes even torture, rack, flame, or gibbet a cause of rejoicing, and sings joyfully all the day long. It was such living that enabled Cranmer to sing as he kept the word of his heroism, and pushed into the flames, to be the first of his members consumed, the hand that penned his vacillating recantings. The call of the Spirit of God to the spirit of men is just such a call as that with which Garibaldi recruited the army of Italy: "Come! I offer you terrible fatigue, long marches, scant rations, hard fighting, wounds, disease, *death;* but I offer you LIBERTY and VICTORY!"

Just this is the call of God. There are fatigue and fighting and death; but there are communion and joy and peace and liberty and victory all along the way, and their fruits endure through all eternity.

THE THIRST OF THE TENANT FOR POWER.

The second or allied yearning of the spirit of man is a yearning for power. All the race of men are in love with

* Herron, *A Plea for the Gospel.*

prowess. Man longs to accomplish things, and doffs his cap to those who do accomplish things. Power is prized everywhere, and is sought by all men. When the man of the early age stretched his loin cloth or mantle between two sticks to catch the breath of the sweeping wind he was praying for power and gaining it, and his little boat speeding over the wave while he dared to rest his tired muscles gave him an infinite delight. When his brother discovered that the neck of the ox and the horse was built for a yoke, and hitching a drag to them, he gathered up his feet and sat down on them, while the power of the ox or the horse took him whither he would go, he began to think that life might be worth the living, after all. Power is enjoyable. To possess or to be able to use power makes a fellow feel good. Men were a long time in discovering that power could be found outside the muscles of their bodies or those of their horses and oxen, or outside the muscles of the wind. Then some power-hungry genius discovered that there was power in the water of the little brook that purled along through the meadow; that you had only to pull the wheel off your cart and flatten its spoke and let the water of the brook fall on it steadily, and around it would go. How simple! Power is always simple after you have found it.

But all the world did not live beside water courses, and the dry-land dwellers needed power too; so one of their wise-acres borrowed a water wheel from his brother, flattened it out a bit more, set it up in the air, and, lo! the wind was found to have other muscles, and the windmill increased man's grasp on power and enabled him to do his work more easily. For centuries this remained the extent of man's grasp on power. But at last Watt really beheld a kettle boil, and it got into his head that one reason why there were so much wood and coal in the world was that there was so much water that God meant to be boiled,

for boiling it would put seven-league boots on all creation. Obedient to his vision, Watt entered on his tremendous task of boiling all the water in the world and harnessing its steam, and it was not long ere he could say to the sea, There shall be no more calm; and to the milestones, Thou shalt frighten and discourage man no more. A mile a minute only whetted the ambition of the power searchers. Audacious man, having made the fires of the forests and of the mountains subservient to him, now gripped the fires of the skies, hitched the lightning to his chariot and swan-boat, then buttoned it to his lips and to his ears, and, lo! distance was annihilated, and the grasp of man on power seemed well-nigh complete.

Mark, in gaining all this increase of power man created nothing. He only discovered and applied forces that were from the beginning of the world present in the world. No doubt, if we could have heard the conversation of the immortals as the news of man's discoveries flew to them, we would have heard Adam and Hiram and Archimedes exclaiming, "Why in the world didn't we think of that?" The great forces that do our bidding; that throb across continents and under seas with our messages; that speed the freight of our cheer and comfort from the world's end to the world's end; that bear us with amazing swiftness to dying kindred, and marriage gatherings, and waiting audiences, and world-ingathering conventions—these forces serve us only and so long as we submit to the laws of their operation. They obey us only as far as we obey them, and when we do obey them there seems no limit to the power they will intrust to us. There is every reason to suppose that the coming century will have as many surprises for us in the discovery and application of power as the century now closing. The craving of man for power in the material world is by no means satisfied, and that craving is the precursor of still more mighty discoveries.

But the spiritual man is not fed by these increases of power that come to the material man; they rather intensify his hunger for spiritual power that will be commensurate with the new needs of the world and with his increased facilities for cursing or blessing the race. The spiritual man is as ambitious as the material man to perform mighty deeds, and rightly so. To desire to be made the medium through whom the utmost blessing shall come to the world is a Godlike desire, and it is not only the privilege but the duty of the spiritual man to covet the best gift, that he may be thoroughly furnished for the performance of such holy exploits as will prove that God is still at work in his world.

The more the spiritual man loves the more intense will become his yearning for power, for only by his reception and use of power will he be able to evidence the love that swells in his heart. The spiritual man rejoices when he hears the command from the lips of his Redeemer: "Follow me. Run to and fro through the earth carrying my blessings every whither," and he longs to obey. He beholds his Saviour touching the lips of the dumb, anointing the eyes of the blind, gently tapping the ears of the deaf, whispering words of cheer to the downhearted, loving the fallen into purity, and taking time to speak the word in season to the lonely woman of Sychar and the soul hungry Nicodemus; he stands beside the Multiplier as the loaves and fishes so wondrously increase, and rejoices to be counted worthy to serve as a distributor of the Lord's great bounty; his spirit grows hot for holy service as he listens with the eager-faced multitude to the glorious principles of the new kingdom of God; he feels the thrill of celestial glory as on Tabor's heights transfiguring splendors enswathe the form of the Nazarene; and as there Jesus says: "Follow me. Do as I do. Continue thou my ministry to the world," the spirit cries: "I will. I will."

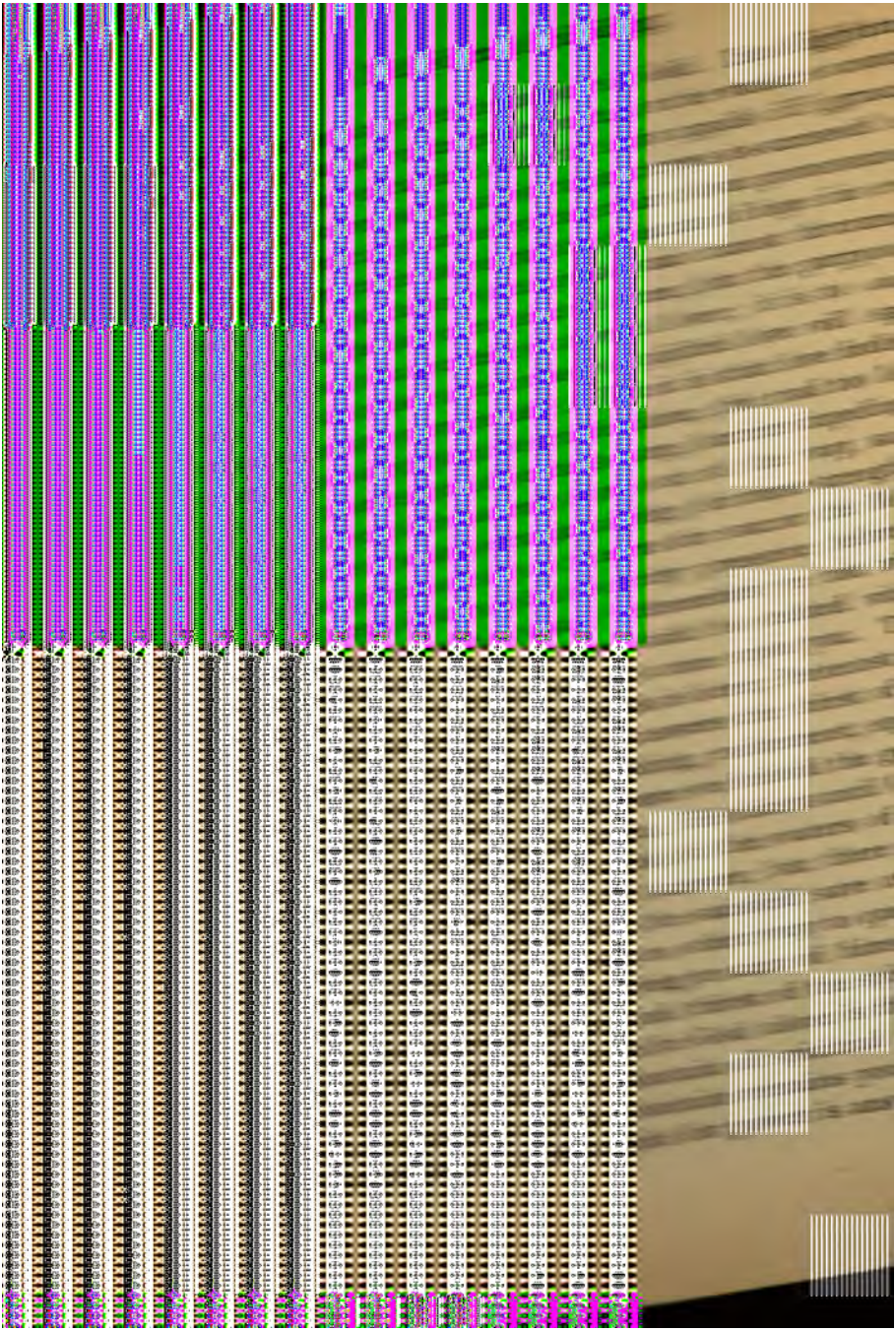
But neither the life of Jesus nor of any of his disciples is all a Tabor, and as he who on Tabor cries, "My Jesus, I love thee; I will love those thou lovest; I will be thy hands and feet and voice and heart to needy man," comes down to the plain, he finds that the celestial glories have given place to diabolical horrors, and he who was face to face with God, and there was brave, comes now face to face with Satan, and Satan in frenzied rage froths and foams through the lips of a lad and seeks to tear and rend him. What will he do? What can he do? God he loves as much as ever; man he longs to serve for Christ's sake as much as ever, but face to face with that demoniac he realizes that something more than love is needed. Satan is past being loved into good behavior; only the strong arm of power can restrain him or cast him forth from those into whom he has entered; and the unrecorded prayer of the apostles in the presence of the Satan-possessed lad, "O God, give us power for this hour!" is the prayer of every heart that has been filled with the love of God—only to find that love alone is not sufficient to conquer.

This knowledge increases as the soul that follows Jesus presses on in his steps. Into the face of the follower the Gadarian demons of his age shake their shackles and seek his death; contagion fills his nostrils with the fetid odors of quick-destroying fevers; and leprosy presses near, forgetting to cry "Unclean" in the eagerness of its prayer, "Cleanse me as thy Master did." Soon the path grows more terrible, and to follow Christ means to drink the dregs of the cup of Gethsemane and suffer in spiritual agonies until the flesh unable to endure is cleft asunder for the outrushing of the tortured blood. Aye, to follow Christ means to be haled before the assembly of his foes, to be hissed and scorned and mocked and scourged and spit upon; to follow Christ is to stand with

the spittle of the world's derision on our face, to be declared innocent and without fault, yet to be delivered unto the rabble to be made the sport of their hate. To take up our cross and follow Christ means to take up a cross on which we may be crucified and bear it with weary steps through the midst of the jeering multitude to the Calvary of our life, where we may prove the utmost of our love by the surrender of our life.

But who is sufficient for these things? Not man; not even the man whose soul is large with the love of God for fellow-man. Love alone would shrink from such toil; love alone could not endure the strain. Willing love is to make the sacrifice; willing love is to die; but one must have strength even to die. Did not those who were with Him in the Garden love? Yet love did not suffice to keep their weary eyelids apart. That mother who watches over her suffering babe with ceaseless vigilance does so not by love alone; love is ready to give itself, but for very weariness of the flesh love must fail did not unseen conductors convey power to that mother's eyelids and hold open those tired eyes. Just such a conveyance to himself or equipment of himself with power is the yearning desire of the spiritual man, that he may have strength to endure the tests that his love prompts him to face. His love is ready for Gethsemane and Judgment Hall and Via Dolorosa and Calvary, but he has no strength to bear his cross, no voice to whisper, "Father, forgive them."

Is there an answer to this hunger of the spirit? There is. One as large as the need of man and as mighty as the omnipotence of God. The revelation of God unto man is one of Three Mounts, though much of the proclamation and explanation of that revelation by the ambassadors of God has been confined to Two Mounts. There is no true preaching of the whole Gospel of God wherein the thunders of Sinai are not heard. The law



der of the Third Mount. God the Holy Ghost comes down in man to dwell, and the flesh that shrines the spirit of man becomes a temple for the continuing presence of the Eternal. The union of God and man now becomes unquestioned, for God dwells in the man to evidence himself. Now love can consecrate itself to any cross, and the power of God within the man will give strength to make perfect any sacrifice. The answer of God to the thirst of the spirit for power is the endowment of the man with power from on high, that he may be equipped to accomplish wonders of grace in the world. Man seeks power, and God gives himself. God does nothing needlessly. If there were any other power that was sufficient to supply the spirit's thirst and perform man's work in the spiritual world, that power would be given; but there is no power that will suffice save that which inheres in God himself, and himself he gives to man. Hence it is folly for the spiritual man to seek or pray or struggle for power as a thing of itself. The power for which the spirit thirsts cannot thus be obtained. If you would possess power, you must possess God, and this proves that it is not so much a question of our getting power as of God getting us. When we become God's for his holy possession, then through us his power is bound to course, and we will serve as the conductors of the divine power to needy humanity. If you would have love, you must have God the Christ. If you would have power, you must have God the Holy Ghost. Do not seek *it;* seek *him.* Cease praying for power; pray for the Holy Ghost. Struggle not for spiritual power, but empty yourself for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and you will find that with his incoming all power will be given you for the prosecution of the work God requires at your hand. "Spiritual power is not a separate entity, which we may possess independently of the Holy Spirit. The power of the spiritual world is in the indwelling and inspira-

tion of the Holy Spirit himself. We cannot have it apart from him. We diminish it when he is grieved or quenched. We are most evidently the subjects and vehicles of it when he resides in his gracious fullness in yielded and loving hearts. We covet the gift; let us then make welcome the Giver."* The one way by which the blessing is to be obtained is to let the Blesser in.

Man gets so little in this world without seeking that he can scarcely believe there is a better way for him to obtain the desire of his soul; yet there is. If you would enjoy God in all his wondrous fullness, your part is not to seek him, but to *surrender* to him. Love that cannot be measured, seeking will never find, but *surrender* will bring rushing in. Power, the might of the Spirit of God, for which the world groans in its terrible need, seeking will never discover, but *surrender*, and power like a Niagara will be poured out through you. Mesmerists tell us that they can perform only through people who have vacant minds. They must be empty of their own minds, or the mesmerist cannot project his mind into them. If the spirit would be indwelt of God, it must be empty of self. The surrender of self puts our spirit into the hands of God; we become his possession; and he then takes up his abode in us, and, lo! we have love abounding and power with God and with man.

The one safe attitude for you to take in the surrender of yourself to God is the attitude of prayer. Without prayer you cannot surrender; without prayer there is no reception of the gift of power. "They continued with one accord in prayer and supplication." The only great men the world has ever known were men who knew how to get down on their knees, and who knew how to talk with God when they got there. Prayer is the crown of all culture. To know how to pray is almost the greatest

* Meyer, *Key Words of the Inner Life.*

thing a man can know, for it puts in his hands the key to the storehouse of God, where all manner of joy and comfort and peace and gladness is to be found. Young man, learn how to pray, or you will never be a great man. Young woman, learn how to pray, or you will never be fit to be a mother—and earth has no greater earthly honor for any woman. The ability to converse well is counted the high-water mark of intellectual culture. Prayer is conversation with God, and it reaches its fullest blessedness when it becomes communion with God—when the man hears the voice of God as well as makes his voice heard by God; communion with God is the high-water mark of the culture of the spirit—to talk with God as friend with friend is bliss beyond comparison. So, if you want power, pray. Enter into thy closet, having made friends with all mankind; then when thou hast shut thy door bow before the throne. Pour out yourself until you are empty. Keep the census of your hates and passions and lusts and desires and ambitions and long-petted sins before you on the altar until you and God are agreed that they are all slain and buried, and you emptied of all the foul store. Then, empty, wait. Wait—possibly it may be for days; yet wait, pray. Declare unto God, as did Jacob, that you will *cling*—read your Bible right, the wrestling is God's—cling, and not let him go until the blessing is bestowed by the Blesser entering the empty spirit. Cling. Wait. Expect. Praise. And he has come! Thy knees have touched the throne, and the Power has entered into you. Rise and shout. Give God the glory. Let your light shine. Go forth. Touch the world. Power will accompany you; you will perform wonders, for now thy testimony and labor shall be with the "demonstration of the Spirit and with power."

Let me press home here, as in earlier divisions, the practical application of the truth we have discovered. The

spiritual man thirsts for power. The Holy Ghost is the answer of God to that thirst. Millions have in him their thirst assuaged and passed triumphantly through life. No man enjoys all God has for him unless he enjoys the gift of the Holy Spirit. No man is fully equipped for the work God would perform through him who has not received his baptism of fire. No man can possibly become a good soldier of Jesus Christ—and it is the purpose of God that all men should become such—who is not able to wield the sword of the Spirit through the might of that Spirit's indwelling presence. Pentecost is not elective ; it is essential to full-powered manhood. You are not the man God meant and desires you to be unless you have been endued with power from on high. You have not attained to the crown of your manhood until the crown of fire encircles your head, and you are thus anointed a king and a priest unto God. There may be much of physical beauty and intellectual culture and moral grandeur about your life; your love may be as tender as the smile of Christ upon the babes he blessed, but unless the outpoured power of God has granted unto you the tongue of fire, you are dwarfed, uncomely, destitute, weak, and enslaved. Your life, as an organ, may be perfect in all its appointments, yet send forth no praise. If there be no more air in the organ than in the room about it, the organ will sound no melody, no matter how vigorously even skilled fingers strike the keys. Let some child now pump the pedals, and sound will issue, but with imperfect vibration and no pleasant harmony. But now pump you the bellows full; let steady currents of air sweep through all the pipes, and all the room sways with the volume of the organ's praise. So it is with your spiritual manhood. Your life will give forth no glorious, exultant song, no victor's shout will part your lips, no mighty conquest mark you one of God's elect, unless the rushing mighty wind of the Spirit of the Most High

sweeps through your being, and, imbuing you with the grandeur of the divine nature, makes manifest your resemblance to God through the matchless harmonies that blended love and power send forth on the wings of your consecrated living.

You can win no victories without the Power. The battle is won only by fire. The siege is on. Mighty walls protect the foe. Through the walls you desire to make a breach. How will you do it? Why, there's a cannon. True, but what can that do? What is there to fear in it? Look; why, there is a pair of doves cooing in its very mouth! Well, look at those cannon balls. I see them, but were each regiment in the army to take one and hurl it against those walls, not a stone would tumble. See, those children are playing hide and seek amid the iron pyramids. But there's the powder. The magazine is full of it. Aye, but your full magazine is more dangerous to yourselves than to your enemy. All your powder will never make a breach in the walls. What then? if the cannon and the cannon balls and the powder are all powerless, how shall the city be taken? Look! Within a cannon a cannon ball has been charged home amid a bed of powder; now on the powder a spark of fire falls; there is a hissing, a puff of smoke, a flare of flame, a roaring sound, and across the miles of space the cannon ball speeds; it strikes the wall with terrific force; there is a crash of rending, falling rock, and, lo! the breach is made. And the power to make powerful these mighty agents of destruction was in the spark of fire. Only the baptism of fire will enable you to triumph. For the baptism of fire the world hungers to-day.

Remember God is as eager to bestow his Power upon you as your need of that Power is urgent. The need of the world is heavy on his heart, and through you he would give himself for its supply. Empowered through the in-

dwelling of the Spirit in your inner man, you will be enabled to join the company of mighty ones who have wrought mightily for God in the ages past. Think what this Power has made of men. He made of that poor coward who cursed his Master at the jibe of a slave girl the fearless preacher of the pentecostal sermon. He made of the eleven who dared not stand beside the cross flaming evangels of that cross, ready to die, as all save one did die, a martyr's death for the truth that the cross proclaimed. That Power took a poor miner's son, who had to sing on the streets to earn his bread, and made of him the Thunderer of the Reformation and the liberator of the consciences of millions. He took a farmer's child and fashioned him into the master builder of English freedom. He took a tavern boy and made him the mightiest evangelist of the ages. He took the sons of a humble preacher and sent them singing and preaching the Gospel of free salvation all around the world, and by them founded one of the most victorious branches of the Church on earth. He took a tinker into a prison, and there used him to set the story of a pilgrim's progress in such array as to inspire the weary upward march of millions. He took a cobbler from his bench and made him the forerunner of a mighty host, who for love of God and love of man would go to the uttermost parts of the earth to proclaim the story of redeeming love and pentecostal power. He takes an aristocratic farmer from his stately home and makes him endure the endless fatigues and hardships of dreary days of war, but by him marks out a new path for freedom and builds a new ark for the rights of man. He takes a rough rail-splitter from his ax and makes him swing the pen that emancipates a race and inaugurates a new day for the great new nation of the West. He takes a man to die in Africa's lonely heart, but makes him the beacon that spurs others to give life and fortune for the

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illumination of the land of gloom. He takes men out of every nation and tribe and kindred and puts them to the performance of the will of God, and on heaven's roll their names are recorded as those of the real monarchs of life, for they were monarchs of the spiritual realm. That roll is not yet complete. There is room on it for the names of those who are yet to surprise the race with their glorious work for God, for those who are to triumph in their battles for the uplift of the race. There is room for your name, and enrolled it will be if you surrender yourself to God for the manifestation of his love and power.

The golden age of the world is not past—it is yet to come. The age that is to be radiant with the outpoured splendor of God is still before us. There are signs that it is near at hand. You can hasten it. Let God shine through you. Let the power of the Most High make you mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of wickedness. Let the love of God, dwelling in you, richly prompt you to present yourself a living sacrifice to the world, which it is your high privilege to do, that some in the world may through you be saved. Give yourself to the work of God. The victory is sure, and the eternal ages will be long enough to reward you for any shortness of time. Be a man. A complete man. God-fashioned, God-filled, Godlike. Through such men God always speaks and works.

Hold fast to thy equipment of power. Let no man take away thy crown. In the ears of all the world declare the power and the glory and blessedness of the pentecosted life, and as you repeat the Creed each day let the wonder of a clause that has meant little, perchance, in the past inspire your faith. Listen to this shout of faith by one of the most saintly and heroic men of our century:

"In this age of faith in the natural and disinclination to the supernatural we want especially to meet the whole

world with this *credo:* 'I believe in the Holy Ghost.' I expect to see saints as lovely as any that are written of in the Scriptures—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see preachers as powerful to set forth Christ evidently crucified before the eyes of men, as powerful to pierce the conscience, to persuade, to convince, to convert, as any that ever shook the multitudes of Jerusalem or Corinth or Rome—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see Churches the members of which shall be severally endued with spiritual gifts and every one moving in spiritual activity, animating and edifying one another, commending themselves to the conscience of the world by their good works, commending their Saviour to it by a heart-engaging testimony—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see villages where all the respectable people are now opposed to religion, the proprietor ungodly, the nominal pastor worldly, all that take a lead set against Christianity—to see such villages summoned, disturbed, divided, and then reunited, by the subduing of the whole population to Christ—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see cities swept from end to end, their manners elevated, their commerce purified, their politics Christianized, their criminal population reformed, their poor made to feel that they dwell among brethren; righteousness in the streets, peace in the homes, an altar at every fireside—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see the world to be overflowed with the knowledge of God; the day to come when no man shall need to say to his neighbor, 'Know thou the Lord,' but when all shall know him, 'from the least unto the greatest'—east and west, north and south, uniting to praise the name of the one God and the one Mediator—because I believe in the Holy Ghost." *

"The day of God will come, and the heart of the earth

* Arthur, *The Tongue of Fire.*

will ache no more, and the riven side of the race will cease to flow, and the Spirit of Jesus will be the omnipotent bond of human brotherhood, and children will be born into an atmosphere of prayer, and sin and death will be a dream of a night, and the pain of the groaning creation be changed to an anthem of praise; when the disciples of Christ come to so believe in the reality of his redemption that they dedicate all they are and have to the righteousness of his kingdom. The creation groans and travails in pain, waiting only for the children of men to stand forth and show themselves the sons of God. The day of God will come, and there will be night no more. Humanity moves upward; and the heavens lower bend, age by age, folding the earth closer in the heart of the Father. And heaven and earth, under the hand of the risen Christ, who holds the key to human history, will be attuned in one eternal harmony of love."*

The world waits for the baptism of fire, and the baptism waits for the consecrated lives through which to flame; the day when the consecrated host shall kneel for their crown of fire is not far distant. The saints shall rule the world. Baptized with fire, they will go forth to take the world and shape it into a fit habitation for the greatest buildings in the world—men.

Behold an Easter at the holy sepulcher. It is night, and though a thousand priests are gathered in the church, and a vast multitude throng without, not a light is to be seen. Darkness reigns supreme, save for the glimmer of a few stars above the heads of those who press one another without the sacred walls. Then a cry is heard. The patriarch comes. Through the crowd and darkness he makes his way; he enters the church, and through its gloom also presses to enter the cave-like recess where the body of Jesus is said to have lain. Then all is still. Slowly the

* Herron, *A Plea for the Gospel.*

moments of darkness pass. Five, ten, twenty, forty, sixty minutes the strange darkness and stillness are endured. In all that time not a light is seen nor sound heard save the muttered prayers of some devotee or the groanings of some awe-stirred worshiper. Suddenly the veil that hides the holy place from the gaze of men is separated, and the sheen of a light within the place where Jesus lay is seen. Then the patriarch springs out with a lighted torch in his hand. A hundred hands reach for it to light the torch they hold. In a moment a score of torches are lighted; in another the number has increased to hundreds, and the church is all aflame with light. Forth from the church the torches are passed, and in another moment the hilltop is glorious with the gleam of ten thousand torches, and you can see the line of light speeding away toward the city, and then on and on along the highway where pilgrims are encamped for the Easter night. It seems but a moment since the darkness reigned, and now the light is everywhere, and all the light is but the outreach of that one feeble torch that was lit within the tomb of Jesus. Brother, sister, forth from the throne, not the tomb, of the risen Christ has the lit torch come. That torch is the tongue of fire, the baptism of power, the Holy Spirit. O, if it has not been already accomplished, just now reach forth by the surrender of yourself, and have the torch of your life lighted by this heavenly flame. Become a burning and a shining light. Receive ye now the Holy Ghost. Let the power in, then through you let it work forth. Light your torch, light your torch, and you will find you have not only won the light, but the power.

Faith the Conqueror.

"I will loose my camel, and commit it to Allah," said a follower of Mohammed at the close of a long, weary march over the desert. "Nay," answered the prophet, "tie thy

camel; then commit it to Allah." Faith is not faith until it ties the life to God. Loose belief is unbelief, but true faith, though its tie-rope be no stronger than a kite-string, is conquering begun.

Hast thou faith? It is a wondrous thing; it is thy life in the hand of God, he using it as the scepter to astonish the world with marvels. Behold how a great scientist longed for it. "I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit, or fancy, but I should prefer a firm, religious faith to every other blessing, for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay and apparent destruction of existence the most gorgeous of all lights, awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity, and makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise." *

Faith—what is it? You have heard so much about faith within the Church and so little about it without the temple doors that perhaps you have come to consider it something to be found or exercised only in religious affairs; something wondrously ushered into the world by Jesus Christ and impossible of exercise save in religious ways. Not so. Faith dates from the moment Adam looked into the face of God and realized that he was the one to trust. It is not a strange, unaccountable thing supernaturally infused into the race by Christianity, but an old friend by which all the men who have ever lived have lightened their burdens and brightened their way. Faith is as commonplace a thing as breathing, sleeping, walking; aye, it is by the exercise of faith that we dare breathe or sleep or walk. Certainly there is some difference to be traced between what is termed natural faith and religious faith, but the metaphysicians and theolo-

* Sir Humphrey Davy.

gians who have been most careful to jot down the chalk line of demarcation between these have only been too sadly successful in making faith a mystery. Faith is not a mystery; it is but common sense relying on God to keep his word and furnish the plan and the power for the development of the raw material he thrusts into our hands.

Faith is the rock foundation for all the business of the world; on faith all governments are reared; by faith all knowledge and culture are gained; progress flies on the wings of faith; and all the wheels of the world's activity and accomplishment run on the rails of faith. This is true, but it is no more true than what you have perhaps already learned by heart—that faith is the anchor of the soul by which it is held to the Rock Christ Jesus, and his likeness is wrought upon it. Faith is fundamental to business success. You cannot make money without exercising faith. Let us see. Take a run through the country in September or October, and you will find the farmers plowing their fields and actually scattering seed broadcast over the harrowed earth. What! are they fools? Do they not know that the terrible frosts and earth-covering snows of winter are at hand? Aye, they know, but they also know that the God of nature knows how to fertilize a crop much better than man. The snow will work greater wonders than carloads of phosphates, and when in the fall the farmer commits his grain to the soil it is with faith in the sure operation of the laws of nature to bring the light frosts in time to check too rank fall growth, and that the snow will follow the frost to protect the embryo crop. There is the storekeeper. He has a few dollars which he invests in the stock he puts on his shelves. But there is not a customer for his wares; yet he believes they will come. Faith waits. He believes that his goods when known will find purchasers. They come; his stock goes, and fresh supplies must be got in to continue the

business; so you see that not only to begin but to continue his business he must exercise faith. Every increase of goods in his stock must be preceded by an increase in his faith that the added stock will find sale. This is true spiritually also; to increase our spiritual business, and thus our spiritual wealth, we must increase our faith. Study the ways of the manufacturer. What a life of faith he illustrates! Thousands or millions of dollars have to be invested in buildings and machinery; great quantities of raw material must be purchased and worked up. On what? Why, on faith that the goods made of that material by the machinery in those buildings will find a market. More; even when he secures an order he must ship his goods to a comparative stranger and have faith that the few bits of signed paper which are then sent to him will bring him cash some months later. That is faith long drawn out. Faith in God must often thus stretch itself to mighty projects and wait weary months before fulfillment, the cashier of faith, cashes the checks we hold. Behold the seaman! Land is many a day's sail away. There are no paths, no milestones, save here and there a buoy warning of rock or shoal. Night comes; her queen's face is veiled by inky clouds; thunder crashes and rolls with terrifying reverberations; lightnings dart to and fro on destructive errands; and the rain descends in cataracts. Like some huge angry beast, the sea roars and hisses and lashes itself, and rearing its frightful waves as high as the masts of the ship that is at its mercy, pours them upon it in an avalanche of water that well-nigh swamps the city on the sea. But look to the bridge! There, with his hand on the wires that carry his signals to the wheelman in the pilot house, stands the captain. His eyes are on the compass, his finger on the chart. Pour rain, roar wind, rage sea, he minds it not. His ship is stanch. She'll weather the gale. But he will keep his

eye on the needle and his finger on the chart, and keep as well to his course as the strength of the storm will permit. No storm breaks his faith in that chart and compass; amid it all he puts implicit trust in each and stakes his all upon their direction. That is faith in a storm. There are such things in the spiritual realm. Grace is not always a stormless sea. Storms do arise even when the saints are sailing on, but no matter how fierce the winds or wild the waves or dark the way, there is the Chart. "He was touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and marked by him are all the rocks and treacherous channels. There is the Compass, the Eternal Spirit, who ever points heavenward and will safely pilot the committed life over every tempestuous sea.

Governments could not exist nor governmental projects succeed were it not for faith. William of Orange had faith in the few nobles of England who asked him to save Great Britain from the tyranny of the Catholic James. The prince had faith in his Dutch troopers; he had faith in the power of right over wrong; he had faith in God. Thus powered, he sailed for England, landed miraculously, conquered almost without bloodshed, and the English Revolution, with all its benefits to civil liberty and religious freedom, wrote itself on the page of history. Our forefathers in the Continental Congress had faith in themselves, in their sturdy arms and hearts; they had faith in their compatriots in all the colonies; they had faith in the good hand of God, and, matching valor with valor on every field of the war, they triumphed. By faith Livingstone toiled through the jungles, and in our own day Stanley crossed and recrossed the Dark Continent. By faith Nansen committed himself to the currents of the north, and on their icy bosom was safe. Grant, with faith in his own generalship and in the power of repeated blows on one body, crushed the Confederacy and crowned with vic-

tory the Union armies. Without faith governments could not endure. On the one hand, those in authority believe the people will submit to the enforcement of the laws; on the other, the people, while occasionally they may justly express concern as to the wisdom of this or that measure, believe that those in authority will do the best possible.

"Faith is the basis of all great, active enterprises. . . . Without faith there would have been no Parthenon and no Pyramids. Without faith there would have been no Thermopylæ and no memorable Marathon. Hannibal could not have passed the Alps without faith. Cincinnatus could neither have plowed nor have left the plow; could neither have sowed for the harvest nor trained soldiers for victory, without faith. Columbus could not have crossed the sea without faith. And here we speak not of religious but of natural faith. Cortes could not have conquered Mexico without faith. Park, Ledyard, Cooke, and Bruce could not have explored unknown countries without faith. The English Revolution, the French Revolution, the American Revolution, whatever faults or crimes may have accompanied any or all of them, could not have been accomplished without faith. The same may be said of all great civil and political movements. A mere sneerer, the man who sits in his easy chair, believing in nothing and laughing at everything, could have done none of these things. No oceans are crossed by him; no nations are conquered; no boundless forests are subdued; no rude barbarism is tamed; no new civilization is planted and reared, at the expense of toil and blood unto mighty triumph, but by faith." *

We should be fools indeed, our minds would be dwarfed and shriveled, our knowledge of the past would not exist, were it not that we exercise faith. Faith is the foundation of education. The young man of to-day has put in

* Upham.

his hand a history of the war. He reads it and believes it, and so learns the history of a time before he was born. You open your daily paper read the happenings of your town or the distant capitals and battlefields of the earth. By faith you receive what you have read as truth, and go forth to talk about those things as realities, and the business man by them learns when to trim his sails or spread all the canvas to the breeze. In school, college, and seminary a pile of books is set before you. Things that men ransacked their brains and the universe two and three thousand years ago to discover you are told to learn and believe, and if you do not do so, you come forth a blockhead. Now, all this belief is faith, and there is not so much difference between believing the truth taught in mathematics and grammar and believing the truth taught in the revelation God has made of himself that you need to befog your mind with a vast veil of mystery. Catch the secret of all this belief that we have found. It is the committal of self to the thing believed. It is obediently following the direction of the truth learned. Faith is not a thing of mere opinion. All the opinions in the world never won a victory. As Dr. Martineau truly says, "Nothing so marks the degradation of modern Christianity as the notion that faith is only opinion." Your opinions about God, about Christ, about the Bible, about salvation, are not faith. The devil has a pretty accurate opinion of God; his imps believe and tremble. Opinion is merely cold intellectual assent; faith is abandonment of self to the work, practice, direction, inspiration, prompted by the thing believed. Religious faith is the response of the soul to God and the abandonment of the life to the divine control and use.

"Faith is, therefore, that act and that habit of the human soul by which the truth concerning God is drawn in from the far distance and enthroned over the whole heart, and,

therefore, over the life. It is an act of the whole man Godward—of the intellect, which sees; also of the conscience, which responds; of the heart, which bows in adoration; of the will, which chooses. It is that act and habit of the human soul which by God become a living reality, holding all things, determining all thoughts, all sentiments, all emotions, all affections, all aspirations. In a word, it is taking God into account—the being, thinking, feeling, living, as if *there was God.*" * "Faith is that response of the will of man which unites it to the will of God. Faith is that step, whether one or many, which conjoins the life of man with the life of God. Faith is that action which surrenders all one's interests to the getting of God's will done upon the earth as it is done in heaven. Faith is unreserved cooperation, partnership, friendship with God, so that God possesses the life, working with it and through it; so that the man of faith is not his own man, but God's man. The man of faith is not blinded by the self-satisfaction of society; not deceived by material progress; neither bewildered by the babble of admiring voices nor borne down beneath defeat. It is the very essence of faith to listen only to the voice of God, and learn what God wants done and is doing in the believer's day and generation, inquiring not for immediate results, conscious that only righteousness is progressive and profitable in the everlasting summing up of things."†

Aye, true is the word of the English poet:

> Think not the faith by which the just shall live
> Is a dead creed, a map correct of heaven,
> Much less a feeling faint and fugitive,
> A thoughtless gift withdrawn as soon as given;
> It is the affirmation and the act
> Which bid eternal truth be present fact.

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*Bishop E. G. Andrews, *Interdenominational Sermons.*
†Herron, *A Plea for the Gospel.*

Read Heb. xi, 1, thus, if you would catch the measure of the apostle's affirmation: "Faith is the *realization* of things hoped for, the *proof* of things unseen."

Faith increases manhood. It enables man to measure up well to the thought of the Eternal for him. Faith binds the finite and the infinite with enduring bands, and man thus belted to Divinity performs the miraculous in the realm of grace with all its attendant betterment in the realm of flesh. As Alexander Maclaren says: "Given a man full of faith, you will have a man tenacious in purpose, absorbed in one grand object, simple in his motives, in whom selfishness has been driven out by the power of a mightier love, and indolence stirred into unwearied energy." Faith is frightened by no task, for it measures all the work that is to be done by the inexhaustible power of God, and dares attack the mountain commanding it to give way. Faith is a wrestler. It wins by the clinch. Throw it God cannot, though he suffers Job to lose his all, though he bids Abraham offer Isaac, though he calls the Syrophenician a dog, though he casts his nationality in the teeth of the Roman centurion; faith continues to hug, and the divine Wrestler must blessedly drop his hand below the belt and dislocate a thigh before he can escape the arms of the prevailing one. This is the elasticity of faith; it maintains its hold no matter what the shock, stress, or strain. Come woe or grief, or pain or death, it will not be shaken off; it lets not go until the blessing crowns it with victory, until the man prevails with God. Faith makes the man. You will be as great as your faith. Your life will transmit to your fellows as much of God as your faith dares to take of God. Listen, learn!

> To live for common ends is to be common.
> The highest faith makes still the highest man;
> For we grow like the things our souls believe,
> And rise or sink as we aim high or low.
> No mirror shows such likeness of the face

As faith we live by of the heart and mind.
We are in very truth that which we love;
And love, like noblest deeds, is born of faith.
The lover and the hero reason not,
But they believe in what they love and do.
All else is accident—this is the soul
Of life, and lifts the whole man to itself,
Like a keynote, which, running through all sounds,
Upbears them all in harmony.*

Aye, this word is true—the highest faith makes still the highest men. Look at them! "Abraham believed God; and his faith is bearing fruit in earth-wide and eternal harvests of righteousness, filling the earth with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. Moses believed God; and his belief is yet fashioning human institutions after the mind of God. Elijah believed God; and in the secret of Elijah's praying places God formed new epochs of history. David believed God; and the Spirit breathed into his sinful soul celestial songs of deathless hopes. Daniel believed God; and by the hand of captive Jew God started the earth upon a new career. Paul believed God; and watch him as he goes from nation to nation, striding the earth like the moral colossus that he is. Before his advance the work of armies is undone, walls of partition crumble between man and man, gates of brass swing open, thrones topple, and a new Europe leaps from the ruins Rome has wrought of a race's liberties. John believed God; and down into his self-emptied soul was poured the fullness of God's mind, so that he writes the words of God to centuries far distant, and writes as never the pen of man has written. Calvin, the timid scholar, believed God; and God made him the bulwark of freedom, against which the wrath of unrighteousness and the judgments of hypocrisy could not prevail. Cromwell believed God; and look at him—a pious and wrathful English farmer, muttering against tyranny and popery,

* Bishop J. L. Spalding, *Education and the Higher Life.*

brooding over his Bible while sin revels in the Church and rules the State. While he prays and grumbles, somehow God's omnipotence gets down inside of that farmer, and when he girds on his sword for his dreadful work the earth quakes beneath his tread, and hell is helpless to stop him; he makes the Anglo-Saxon with his Bible the master of the world."* Luther believed God; and error, long intrenched, fell beneath his hammer's blows. The chains that bound the word of God were swept away; the shackles that enslaved the minds of men were riven; and with faith filling his soul, peace enrapturing his mind, and the unbound word in his hand, man stood erect to take the world for God. Wesley believed God; and the outpoured love of God that filled his soul sent him into the fields to cry, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor. He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."† And thus beginning, he ceased not in his testimony until all England and her colonies heard him. Salvation ran with joyful sound full round the earth, and holiness recovered foretokened the time when on earth His saved ones would live as kings and priests unto God. Edwards believed God; and the young Church of the colonies, awakened by his sacrificing efforts, put on her beautiful garments and, thus adorned, went forth to hold the new world for God and make it his beacon to every other land in need of light. Lincoln believed God; and, on his knees, with the death cries of Gettysburg's sixty thousand slain ringing in his ears, he promised God to do a wondrous thing if he would give the sign. At Antietam Jehovah-jireh spake, and Lincoln set his face to the work that made the black millions free.

* Herron, *A Plea for the Gospel.*

† The text of Wesley's first sermon in the open air, Bristol, Monday, May 2, 1739.

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Behold the crowning of the conquering faith of some who have lived in our day. "If the single man," said Emerson, "plant himself indomitably upon his divine instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him." Behold this wrought out in life! Look on that patriarch who walks the street of Bristol, England. The white of more than ninety glorious years encrowns his head, but his radiant face proclaims the enduring youthfulness of his soul. Long, long years ago a lad was hungry on the street, and George Müller took him to his parsonage table for his dinner. But the lad was not the only hungry one in England; the parsonage soon filled with them; so did a second and third hired house, and then the young pastor said he must build a home for them. But where was the money? He had none, and his friends had none to give him. Money for himself Müller has never allowed himself, but God has had much for him to invest for him. God's money came in for that first building; then it came in to support it; to build another and support it; for another, and another, until to-day seven great buildings, housing fifteen hundred children, stand beside that Bristol road, and scattered throughout the world to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand are the noble men and women who owe their lives and honor to Müller's orphan home. This great work has taken over seven millions of God's dollars, but in all the years his steward has never solicited of man a single penny. He has talked the need of the day over with God, and God that need has never failed to supply. Aye, as a love token, God has given this man a million and a half other dollars to use in missionary enterprises in various heathen lands.

Go to Hamburg, Germany, and look upon the uninviting place where Immanuel Wichern opened his first "Rough House" for the abandoned classes of that great city. Humble indeed was the beginning of this work, very like

in plan to that of McAll in Paris, and McAuley in New York—loving wanderers back to purity. Beyond measure it has succeeded; the seed Wichern planted has yielded the hundredfold increase and become an immense imperial benevolence, extending not only over all the cities of the Fatherland, but branching out into almost every city of Europe. The work of this man of faith has wrought marvelous things.

A few years ago a young New York city pastor resigned from a church where his salary was four thousand dollars a year, believing that by standing with the poorer people in their poverty he could more successfully win them to his Christ. Hiring a store for a mission hall, he stood on the street before it night after night to tell the story of the cross and invite the passers-by into the humble prayer room. The common people, as in the other day when the Carpenter of Nazareth preached, heard him gladly, and the work increased. From the first the pastor insisted on great investments in missions by his converts. The example of his flock spread the contagion of the mission fever throughout the small denomination, and in the *per capita* sum of their offerings they bid fair to become the Moravians of the New World. At Old Orchard, Me., in the summer of 1895, a summer gathering led by this leader poured forth their gifts with a holy enthusiasm until nearly a hundred thousand dollars was on the altars of the Lord. With like enthusiasm a smaller company assembled at Yonkers, N. Y., in 1897, were led by him to consecrate forty thousand dollars to this same redeeming work. Faith still conquers, faith still exhilarates, faith still makes glad the heart of God and cheers the hearts of men, and Simpson and his Christian Alliance may well arise to stir and spur all the churches to that consecrated giving that will lift the missionary debts of Christendom and close the missionary century with the enthusiasm of victory.

Look you to that good man who still lives the God-recognized king of the New Hebrides. On August 30, 1858, John G. Paton landed at Aneityum, where Geddie and Inglis had preceded him, and where they so gloriously continued their work. Soon he passed over to Tanna, where but a few days after his arrival the victors in a little tribal fight cooked and feasted on the slain, spoiling the water of the stream by washing the mutilated bodies in it. A few months later his bride, racked by the terrible fever of the South Seas, passed on and left the hero to his lonely fight. Yet, dauntless of heart, he toiled on, his sturdy stand against wife-beating and widow-strangling adding fuel to the rage of the flesh-hungry cannibals, and making them more determined to take his life. There was scarce a day that muskets pointed at his head were not strangely held from discharging their deadly shot into his form. Again and again he was saved by a hairbreadth from the descending blows of axes and clubs. At last the mission house was destroyed, his few belongings stolen, and only a series of miracles, as a few faithful ones gave their lives for his, saved him from death as he was chased from the land. But the seed was sown; the blood of converts watered it; Tanna welcomed him back; all the islands opened their hearts to him at last; and he lives to labor among Christians as glorious as any that ever bore the blessed name; to behold Christian temples standing where the fires of cannibalism blazed two score years ago; and to break the bread of life to saints that control for God the islands that for centuries served as the drill ground for Satanic plans to blast and doom the race.

The records of men are crowded with such examples, and the records of God have many more that we may read in the ages to come; but do you note the secret of this conquering faith? It is the perfect abandon with which these men throw themselves on God. They take him at

his word, confidently believing that he will do all he promises. Friends may pity them for their softening of the brain; foes may hiss "Fanatic;" defeat may stare them in the eyes; starvation run its piercing knives through all their flesh; death rise up and rattle the grave clods in their ears, but still they trust God. Paul in the storm is the type of all this royal host. He has had his vision, as faith to be buoyant must always have. The word of God has passed to him, "God hath given thee all them that sail with thee;" and now, though the storm rages, though the ship grates upon the rocks, though the mad waves throw their sucking arms about the trembling seamen, Paul stands forth sublime in his confident faith. "Be of good cheer. For there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, *for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me.*" Ah! that is faith; that is the power that conquers; that is the victory that overcomes the world. Such a man knows that the work is not his own, that the victory is not his own, that the glory is not his own; it is God triumphing through him. He is eyes, ears, tongue, hands, feet, life, to God, for the blessing and redemption of men. God takes him in all his weakness, and because of the completeness of his self-surrender empowers him with the divine might, and glorifies him with divine intelligence, and dares to stake the issue of eternal moral interests upon the man's fidelity. The man conquers, and other men rejoice that such conquering is possible to manhood; but he conquers because his life has been wielded by God. From ancient history there comes a story of a valiant captain whose banner was always in the front of the fight, whose sword was the dread of his adversaries, for it always cut its way to victory. Hearing much of his triumphs, his king one day asked to examine his sword. The blade was handed to the king, and when he had quietly looked it over he returned it to the captain, saying; "I see nothing wonder-

ful in the sword. I cannot see why it should be so much feared." "Your majesty," replied the captain, "you have examined the sword, but not the arm that wields it. If you had done so, and could see the heart that guides the arm, the mystery might be plain."

Stand in awe of the man of faith, but know the secret of his strength. He is the Lord's sword. He is the Lord's steward. He is the Lord's mouthpiece. God uses him because the man by faith puts himself entirely within the Master's hand. For such men the world waits; for such men the race groans; for such men God yearns, that through them he may hasten the time when the wickedness of the wicked may be brought to an end and universal righteousness fill the world with its jubilant song. "Never was there a time in the history of the world when moral heroes were more needed. The world waits for such. The providence of God has commanded science to labor and prepare the way for such. For them she is laying her iron tracks, and stretching her wires, and bridging the oceans. But where are they? Who shall breathe into our civil and political relations the breath of a higher life?"* Will you? Will you? The appeal of the world, of the race, of God, is personal—it is to you. What answer give you? There has never been a day since Adam sinned, which offered such peerless opportunities to heroic manhood and conquering faith as crowd on you to-day. The pulse of the race throbs fast with the expectancy of mighty movements for social betterment, the atmosphere of the nations is electric with stupendous national upheavals and reshapings,† the heart of the Church of God is quivering with prophetic anticipations of the mightiest baptism of love and power it has ever known. The whole wide world

* Mark Hopkins.

† This was written three months before the destruction of the *Maine;* the proof sheets pass me on the day the Peace of Paris is announced, remaking the map of the great republic.

seems at the feet of God, and on it there is certainly to be poured forth surprising blessings. The past has not begun to perform the wonders that shall be performed to-morrow. "The golden age is not past; it is yet to come. It may be here to-morrow. Raphael may paint his Madonnas, and bring the world to its knees, but coming sons of God will paint blessed Mary's more blessed Son with such commanding pencil that the world will arise to do his bidding. Michael Angelo may make men quake with horror as they survey his 'Last Judgment,' but there will arise a more Christ-understanding master who will so picture the sorrow of the heavenly Judge in bidding any child of earth depart from him forever that all but very fiends must yield, and by love so compassionate be drawn to serve him. Rubens may joy in setting on the canvas the adoration of the wise-men kings, but a greater shall inspire us more blessedly as he paints the adoration of the princes of the coming centuries to the King of kings. Leonardi thrills us with his masterly 'Last Supper,' but there will arise one who will by faith enter where John entered, and, thither returning, paint for us the feast in which our own soul will participate, even the 'Marriage Supper of the Lamb.'

"Shakespeare wrought for God and man, but there shall a son of God arise who will soar to loftier heights, and, passing from the portrayal of conscience branded by the hot irons of murderous memory, voice the victorious exultation of a conscience at peace with God. Dante dipped his pen in gall, and from a mind necessarily vitiated by the awful vileness of his environment drew such pictures of eternal woe that the world has stood aghast for century following century; but there will rise a son of God who will dip his pen in the blood that flowed and write such a poem of sacrificing justice that hearts like adamant must melt and choose the better part. Milton, blind to earth, could see from hell—through paradise—to heaven, and write as

though he had trod the streets of this trinity of wonders; yet a greater than Milton shall rise, and with a mind cleared for truer vision, rhythm tuned for richer harmony, pen trained to express loftier thought, so describe the glory awaiting the sons of God that Christ by his speedy coming will crown him as heaven's laureate.

"Music will catch the melody of the ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and will bless the earth with such songs as angels sing. Has Haydn filled thy soul with awe as the glorious harmonies of 'The Creation' have shaped chaos into order before thy enraptured mind? Expand thy soul, for it is yet to hear the Haydn of to-morrow making the wide world shout its joy as men sing the anthems of the 'Consummation.' Some son of Mendelssohn will sing of mightier triumphs than 'Elijah' ever wrought. Handel has blessed the earth with the ringing gladness of the 'Messiah,' but a greater than he shall yet set the expectant sons of God rehearsing the alleluias which they shall sing when, by the crowned King of men, the kingdom is delivered to the Father, Messiah's work well done.

"Greater secrets than Galileo, Newton, Davy, Watt, Morse, Gray, Edison, or Röntgen have fathomed wait on the persistence and adaptation of the sons of God to still further bless and change the world. Marvels more wonderful than steam or electricity, than telegraph or telephone, than graphophone or X-rays, shall continue the world's amazement and serve as the means by which the men of earth shall do more perfectly their heavenly Father's pleasure." *

The wonders are not all accomplished. Your hands may fashion the invention that will win the plaudits of the world. Your mind may grasp the secret that will transform the lives of millions. Your faith may link the race

* Lemmon, *Better Things for Sons of God.*

to the new century's chariot of the divine enterprise and move the world up the hills of difficulty, and hasten the consummation of the great task of God. From the mount which present faith has strength to climb, the horizon is golden with the pent-up grace that soon will rush with celestial celerity to every needy cloudy valley of the earth. The golden age is coming; great faith now leads it on. Its dawn begins to break. We are living in a glorious time. To be living is to be triumphant if we will. To be living means to have the glorious opportunity of so tenanting THE GREATEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD that from it as the Temple of the Eternal there shall go forth the faith that shall overcome the world and bind it to the heart of God. To be living is to be building; rouse, then, ye sons of to-day, and build so well that throughout the ages to come you may rejoice in the Christlike perfection of your character, for thou art THE ETERNAL BUILDING.

PLUS ULTRA.

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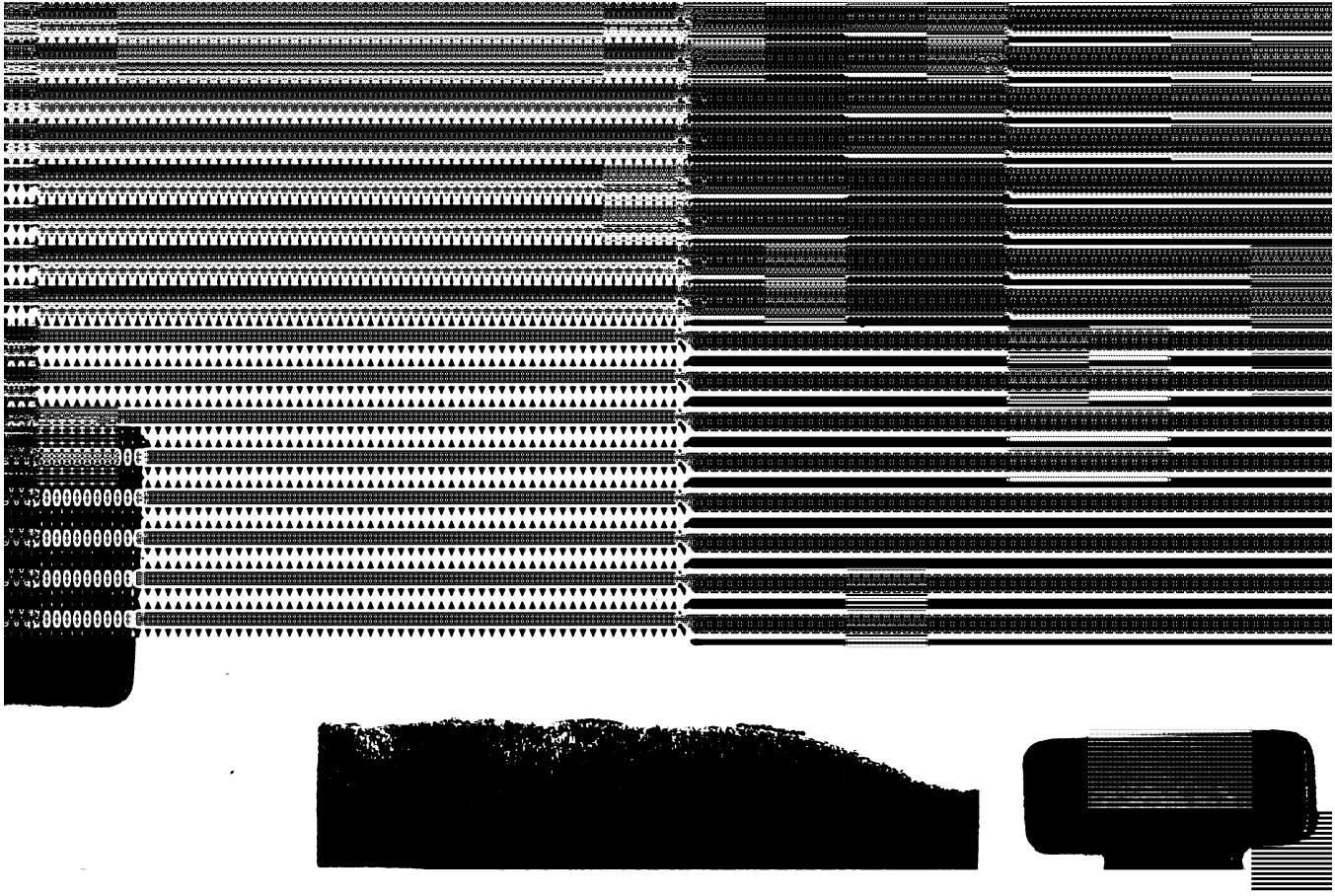
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